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The Oxford Hymn Book

Oxford
At the Clarendon Press
1908

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Henry Frowde, M.A.
Publisher to the University of Oxford
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NOTE

THE Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Strong, and the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, Dr. Sanday, two of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, having been entrusted with the preparation of the Hymn-book, invited the co-operation of Miss Mary Church, who edited the *Life and Letters of Dean Church*, and the Reverend James M. Thompson, Fellow and Dean of Magdalen College, and they have had the benefit of their assistance in the selection of the words. For the music they have relied throughout upon the skilled advice of Dr. Basil Harwood, Organist of Christ Church.

EDITORIAL PREFACE

THERE are two ideals of hymn-book composition. One is, to endeavour to provide as far as possible for each several occasion that arises either out of the course of the Christian Year or out of the common vicissitudes of human life. The other is, to make a more restricted selection of those hymns which appear to satisfy a certain standard and to be content with a more approximate application of them to particular occasions.

We should expressly wish to disclaim any thought of competing with the former type of hymn-book, which is already well represented. The nearest example of the type that we have really had in mind is the hymn-book used in our own University Church. Our book might be called an expanded edition of this; though even here we have not hesitated to carry our principles a step further and to omit a few hymns that are not quite in harmony with them.

The kind of ideal that has hovered before our minds in making our selection may be taken as expressed in Newman's well-known lines:

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

The qualities that we have looked for most have been simplicity, directness, and genuineness of religious feeling. A certain sort of cheap sentiment, of conventional and rhetorical form, of weak and honeyed phrase, is what we have most sought to avoid. On the other hand, we have not been afraid of what some may think prosaic baldness, if it had the stamp of reality and if it was relieved by a few good lines. These are sometimes set off all the more by their plain surroundings. We have preferred the objective type of hymn, where it was to be had; but we have not felt ourselves precluded from accepting the expression of personal experience, especially where the experience could be shared by a larger or smaller class of worshippers. We have allowed for the possibility that some hymns or poems of apparently restricted interest might at times be used with special felicity. We have even admitted one or two that may be more suited for reading than for singing.

It will be seen at once that our choice has gravitated towards what may be called the Old Masters—Watts, the Wesleys, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton. We have taken excerpts rather freely from the New Version of Tate and Brady; and we have been more attracted than repelled by the archaism of some of the seventeenth-century writers. We have added a few Latin hymns at the end of the collection.

In one respect we have made a very considerable departure from the book used in the University Church: we have supplied tunes to the words. The selection of tunes has been guided by somewhat similar principles to those used for the words. We have searched through a large number of printed sources, and have for the most part endeavoured to present the tunes in an authentic shape, though we have not felt bound invariably to reject all modifications of the original text. The harmonies applied to plainsong tunes are of course meant for purposes of accompaniment only. The Old English tunes present some difficulty. They were written in free time, and in the older harmonized Psalters were printed without bars, with the melody in the tenor part. We have transferred it in accordance with modern practice to the treble; but the harmony has been strictly kept, and where possible we have simply transposed the parts. In the case of these tunes, and the elaborately harmonized

Chorales of J. S. Bach, it will probably be found better for all except trained choirs to sing them in unison. More generally, we may perhaps venture to say that the guiding principle in our selection has been to look for tunes of a broad and dignified character. We have endeavoured to avoid harmony of a luxurious and chromatic type, and we have not used any adaptations from modern secular melodies. We have freely used the old Psalm tunes of the Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries as being, through their smooth and flowing melody, essentially congregational in character. Throughout we have gone mainly to English sources; and we wish to call special attention to the fine tunes and harmonizations of S. S. Wesley which we have taken from the *European Psalmist*. Many of these are curiously little known, and it will be a great satisfaction to us if we can recall attention to these compositions of so great a writer. A few tunes have been specially composed for metres so unusual as to be incapable of adaptation to any existing tune, and for commoner metres which happen to be ill-provided with tunes. A glance at the Metrical Index of any large collection of hymns will show that tunes are very unequally distributed among the various metres; and it appeared to us desirable in places to meet this deficiency. The words of some few hymns are so

closely associated with a particular tune that it seemed reasonable to admit the tune even though it appeared to us below the standard. When we have done this we have left the composers to speak for themselves, and not attempted to improve their harmony.

The music type is a new fount, specially cast for the book. It is based upon the fount for which punches were cut in Oxford about 1683 by Peter de Walpergen, who, after having printed at least one work (not music) at Batavia in the East Indies, in 1672, died at Oxford in 1714. The original Walpergen music fount is of very large size, and was used in that size in 1899 for the *Tattendon Hymnal.*

When the original Walpergen fount is used, the four vocal parts are set out each on a separate line; but for the purpose of the *Oxford Hymn Book*, it was absolutely necessary not only to reduce the notes in size, but to adapt the fount for printing in compressed or short score, two voices to one stave. This has been done, it is believed, without sacrificing to any great extent the quaintness of the original fount.

The heads of the Walpergen notes, it will be observed, are of two different shapes—spade-head or pointed, here used for the alto and bass; and club-shape without point, here used for the soprano and tenor. The tails

of the notes also vary in position: those for the spade-heads being in the centre, and those for the club-heads being at the side. No doubt Walpergen copied the written music characters in existence in his time, and did not invent a new style of his own, when he cut the punches of his fount.

We thank the following authors, composers, and owners of copyright for leave to use the words and tunes of copyright hymns: Rev. F. G. Wesley for sixty-nine tunes or harmonizations by the late Dr. S. S. Wesley in the *European Psalmist* (Nos. 1, 2, 3[2], 10[1], 13[2], 14[2], 16, 18, 19[1], 22[2], 25[2], 26[3], 29[1], 31, 32[1], 41[1], 42[2], 58[2], 78[1], 81[1], 105, 127[1], 129[1], 136, 138[2], 139, 140, 141[2], 144[1], 144[2], 146, 150[1], 162, 165[1], 172, 178[2], 188, 190, 201[1], 202, 208, 211, 216, 223, 227[1], 234[1], 236[1], 241, 244[1], 245[2], 249[1], 251, 253, 261[2], 264[2], 268, 271[2], 280, 281[1], 283[2], 292, 298, 299[1], 302[2], 308, 317[1], 324[1], 326, 331[2]): the Editor of the *Tattendon Hymnal* for the words of fourteen and the tunes of thirty hymns from that Hymnal (Nos. 4, 17, 39, 51[2], 63, 72, 82[1], 86, 88[2], 93, 94, 128, 130, 134, 141[1], 149, 191, 200[1], 212, 215, 224 part i, 226[1], 235, 236[3], 247, 248, 252, 264[1], 294[2], 295[1], 322): the Proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for the words of one (No. 145) and the tunes of thirteen hymns (Nos. 13[1], 23[2], 25[1], 32[2], 49, 129[2], 135,

137², 156², 170, 198, 279², and 319²): Messrs. Weekes & Co. for twenty tunes, the harmonies of which are by the late Dr. E. J. Hopkins and are inserted by the permission of Messrs. Weekes, representing the Executors (Nos. 8, 9, 21, 52, 92, 103, 143, 145, 174, 187, 245¹, 246¹, 246², 261¹, 266, 287², 316, 318¹, 321, 325¹): Messrs. Novello & Co. for the tunes of ten hymns (Nos. 20, 66, 70, 73, 98¹, 127², 137¹, 159², 167², and 236²): the Rev. the Warden of Keble College for the words of five hymns by the late Canon Bright (Nos. 2, 13, 20, 137, 154): Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for the words of two hymns by the late Miss Christina Rossetti (Nos. 65 and 67): the Rev. F. G. Ellerton for the words of five hymns by the late Rev. J. Ellerton (Nos. 23, 24, 25, 29 and 160): the Rev. S. Baring-Gould for the words of two hymns (Nos. 22 and 312) and one tune (No. 22¹): Mrs. Dix for the words of one hymn by the late W. C. Dix (No. 136): Mrs. Twells for the words of one hymn by the late Canon Twells (No. 15): the Rev. H. E. T. Cruso for the words of one hymn by the late Dean Alford (No. 167): Mr. E. Bellasis for the words of two hymns by the late Cardinal Newman (Nos. 202 and 279): Mr. G. H. Fellowes-Prynne for the words of one hymn by the late Rev. G. R. Prynne (No. 173): Mr. Kyrl Chatfield for the words of one hymn by the late Rev. A. W. Chatfield (No. 243): Mrs. Hensley

for the words of one hymn by the late Lewis Hensley (No. 166): Mr. Thomas Boyd for the words of one hymn by the late Rev. S. J. Stone (No. 292): Mrs. Thring for the words of one hymn by the late Rev. Godfrey Thring (No. 32): the Rev. Canon I. G. Smith for one hymn (No. 90): and the Rev. Francis Pott for one hymn (No. 108): also Sir Walter Parratt for one tune (No. 244[2]): the Committee of the *English Hymnal* for one tune by the late C. C. Scholefield (No. 29[2]): Victoria Lady Carbery for one tune by the late Sir John Goss (No. 276[2]): Messrs. W. Spurrell & Son for one tune (No. 301, part ii[1]): Mrs. Irons for one tune by the late H. S. Irons (No. 33): Mr. E. M. Oakeley for one tune by the late H. S. Oakeley (No. 26[1]): Mr. J. W. Elliott for one tune (No. 126): Mrs. Darling for one tune by the late Charles Steggall from 'Hymns for the Church of England' (No. 226[2]): Messrs. Hughes & Son (Wrexham) for one tune by the late Joseph Parry (No. 195): Mr. A. H. Brown for one tune (No. 28): the Rev. William Boyd for one tune (No. 201[2]): the Rev. R. F. Dale for one tune (No. 290[2]): Mr. W. A. Pickard-Cambridge for one tune (No. 89[2]): and Messrs. Nisbet & Co. for two tunes by the late Henry Smart (Nos. 209 and 240[2]).

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Book I

Hymns for Times and Seasons

God be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

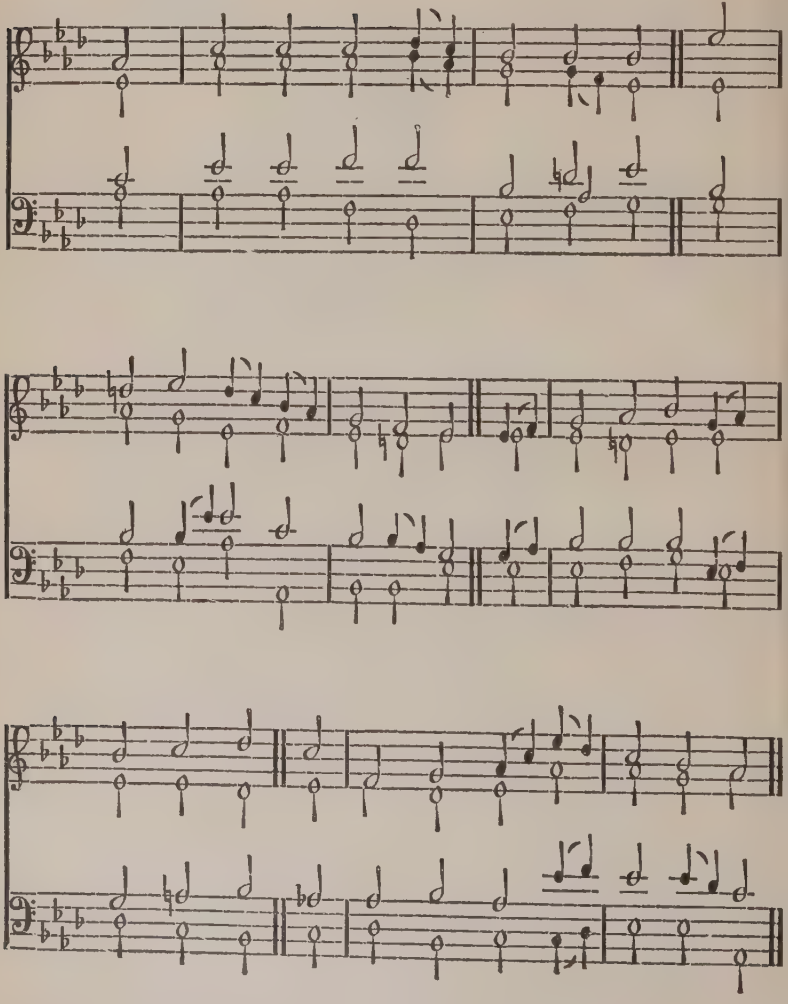
Sarum Primer (1558)

MORNING

I. Part I

François Hippolite Barthélémon (1741–1808)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley

Morning Hymn (L.M.)



MORNING

I. Part I

Thomas Ken (1637–1711)

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that 's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

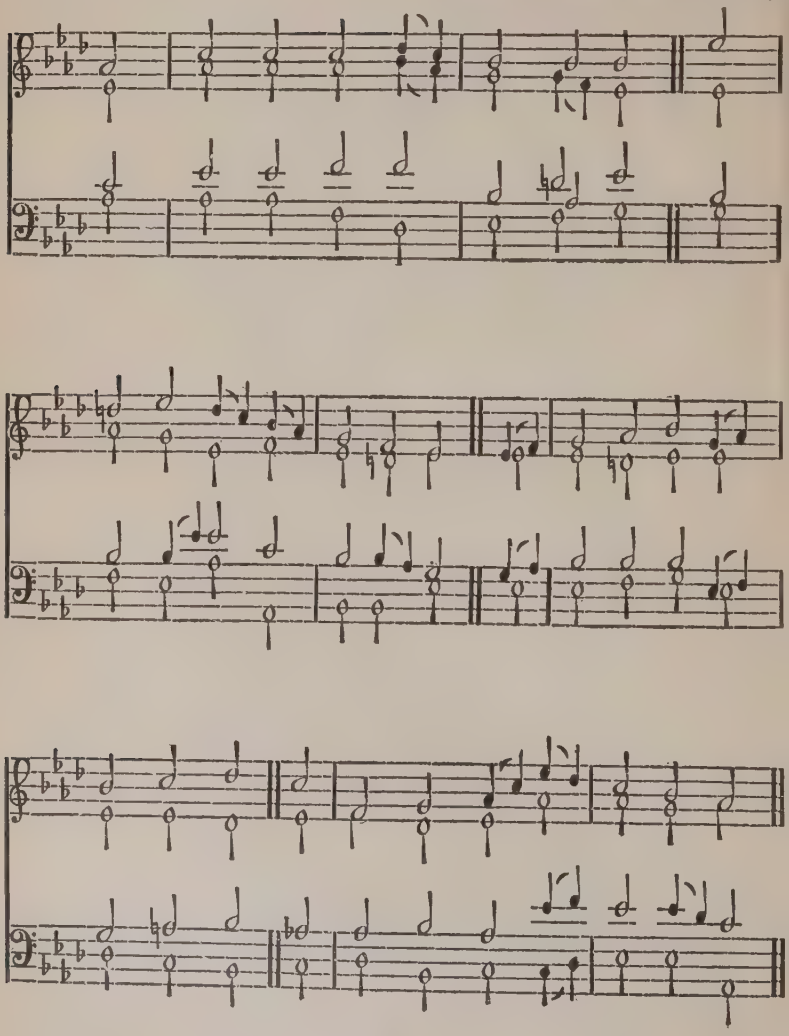
Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

MORNING

I. Part II

François Hippolite Barthélémon (1741–1808)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley

Morning Hymn (L.M.)



I. Part II

Thomas Ken (1637–1711)

GLORY to thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er thou art;
Oh never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of thee.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

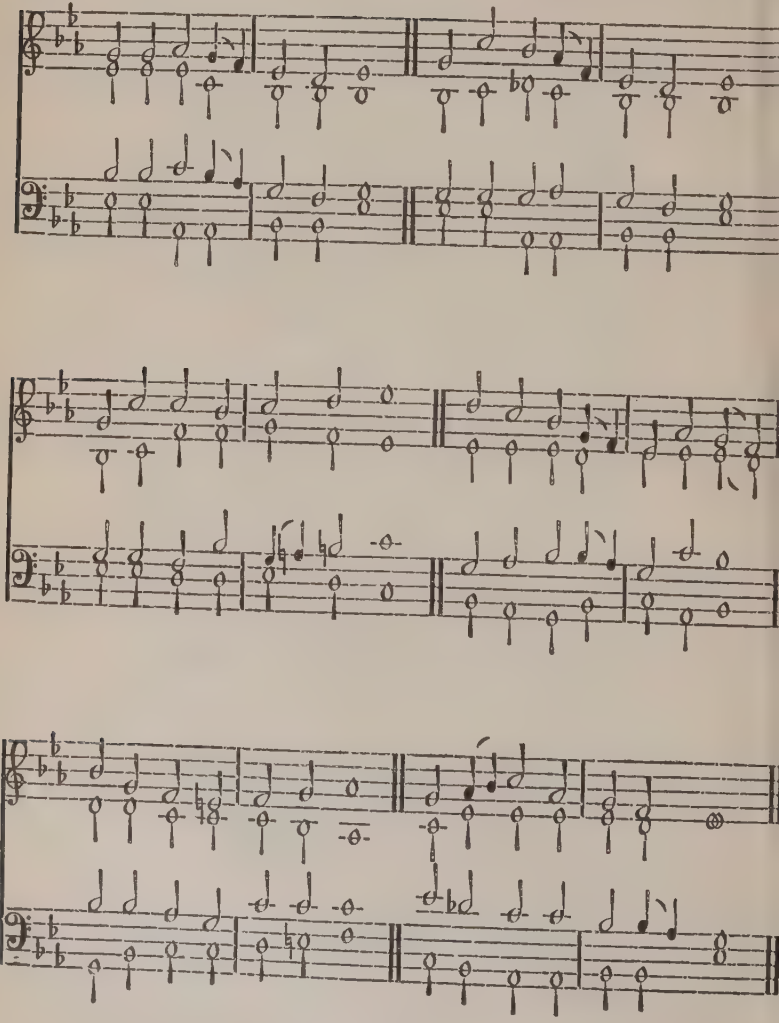
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MORNING

2

HOUGHTON (77. 77. 77)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–187



2

William Bright (1824–1901)

AT thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with thy cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
All is good that thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

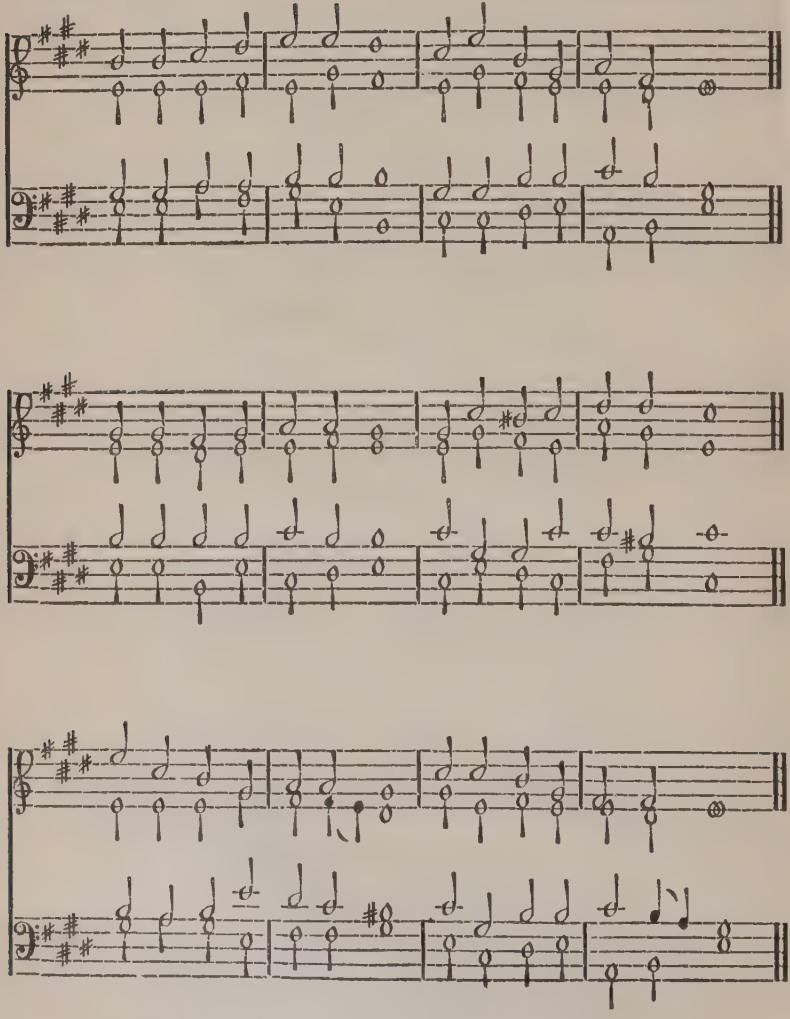
We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

Fain would we thy word embrace,
Live each moment on thy grace,
All our selves to thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth thy praise.

3 (First Tune)

RATISBON (77.77.77) *Werner's Choralbuch* (1815)



3

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

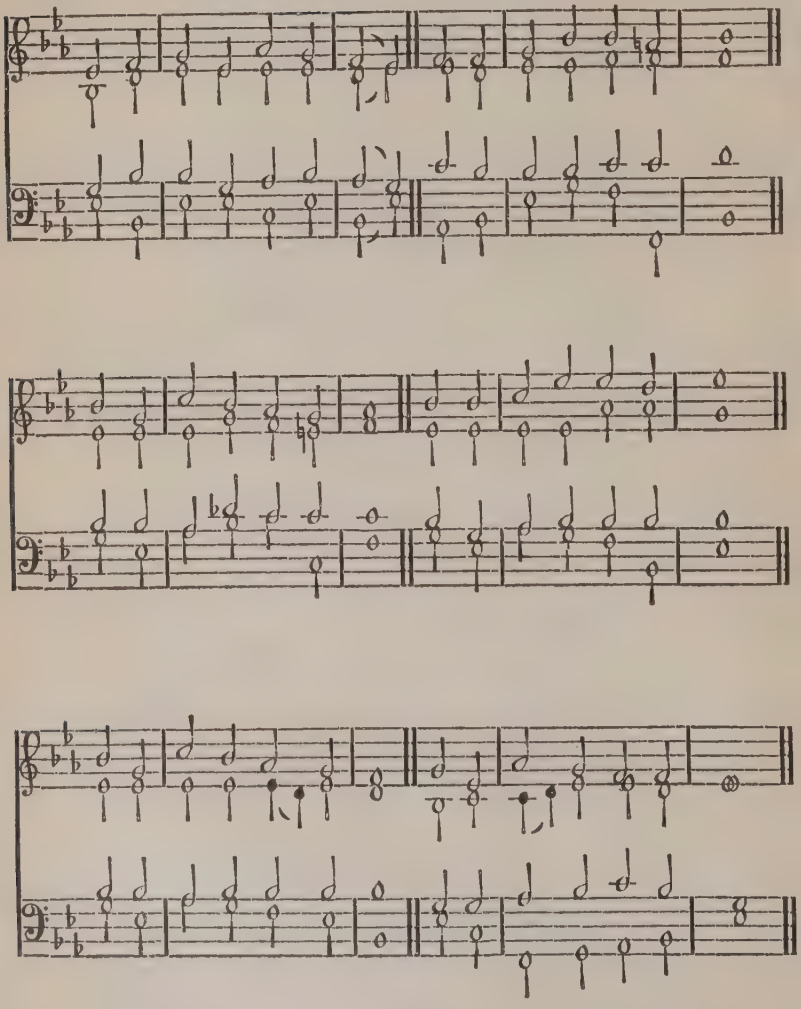
Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

3 (Second Tune)

DEMMIN (77.77.77)

John Schop (1640)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



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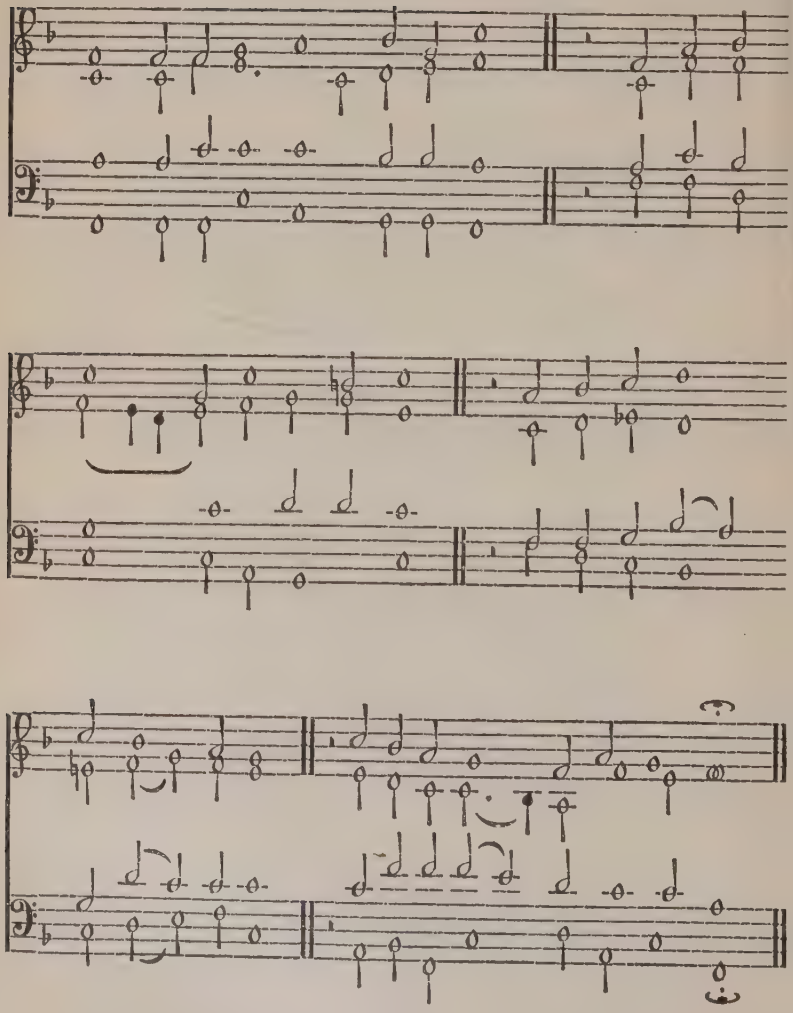
Shining to the perfect day.

4

ANGELS (L.M.)

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
Mean parts by M. M. Bridges



4

Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

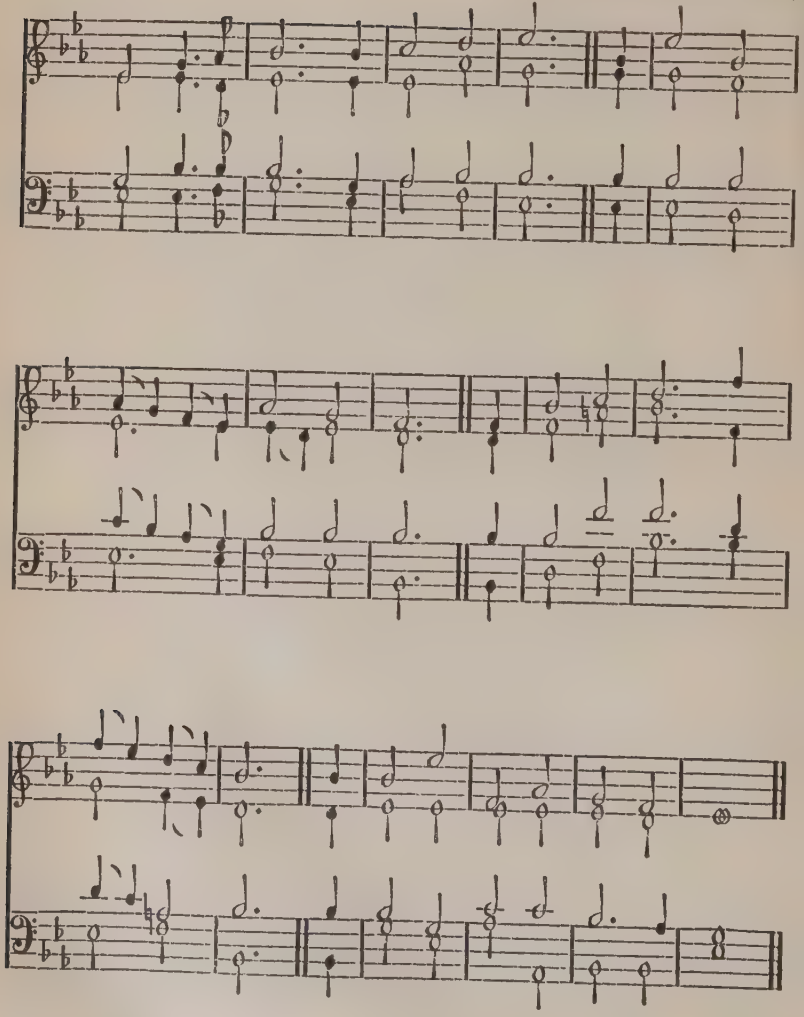
Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

5

TRURO (L.M.)

Charles Burney (1726–1814)



5

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm xix*

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

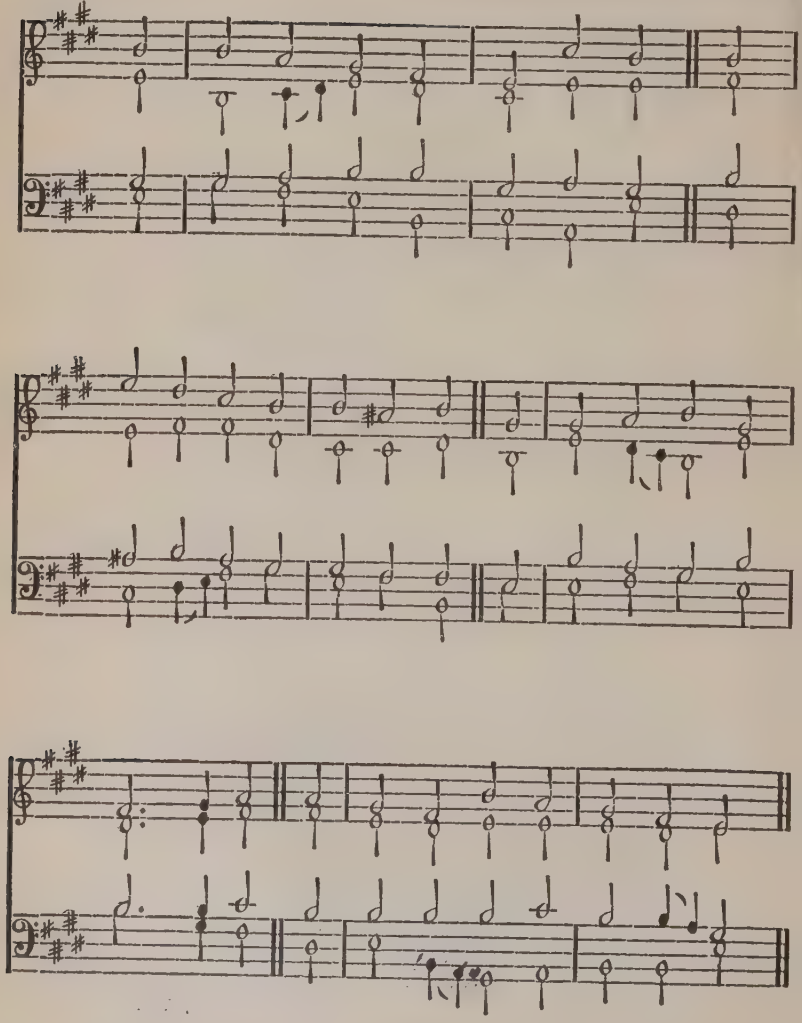
But I shall rove and lose the race
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide;
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this!

6

MELCOMBE (L.M.) *Samuel Webbe the elder* (1740–1816)



6

John Keble (1792–1866)

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

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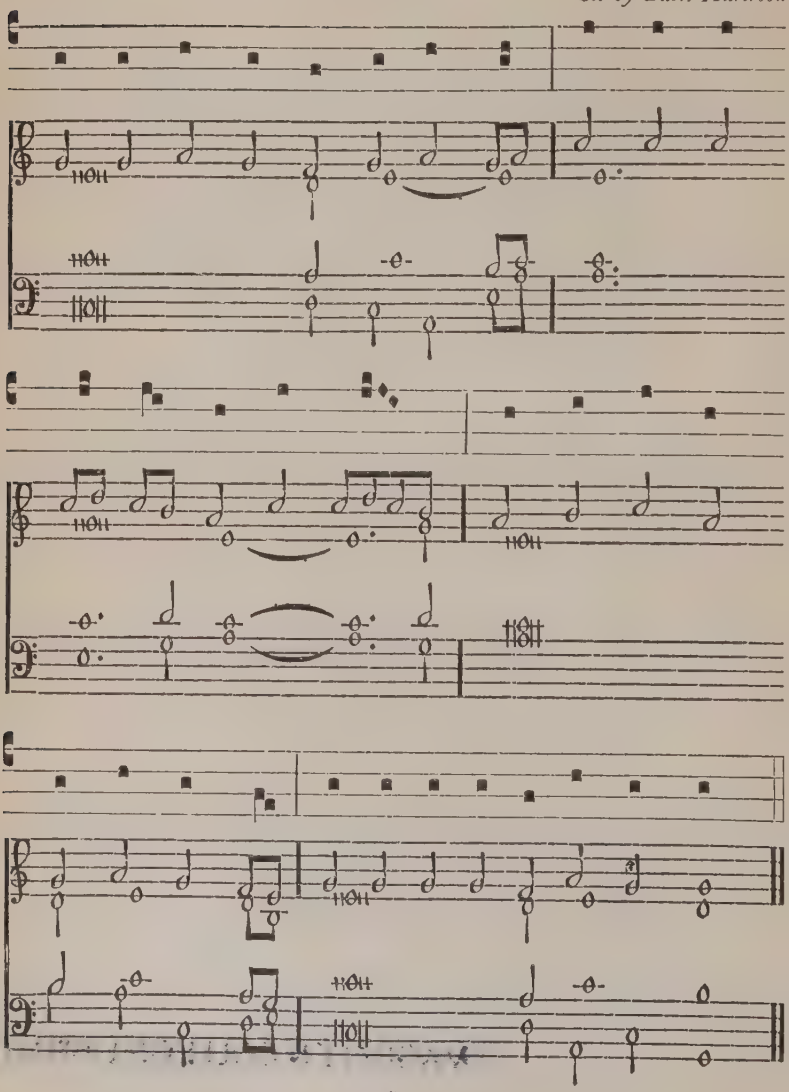
MORNING

7 (First Tune)

Sarum. Mode viii
Set by Basil Harwood

7

St. Ambrose? (340–397)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That he, in all we do, or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day:

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife;
From anger's din would hide our life;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes;
Would close our ears from vanities:

Would keep our inmost conscience pure;
Our souls from folly would secure;
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

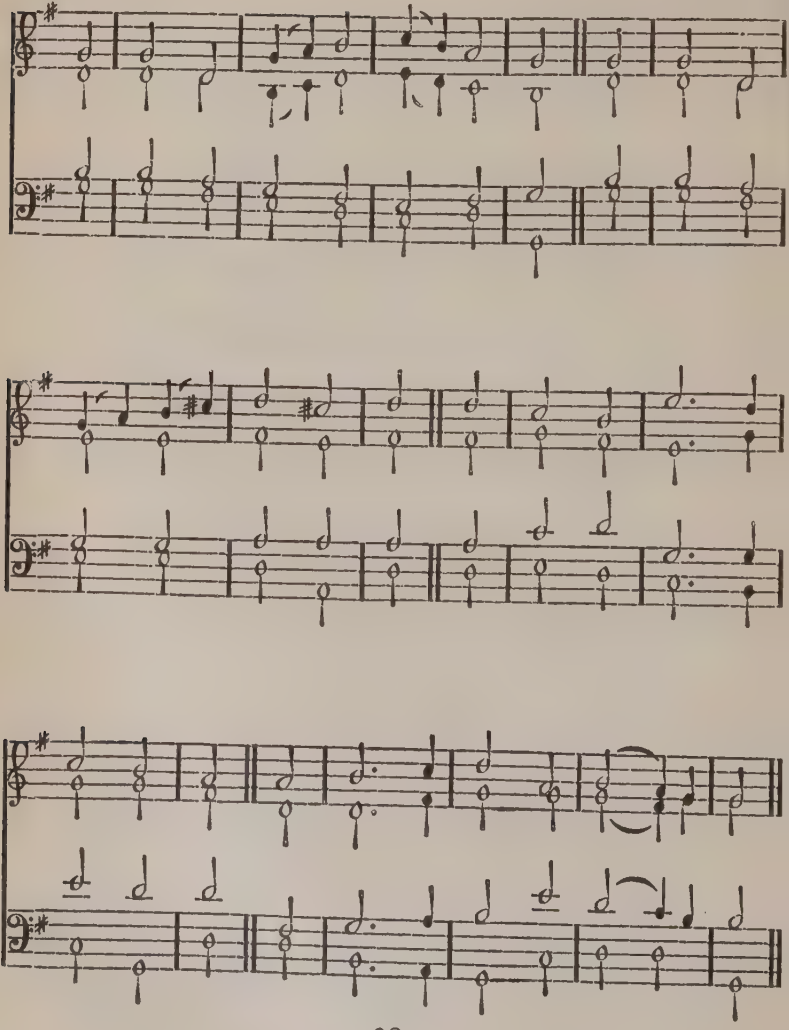
So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise his name for victory gained.

All laud to God the Father be;
All laud, eternal Son, to thee;
All laud, as is for ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete.

7 (Second Tune)

Jam Lucis (L.M.)

John Bishop (c. 1665–1737)



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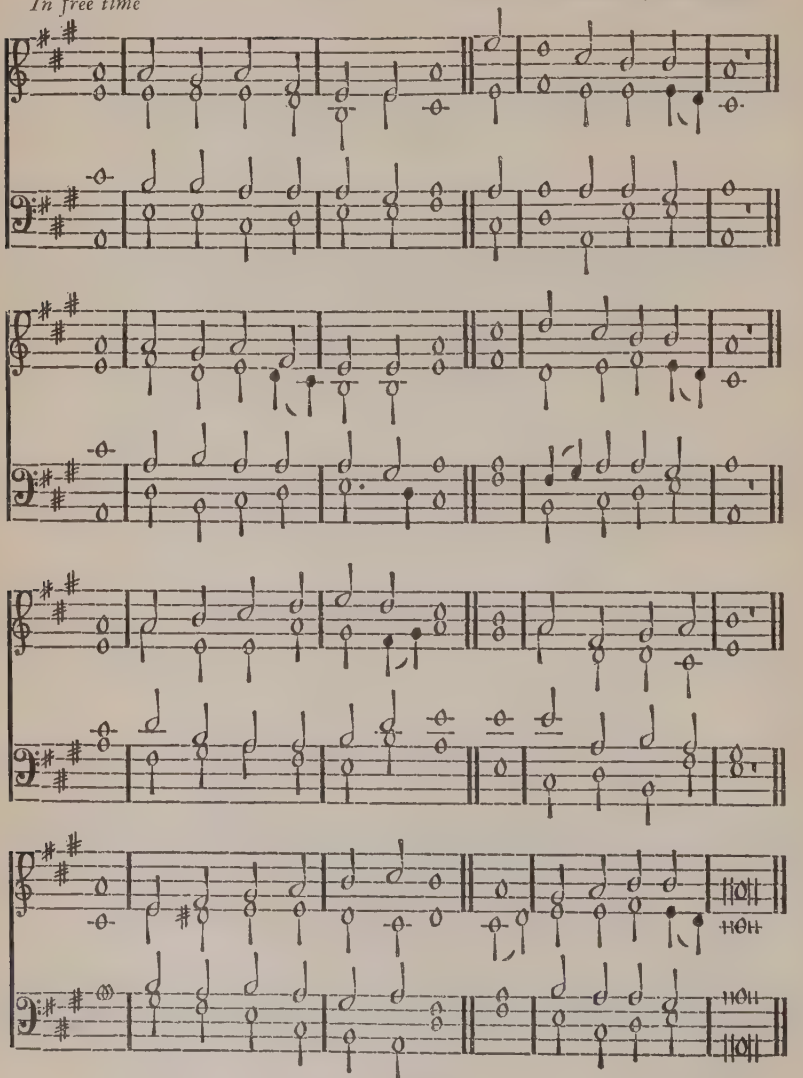
All laud, as is for ever meet,
To God the holy Paraclete.

8

OLD 44TH (D.C.M.)
In free time

Day's Psalter (1563)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

8

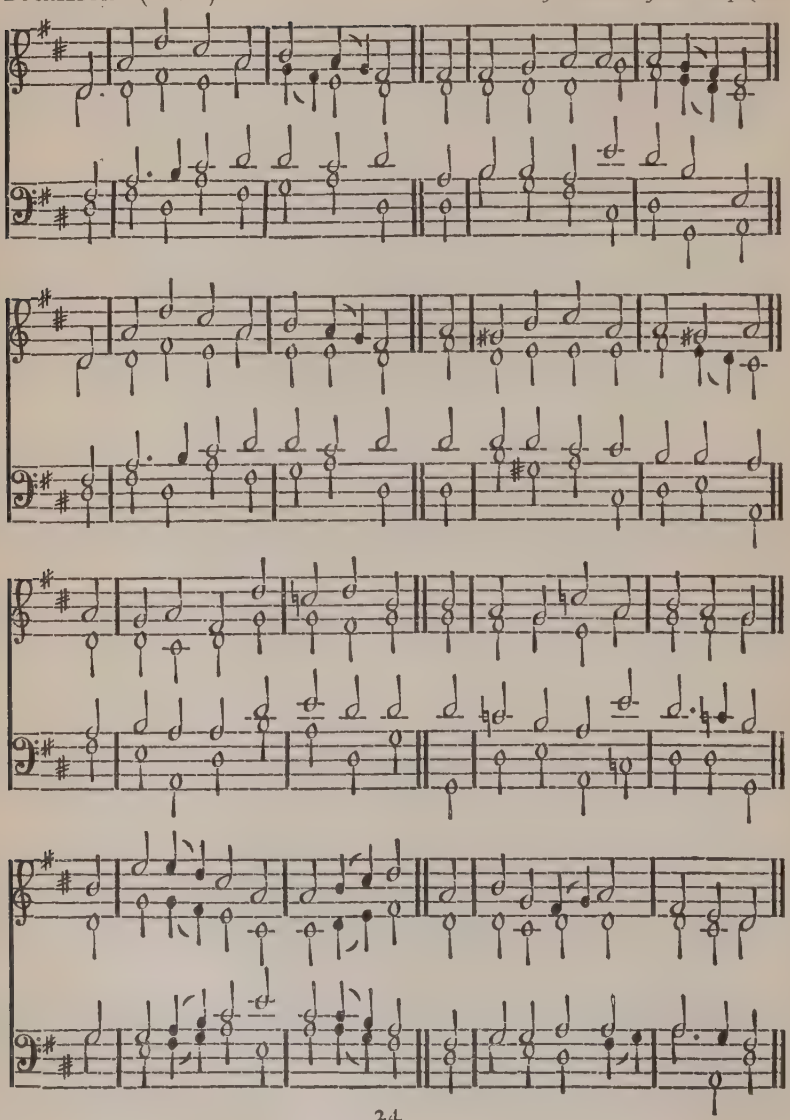
George Gascoigne (1540–1577)

YE that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east;
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To heaven's almighty King.

And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space,
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face,
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above,
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free,
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come;
Lord, be a place, a portion, mine
In that bright blissful home.

9 *Alt. from Harmonia Perfecta* (1730)
and harm. by Edward John Hopkins

BUCKLEBURY (D.L.M.)

9

William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

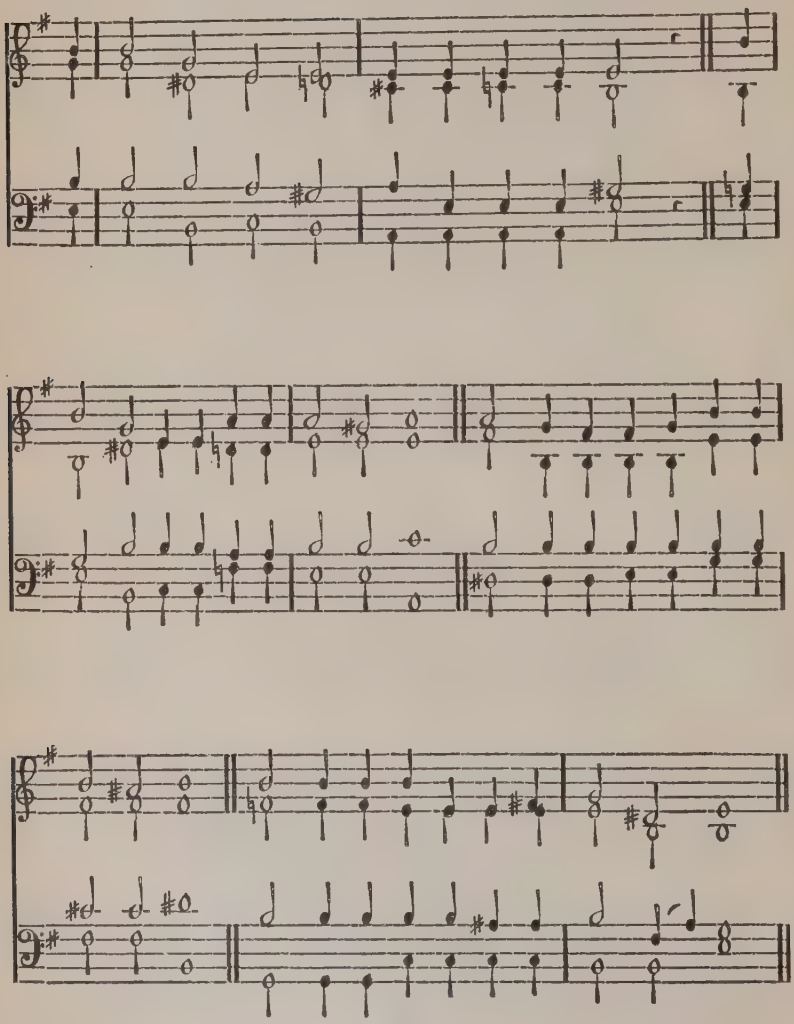
UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noon-tide;
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the midday hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.
Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God.

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt, nor go astray;
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way,
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

10 (First Tune)

Orisons (10 10. 10 10) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)

10

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, friend of sinners, and abide with me.

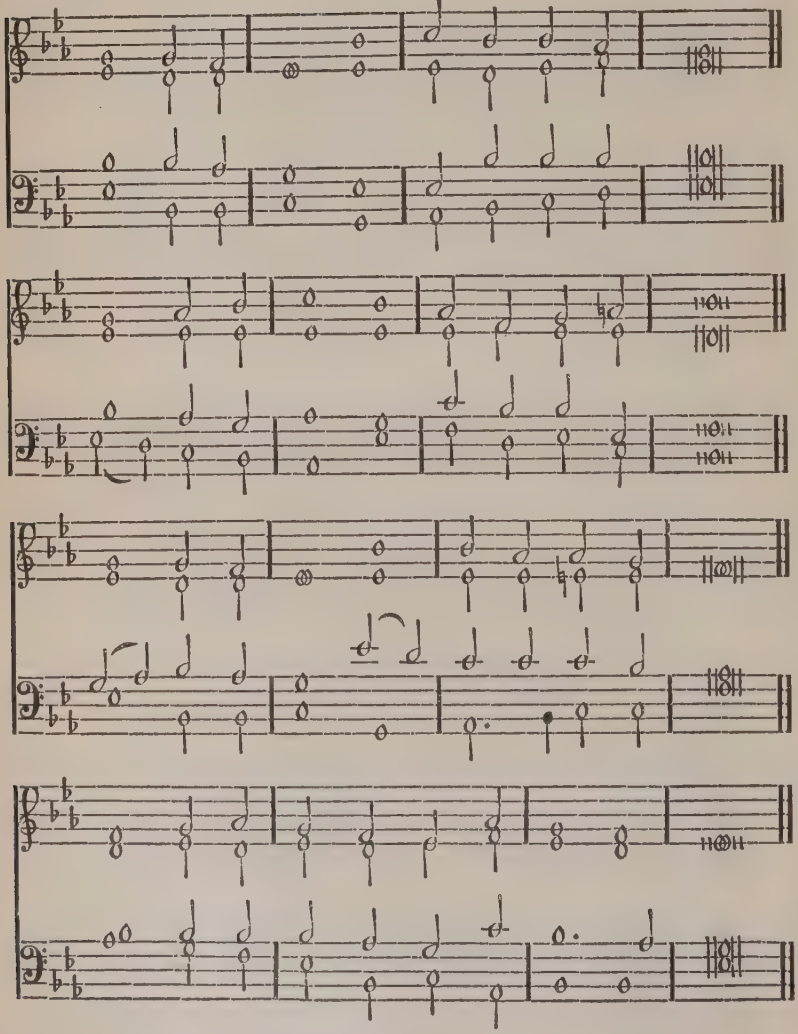
I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold then thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

10 (Second Tune)

EVENTIDE (10 10. 10 10) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



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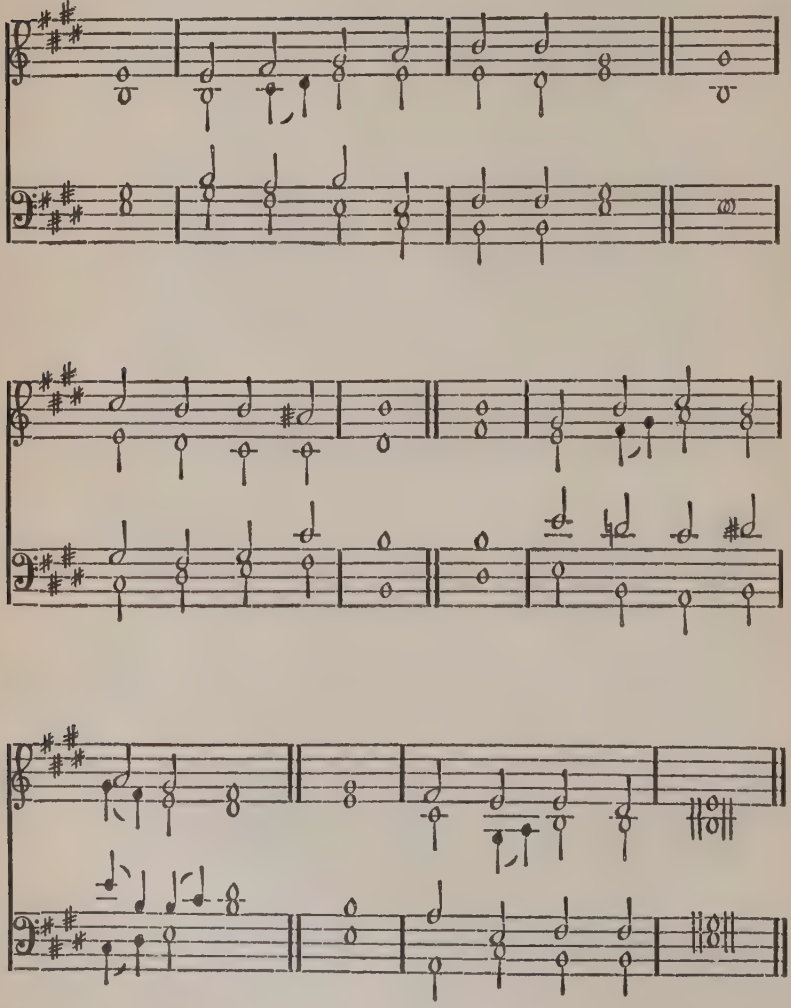
II

DUNFERMLINE (C.M.) *Scotch Psalter* (1615)



II

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

ALL praise to him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss
Of uncreated light!

Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.

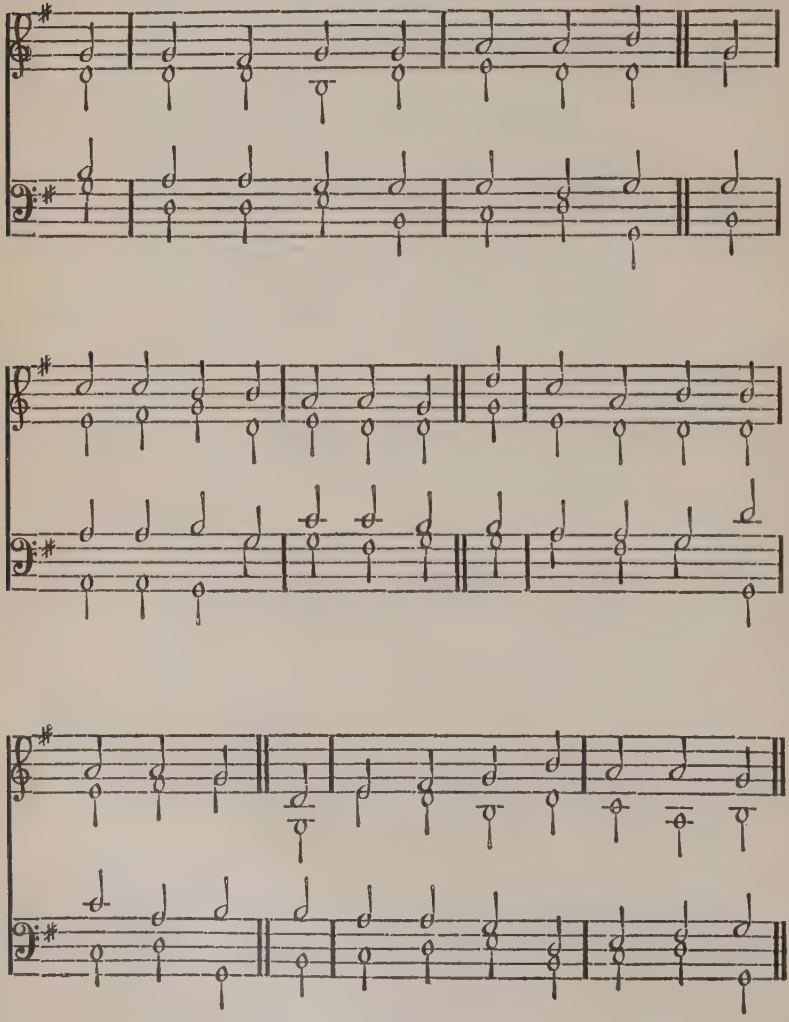
Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest;
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.

May we, with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless the Ever-blessed!

12

TALLIS' CANON (L.M.) *Thomas Tallis* (c. 1515–1585)



12

Thomas Ken (1637–1711)

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

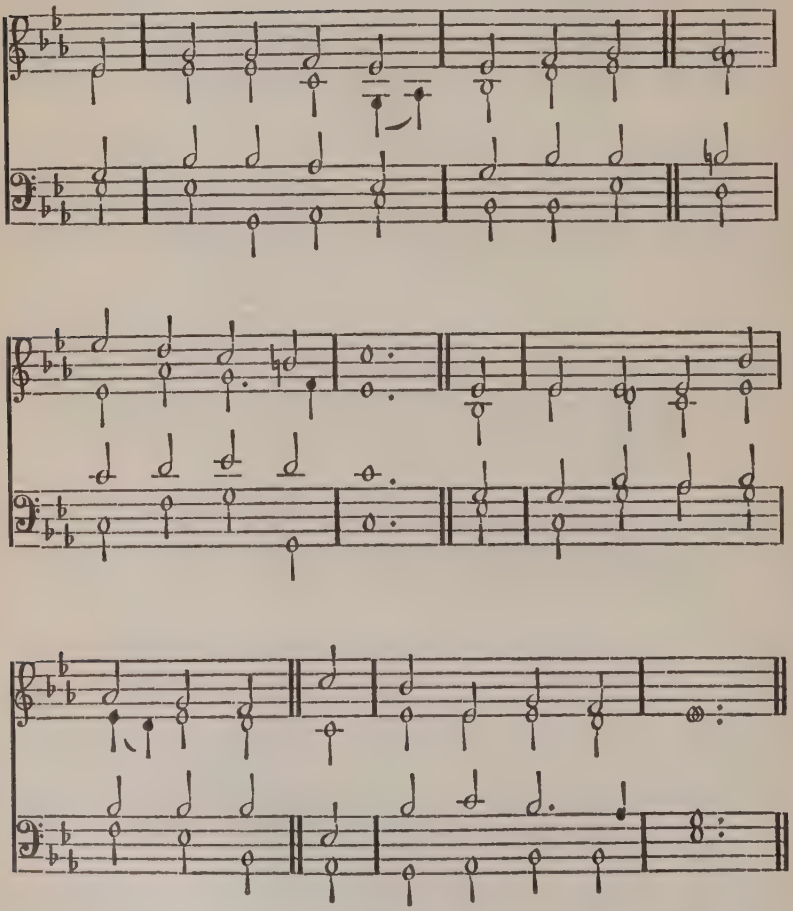
Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

13 (First Tune)

WEYBRIDGE (C.M.) *Walter Hay Sangster* (1835–1899)



13

William Bright (1824–1901)

AND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to thy knee;
Here lingering still we ask for nought,
But simply worship thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what thou art.

For thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

Oh wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine!

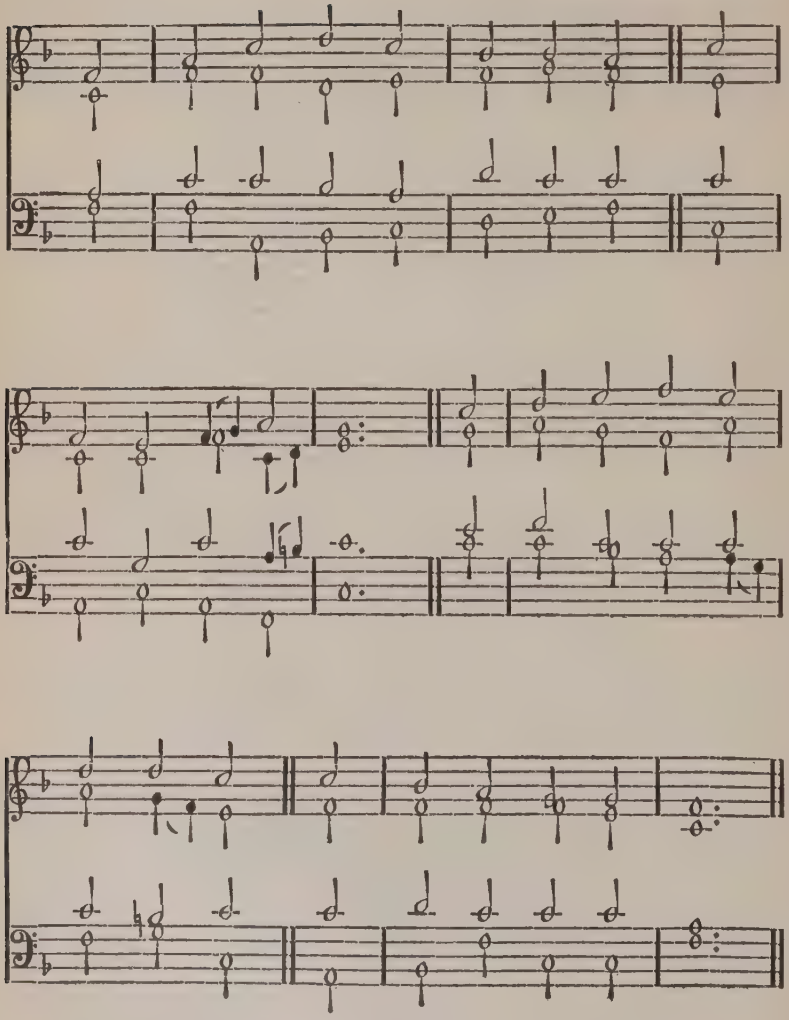
O thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect God is he,
And he is fully ours.'

13 (Second Tune)

Brighton (c m.)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



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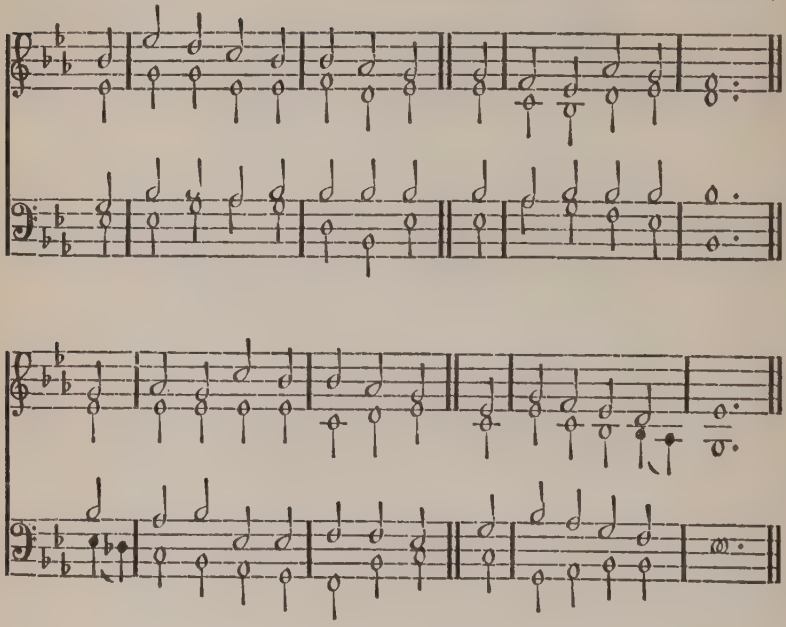
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect God is he,
And he is fully ours.'

14 (First Tune)

St. Peter (c.m.) *Alexander Robert Reinagle* (1799–1877)



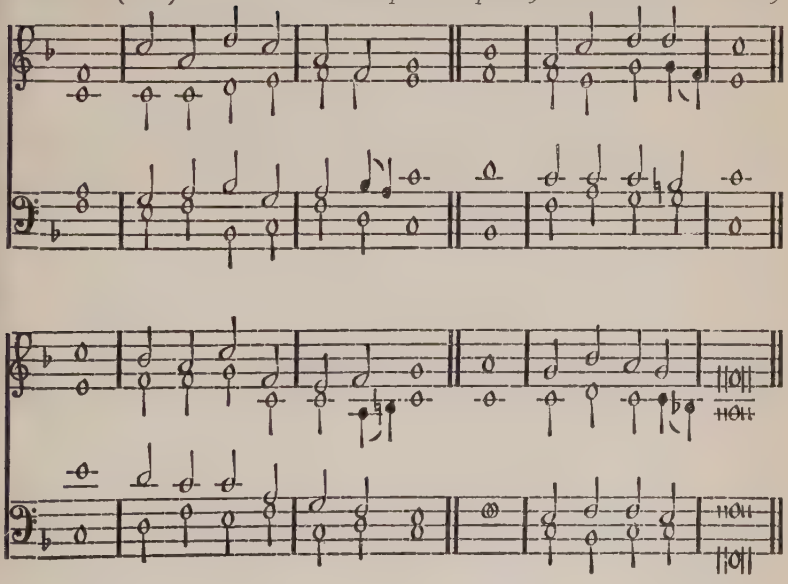
14

Charles Coffin (1676–1749)
Trans. John Chandler (1806–1876)

Labente jam solis rota

AS now the sun's declining rays
Towards the eve descend;
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

14 (Second Tune)

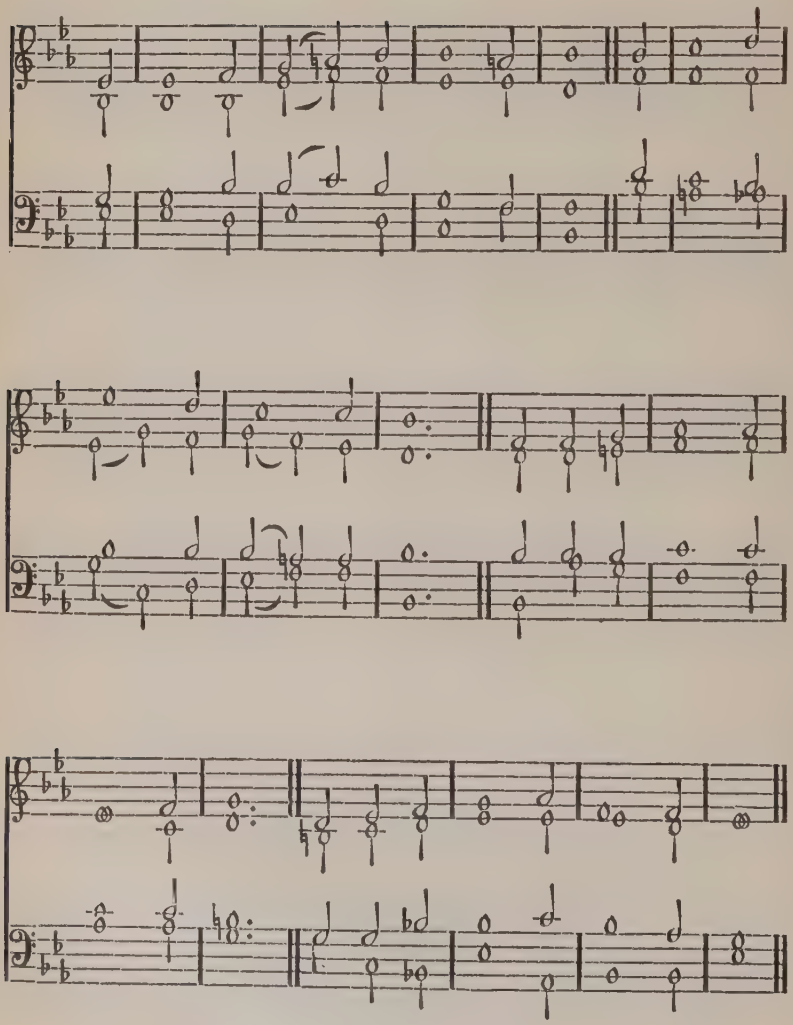
Northern Tune
Harm. by Thomas Ravenscroft (c. 1582–c. 1630)
DURHAM (C.M.) *Mean parts adapted by Samuel Sebastian Wesley*

Lord, on the cross thine arms were stretched
To draw us to the sky;
Oh grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

15

ANGELUS (L.M.)

Founded on a melody by
Georg Joseph (1657)



15

Henry Twells (1823–1900)

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh in what divers pains they met!
Oh with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

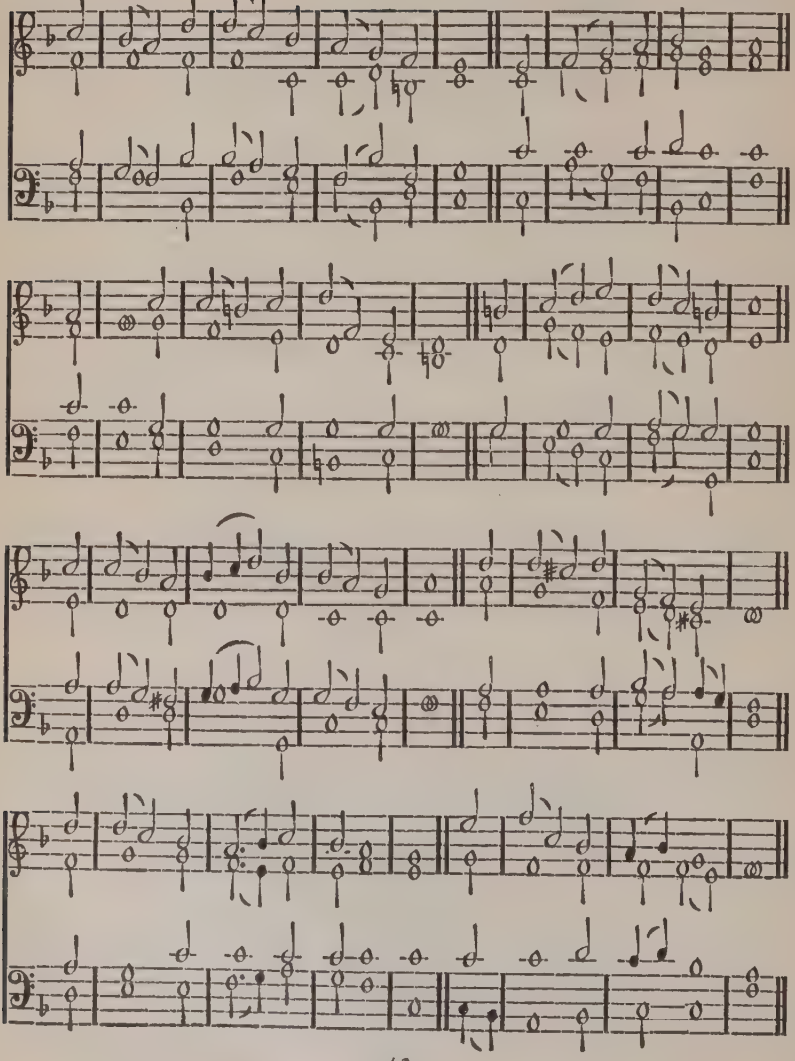
O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

16

HAYES (D.C.M.)

William Hayes (1707–1777)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



16

George Wither (1588–1667)

BEHOLD the sun, that seemed but now
Enthronèd overhead,
Beginning to decline below
The globe whereon we tread;
And he, whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
And leave us to the night.

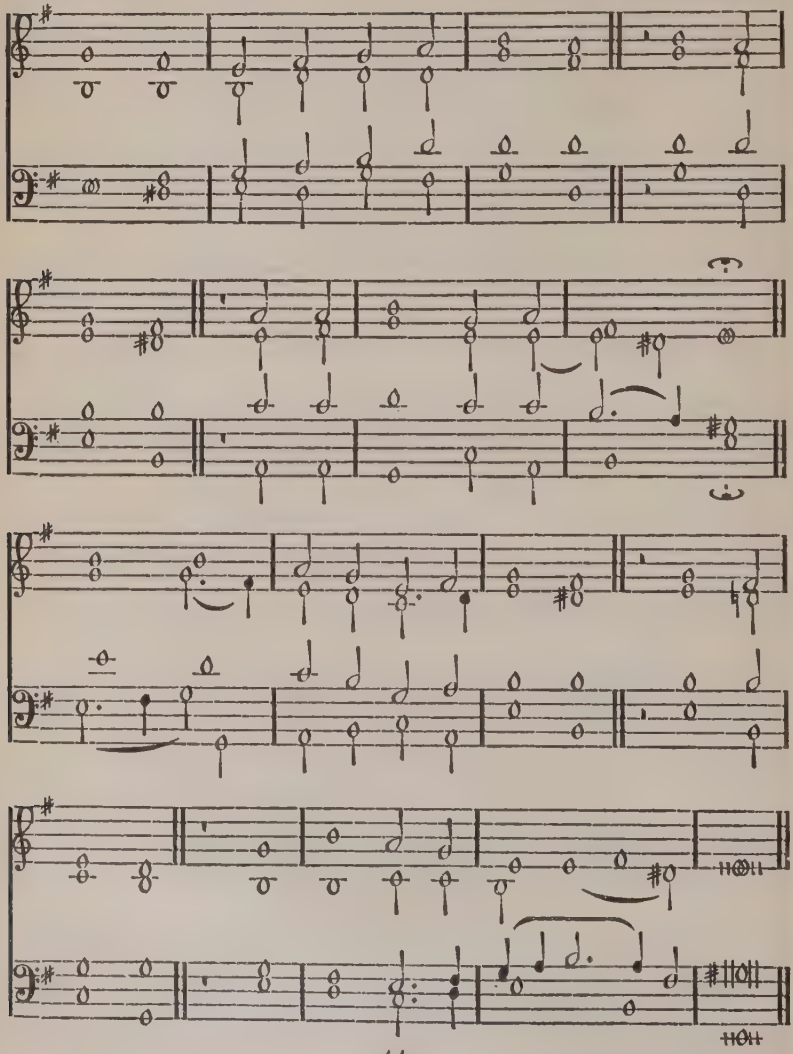
Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave;
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain,
Let still thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain;
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine!

17

BOURGEOIS, PSALM 38 (847.847)

Louis Bourgeois (1542)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



17

Anon. (*Greek*)
Trans. Tattendon Hymnal (1899)

DARKENING night the land doth cover;
Day is over:
We give thanks, O thou most high;
While with wonted hymn we adore thee,
And implore thee
For the light that doth not die.

Like a day our short life hasteth,
Soon it wasteth;
Cometh surely its sad eve.
Oh do thou that eve enlighten,
Save and brighten;
Nor old age of joy bereave.

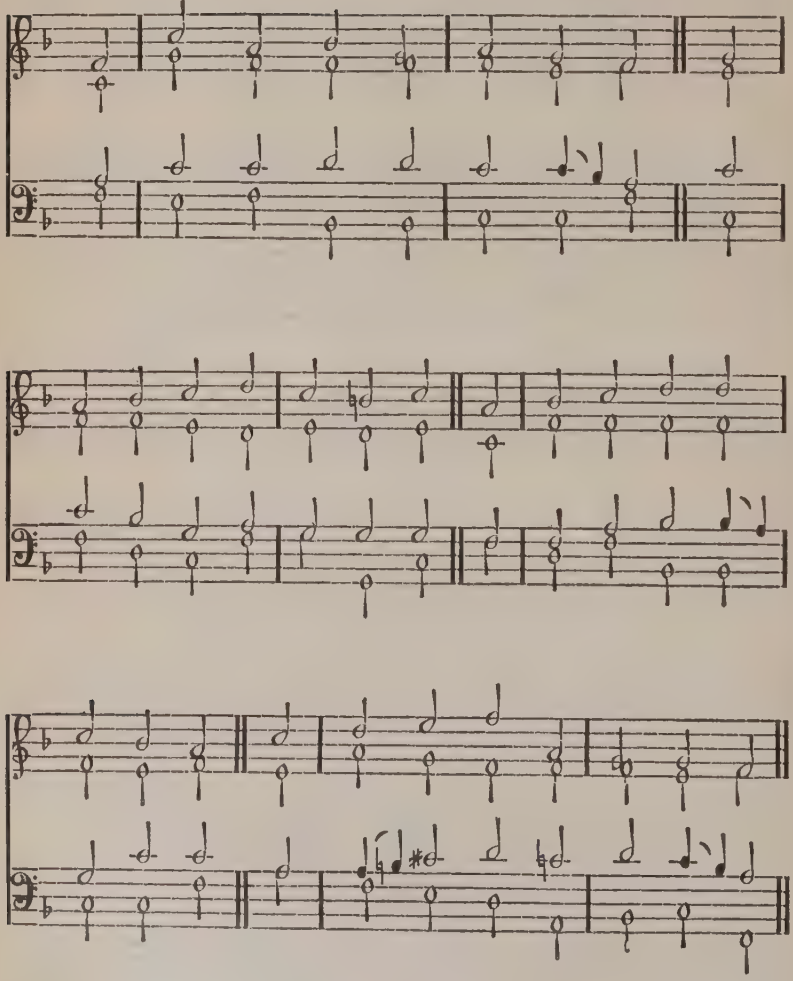
Come no pain nor pity near it,
Bless and cheer it,
That in peace we our peace win;
As thou wilt do thou us gather,
Gracious Father,
Only without shame and sin.

Now we pray for rest, that sleeping
In thy keeping,
We may joy in the sun's ray;
So thro' death's last darkness take us,
So awake us
To heaven's everlasting day.

18

USEDOM (L.M.)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



18

Thomas Ken (1637–1711)

GLORY to thee, in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in thy sight:
My soul, oh lighten and inflame,
With thought and love of thy great name.

Blest Jesu! thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating bliss, below,
In sacred hymns and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above?

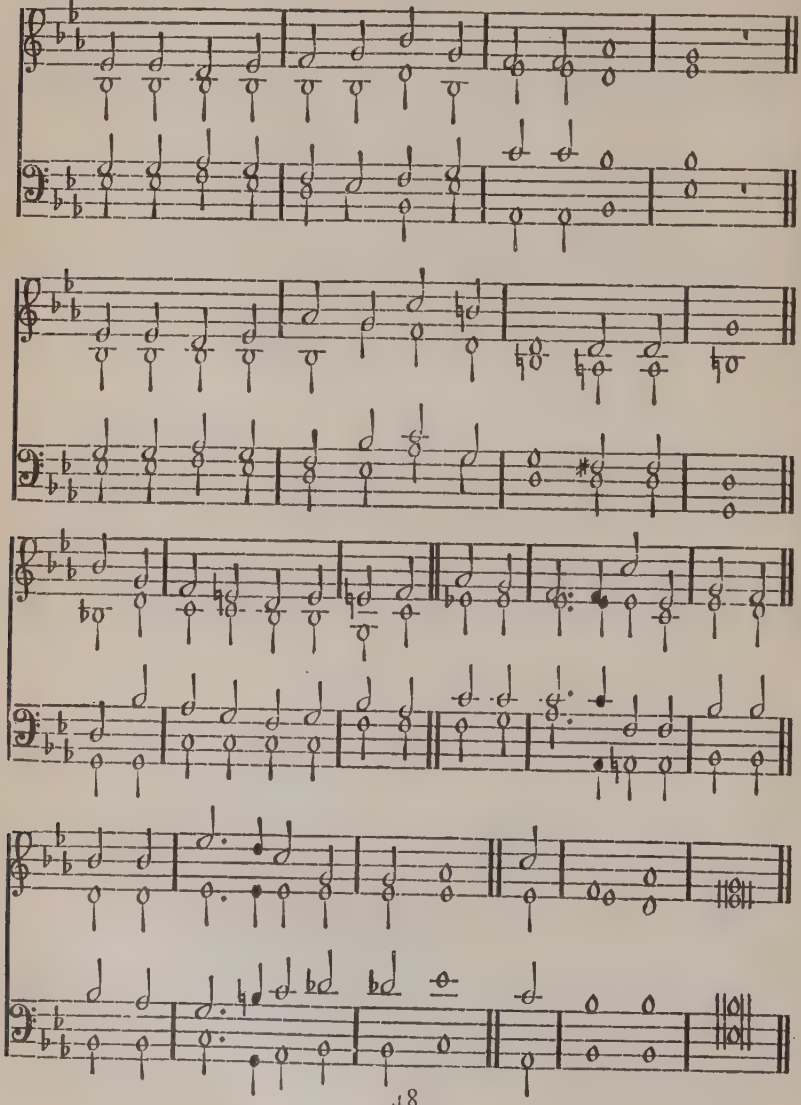
Shine on me, Lord! new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord! lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

19 (First Tune)

Bury (84.84.8884) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



19

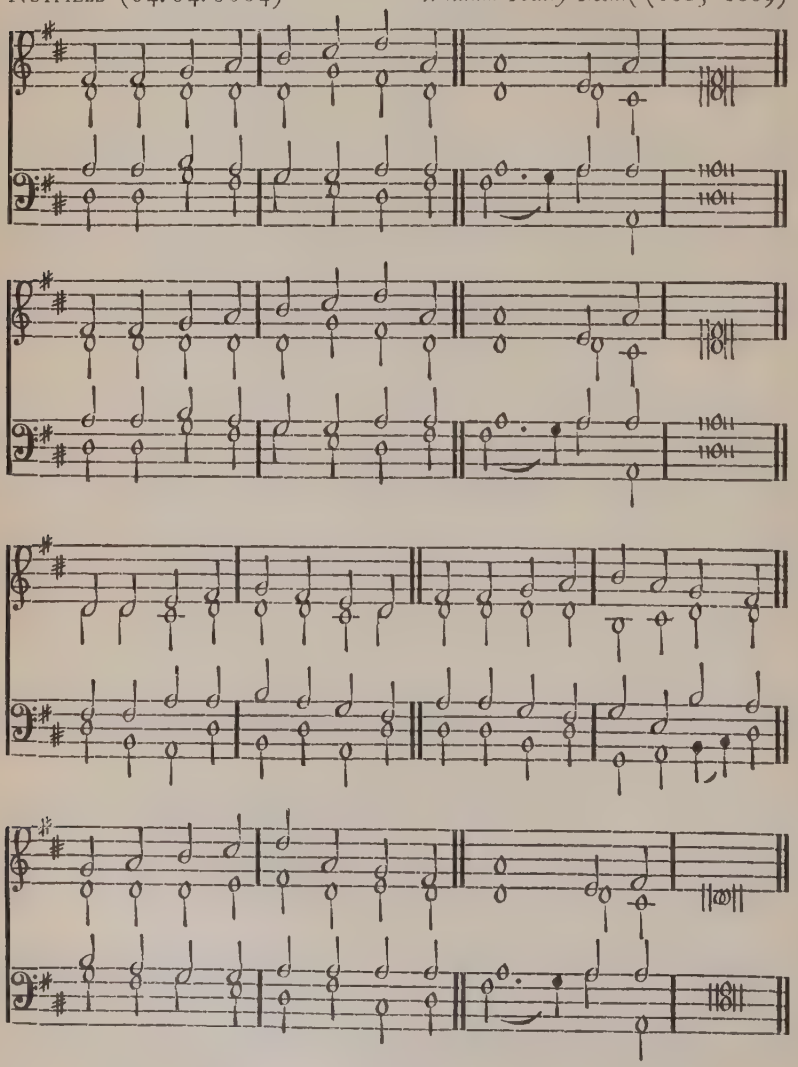
Reginald Heber (1783–1826) *and*
Richard Whately (1787–1863)

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou our Lord forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

19 (Second Tune)

NUTFIELD (84. 84. 8884) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



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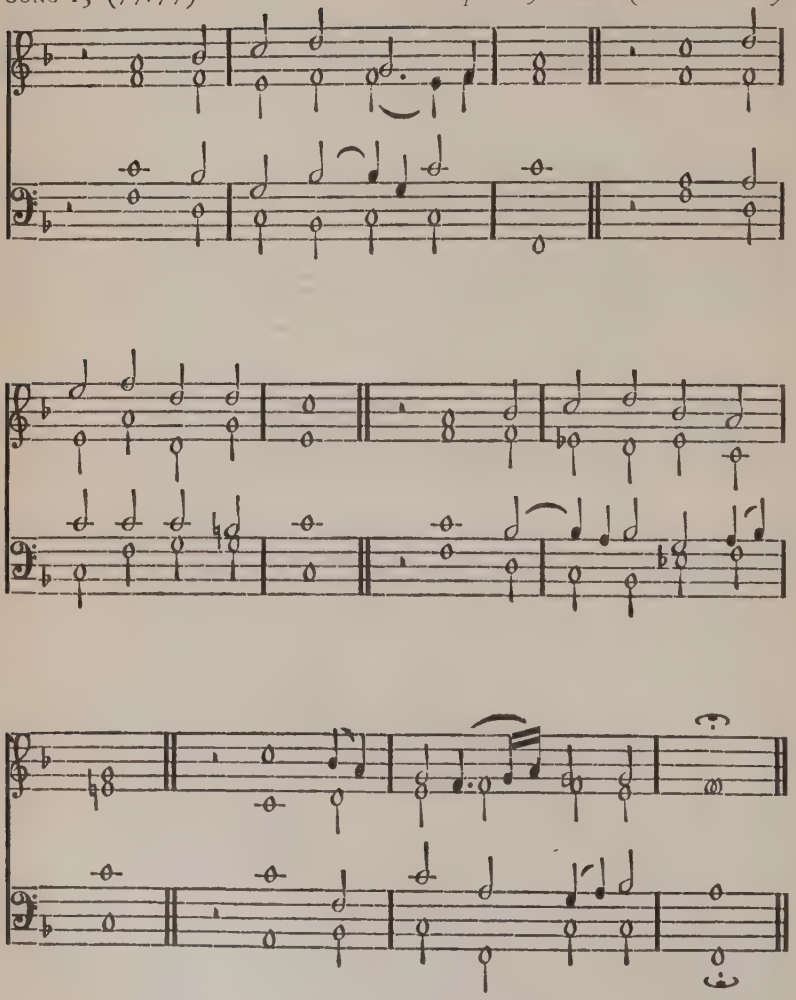
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou our Lord forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

20

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)

SONG 13 (77.77)

Mean parts by Frederick A. G. Ouseley



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

20

Anon. (*3rd cent.*)
Trans. William Bright (1824–1901)

Φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης

LIGHT of gladness, Beam divine
From the Glory's inmost shrine,
Where in his immortal rest
Reigns thy Father ever blest;

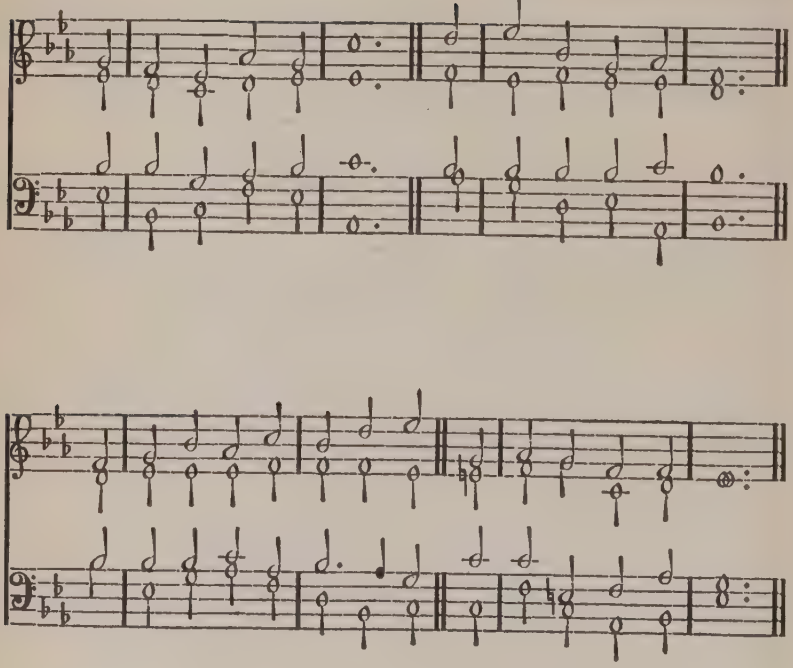
Jesus Christ, our hymn receive:
Sunset brings the lights of eve;
Day is past, and night begun;
Praise we Father, Spirit, Son.

Night and day for thee is meet
Holy voices' anthem sweet,
Ringing through the world abroad,
'Hail, life-giving Son of God!'

21

EGHAM (S.M.)

William Turner (1651–1740)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins



21

John Austin (1613–1669)

LORD, now the time returns
For weary men to rest,
And lay aside those pains and cares
With which our day 's oppressed;

Or rather change our thoughts
To more concerning cares,
How to redeem our mis-spent time
With sighs, and tears, and prayers;

How to provide for heaven,
That place of rest and peace,
Where our full joys shall never wane,
Our pleasures never cease.

Blest be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

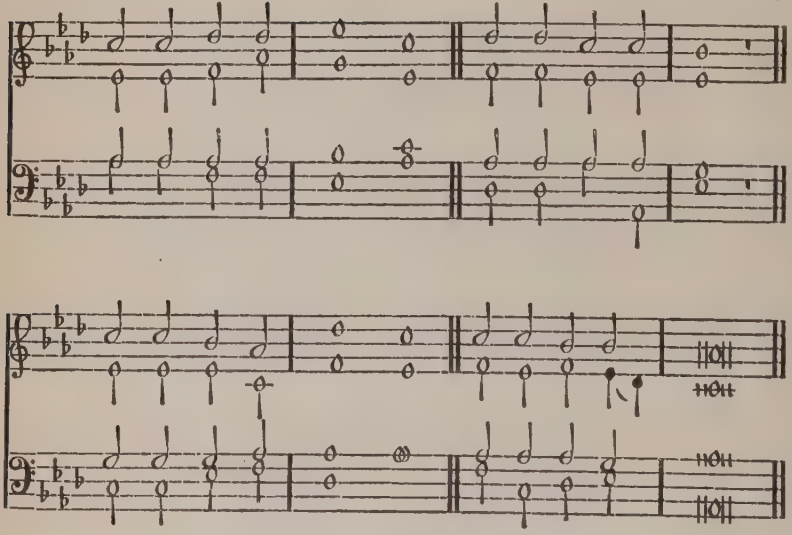
O thou our souls' chief hope,
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By thee we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

22 (First Tune)

EUDOXIA (65.65) *Sabine Baring-Gould* (1834–)



Sabine Baring-Gould

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

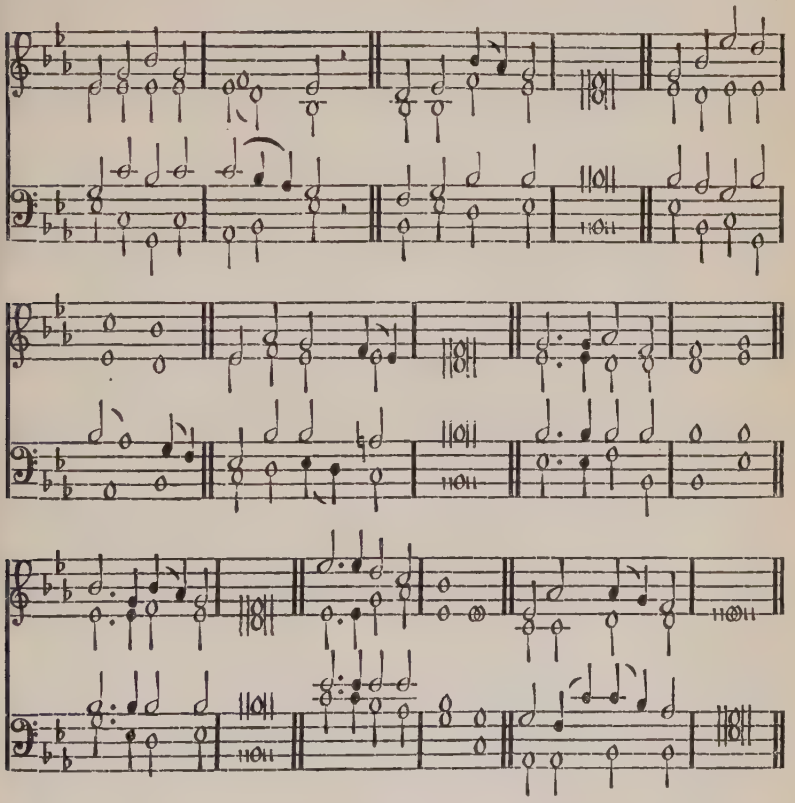
Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

22 (Second Tune)

GILBOA (65.65 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)

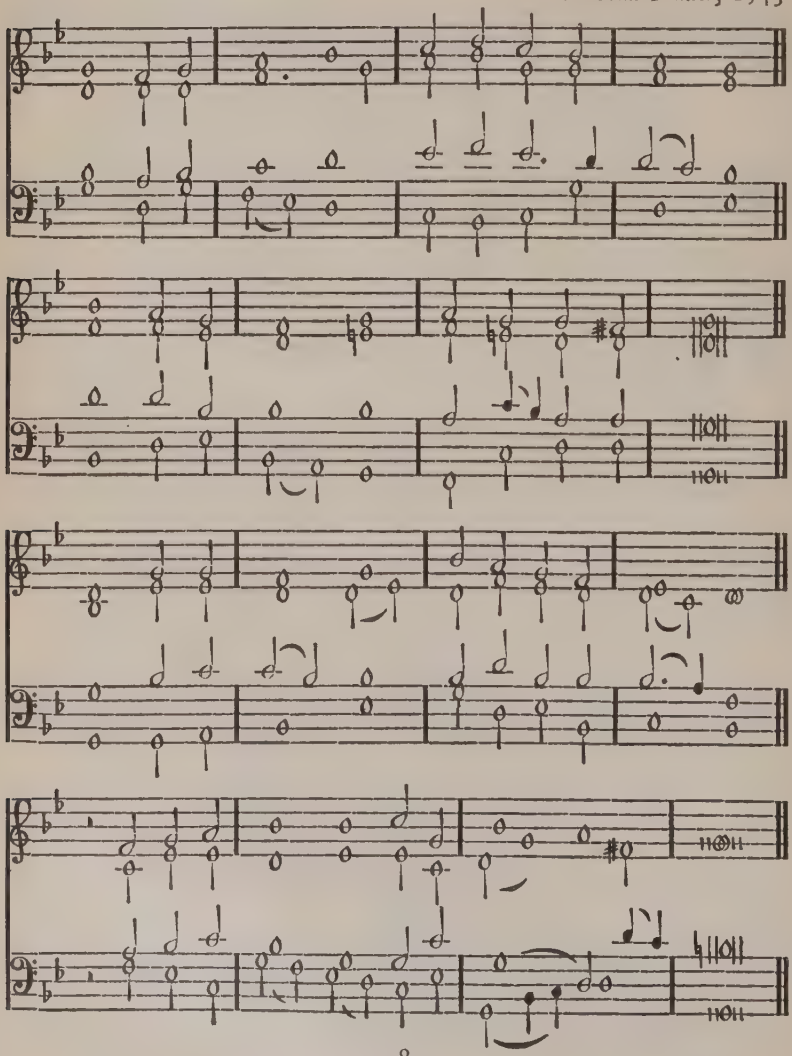


When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

23 (First Tune)

L'Omnipotent (11 10. 11 10)

Melody composed or adapted by Louis Bourgeois for the Genevan Psalter, 1543

23

St. Ambrose? (340–397)
Trans. John Ellerton (1826–1893)
and Fenton John Anthony Hort (1828–1892)

RERUM DEUS TENAX VIGOR

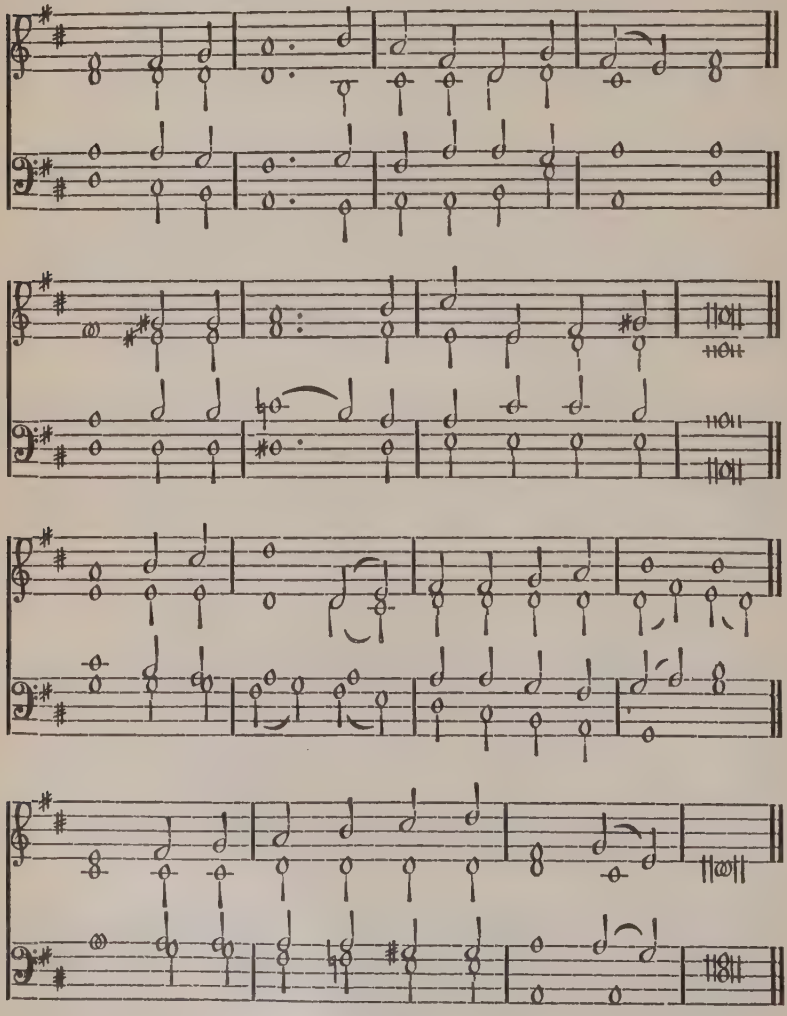
O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

23 (Second Tune)

Strength and Stay (11 10. 11 10) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



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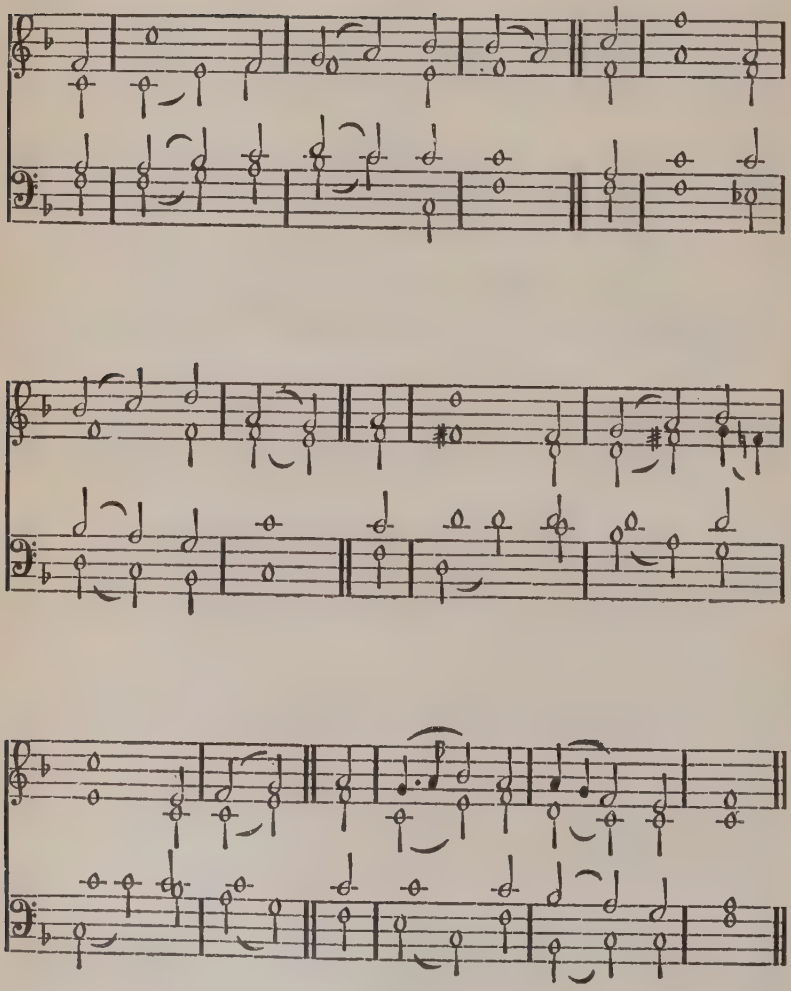
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

24

KERRY (S.M.)

Joseph Jowett (1784–1856)



24

John Ellerton (1826–1893)

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

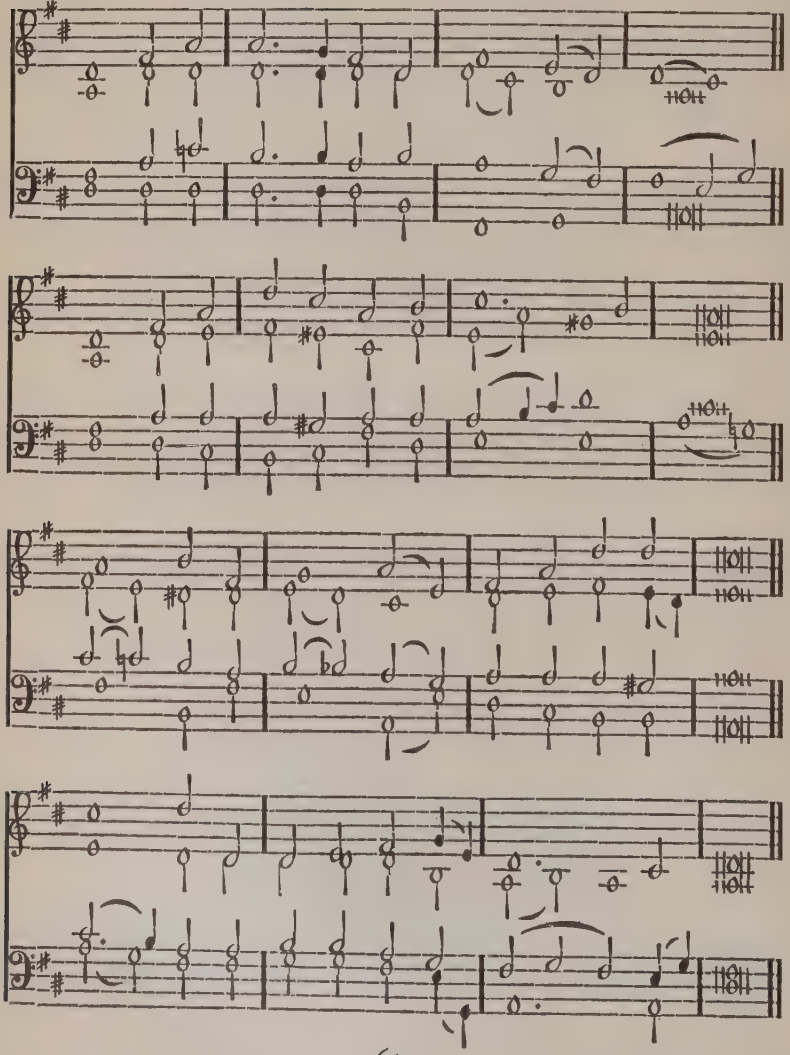
Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to thy name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

25 (First Tune)

Pax Dei (1010. 1010) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



25

John Ellerton (1826–1893)

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

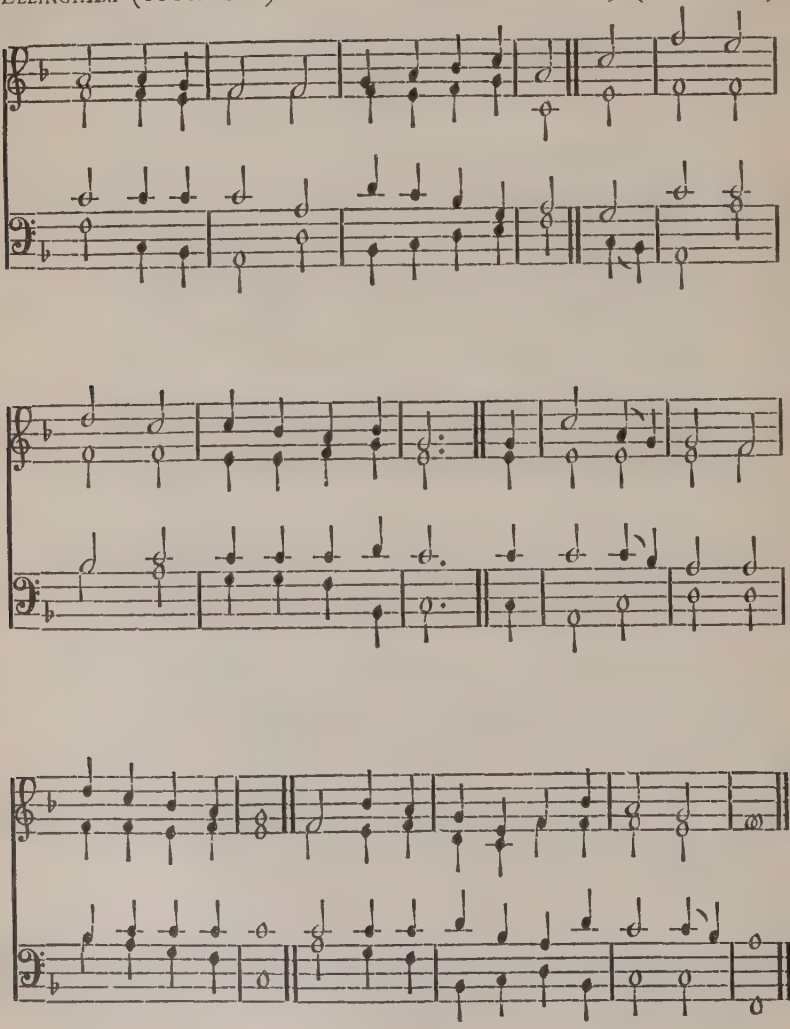
Grant us thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

25 (Second Tune)

ELLINGHAM (1010. 1010) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



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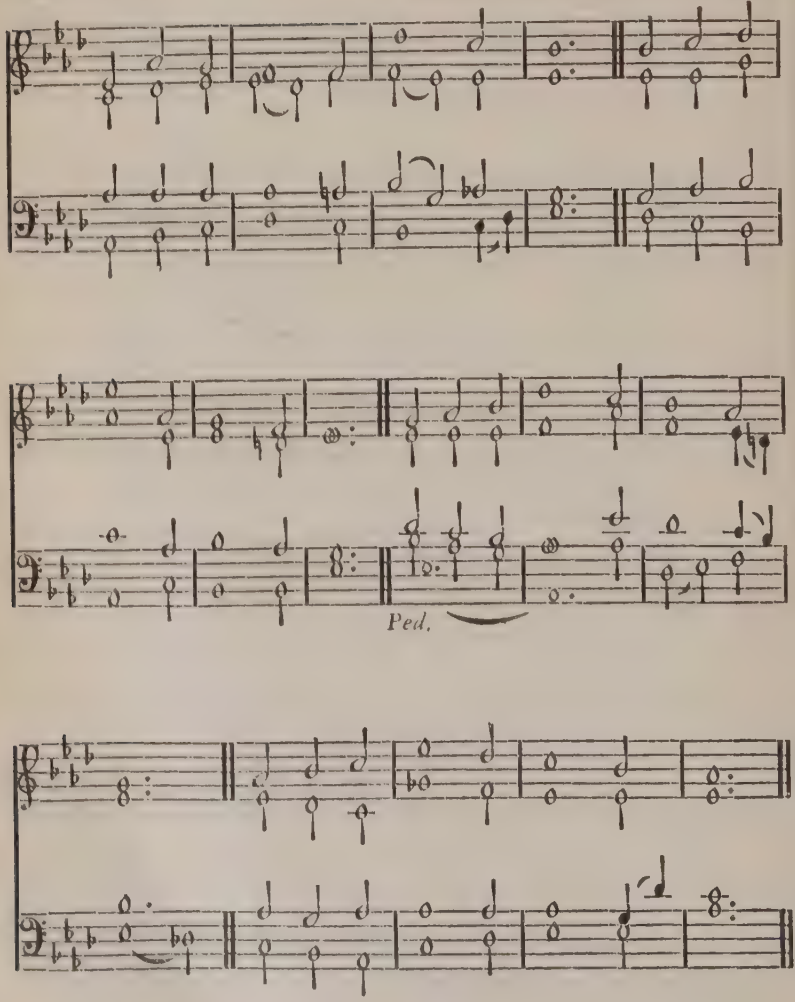
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

26 (First Tune)

Abends (L.M.) *Herbert Stanley Oakeley* (1830–1903)



26

John Keble (1792–1866)

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

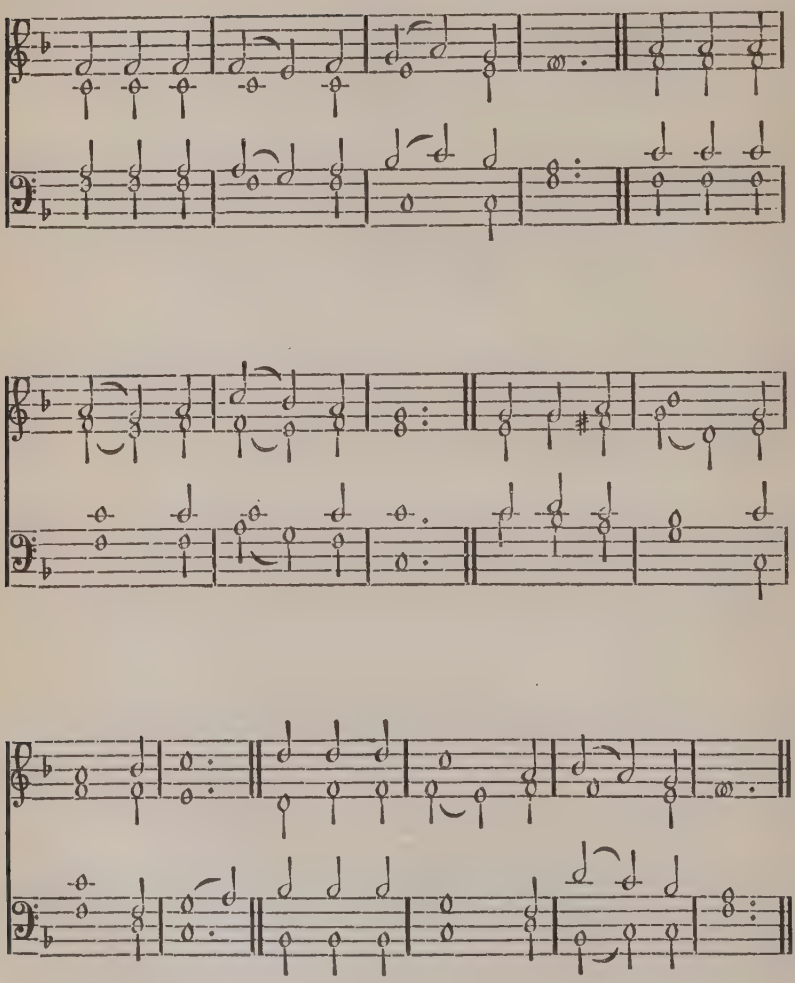
Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

26 (Second Tune)

HURSLEY (L.M.)

Abridged from melody in
Katholisches Gesangbuch (c. 1774)



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Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

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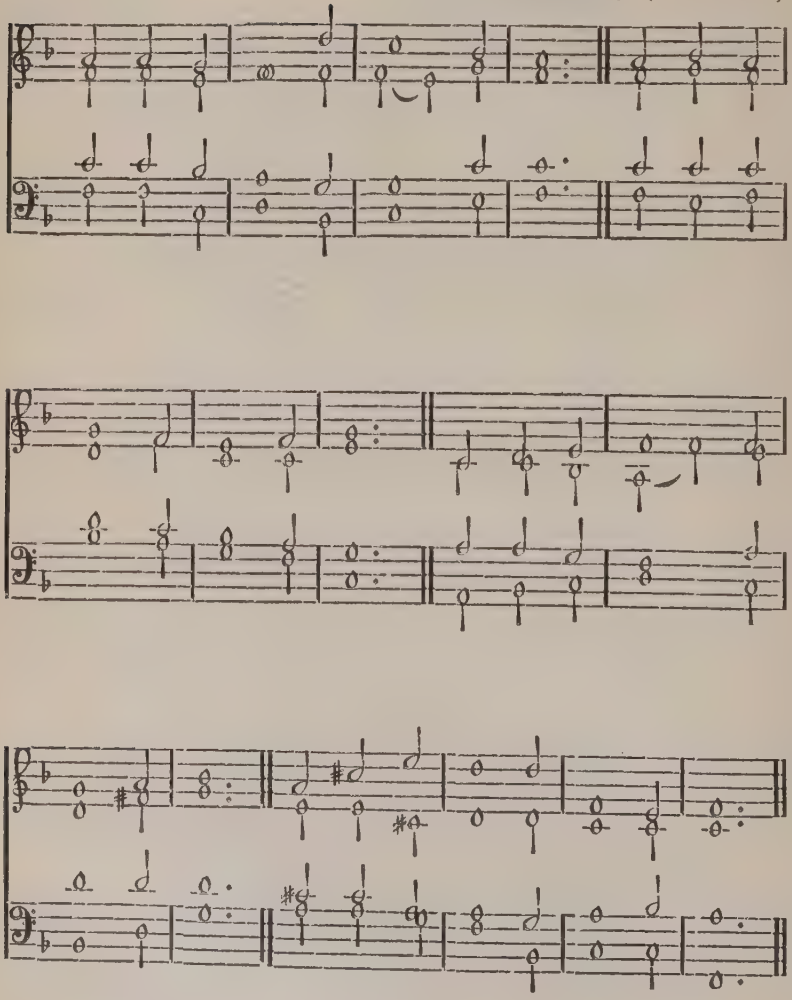
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

26 (Third Tune)

WINSCOTT (L.M.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



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When the soft dews of kindly sleep
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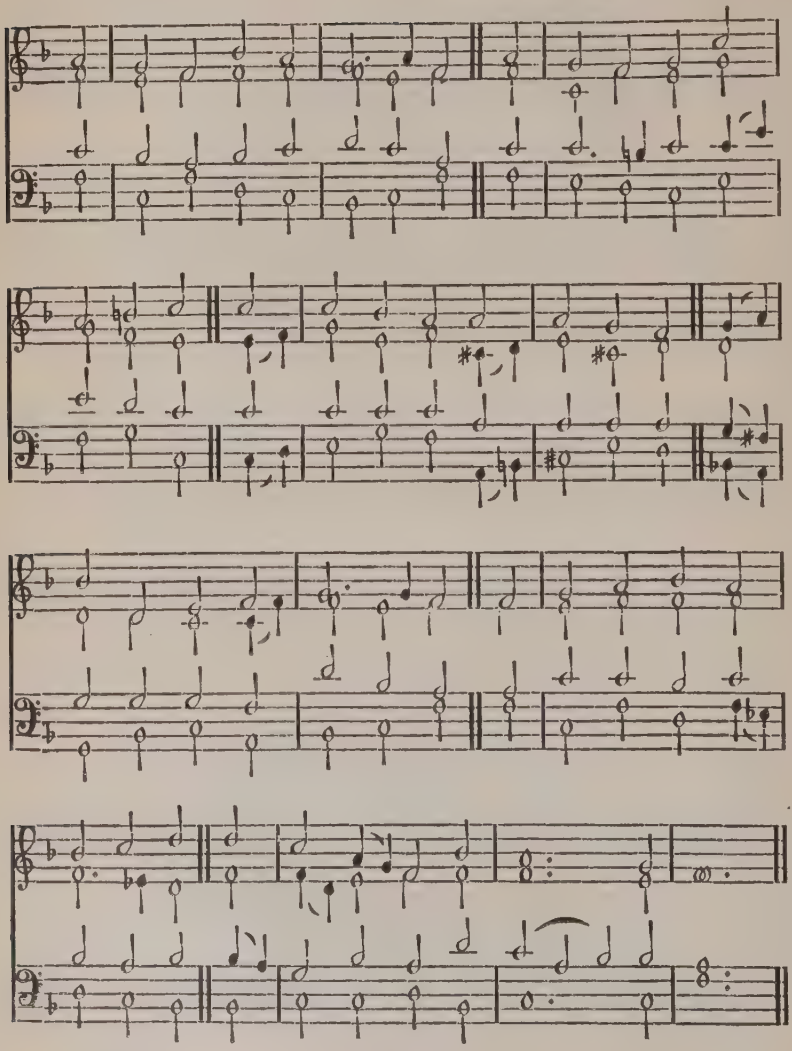
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

27

ST. MATTHIAS (88.88.88) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



27

Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

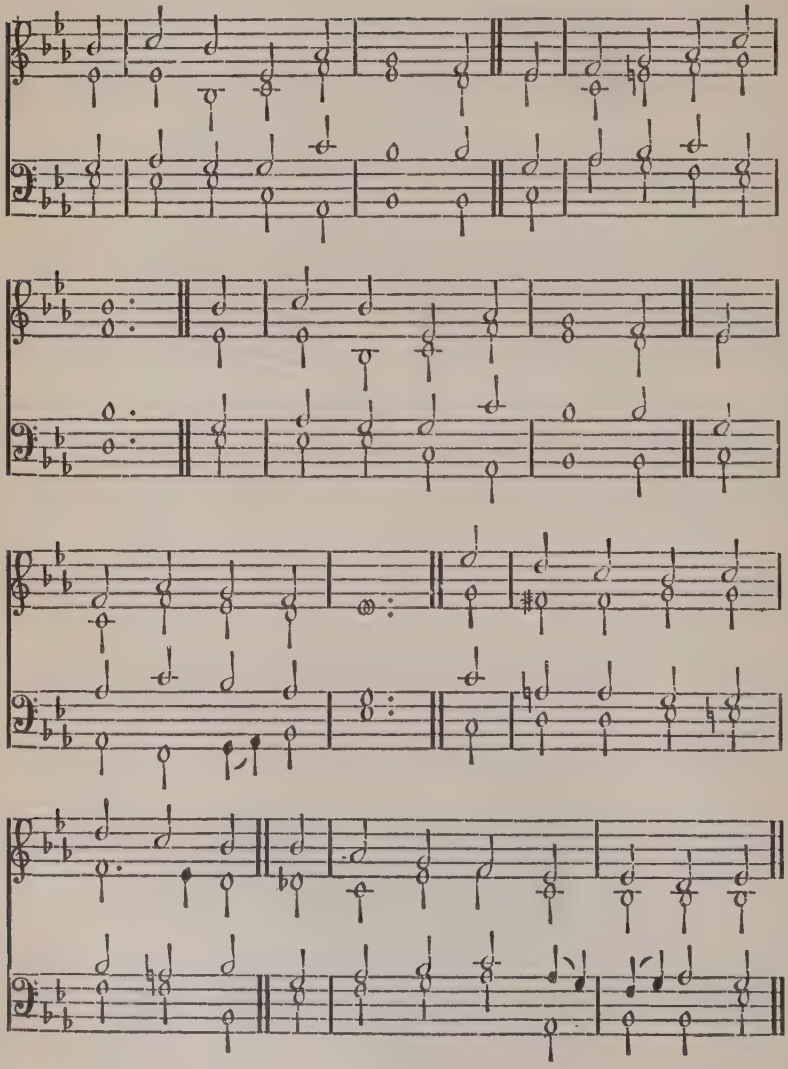
Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
Oh let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

Sweet Saviour! bless us: night is come;
Amid the darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home;
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

28

ST. ANATOLIUS (76.76.88) *Arthur Henry Brown* (1830–)



28

Anon. (*6th cent.?*)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee;
I pray thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

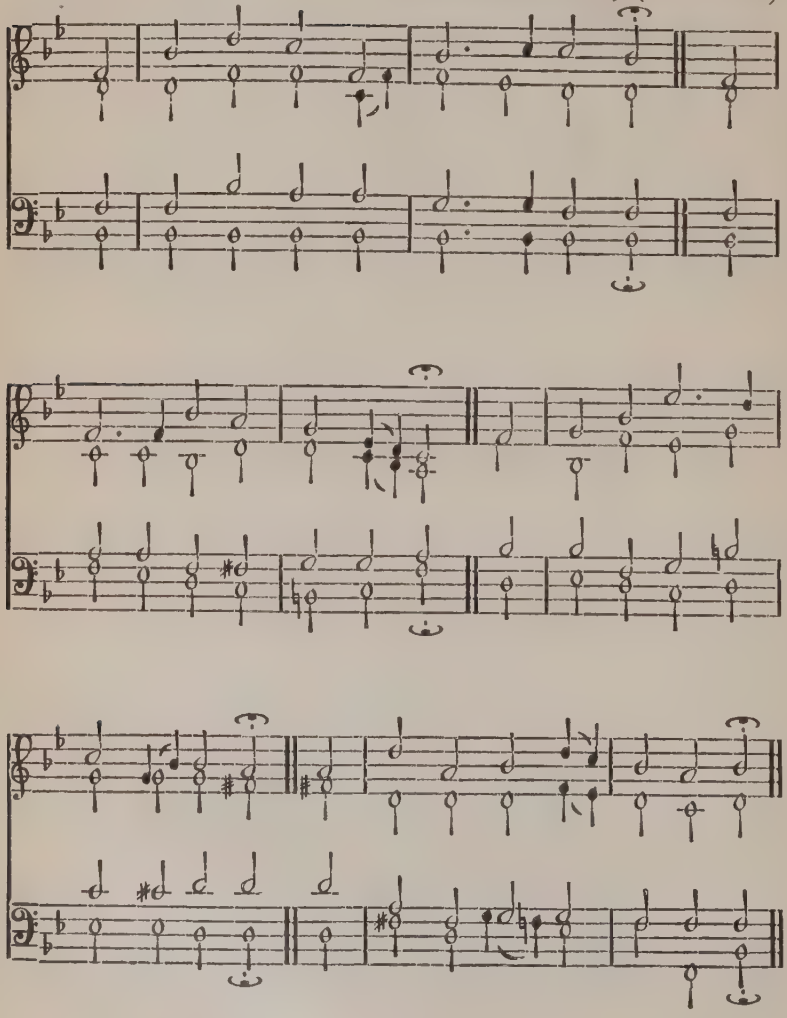
The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to thee,
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of sin may be:
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Be thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men, oh hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

29 (First Tune)

Grace Dieu (98.98) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



29

John Ellerton (1826–1893)

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

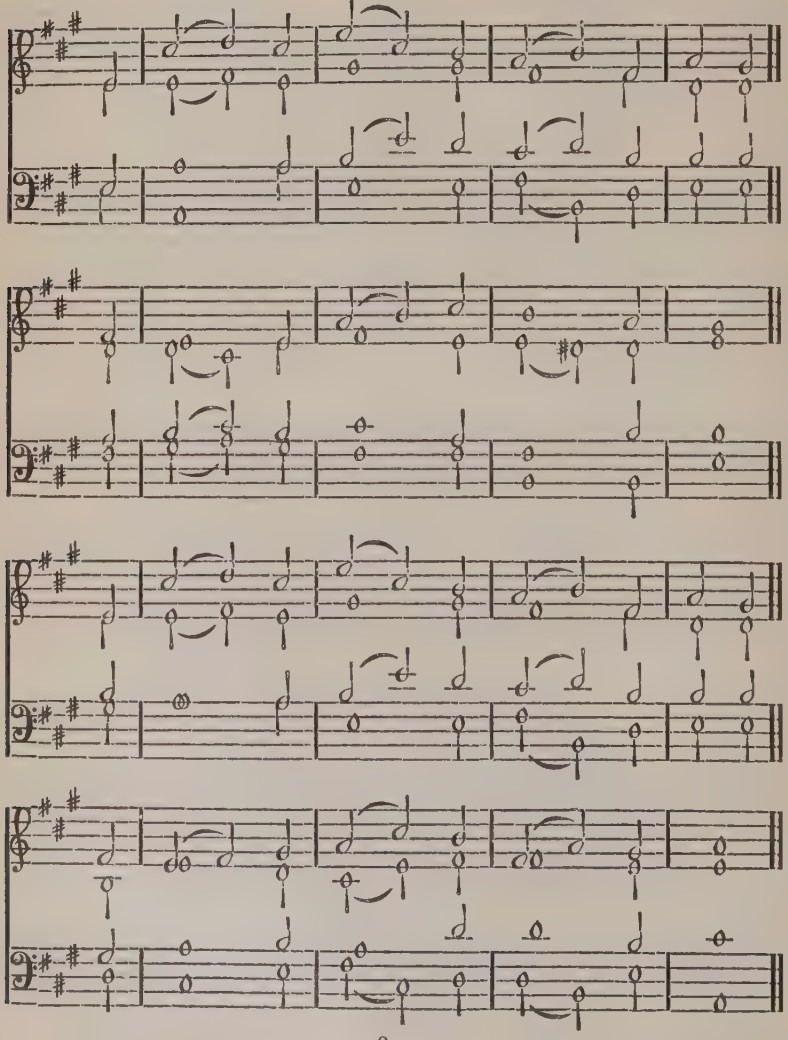
As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away,
But stand and rule and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

29 (Second Tune)

St. Clement (98. 98) *Clement Cotterill Scholefield* (1839–1905)



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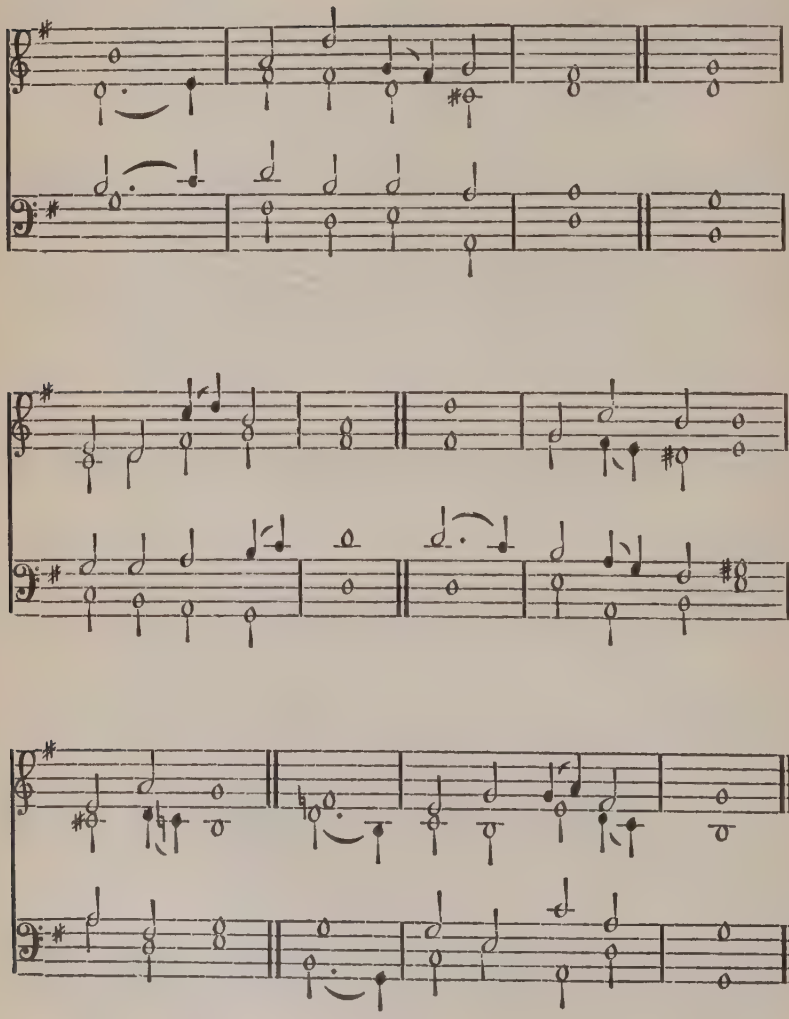
But stand and rule and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

30

COMBE MARTIN (S.M.) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)



30

John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

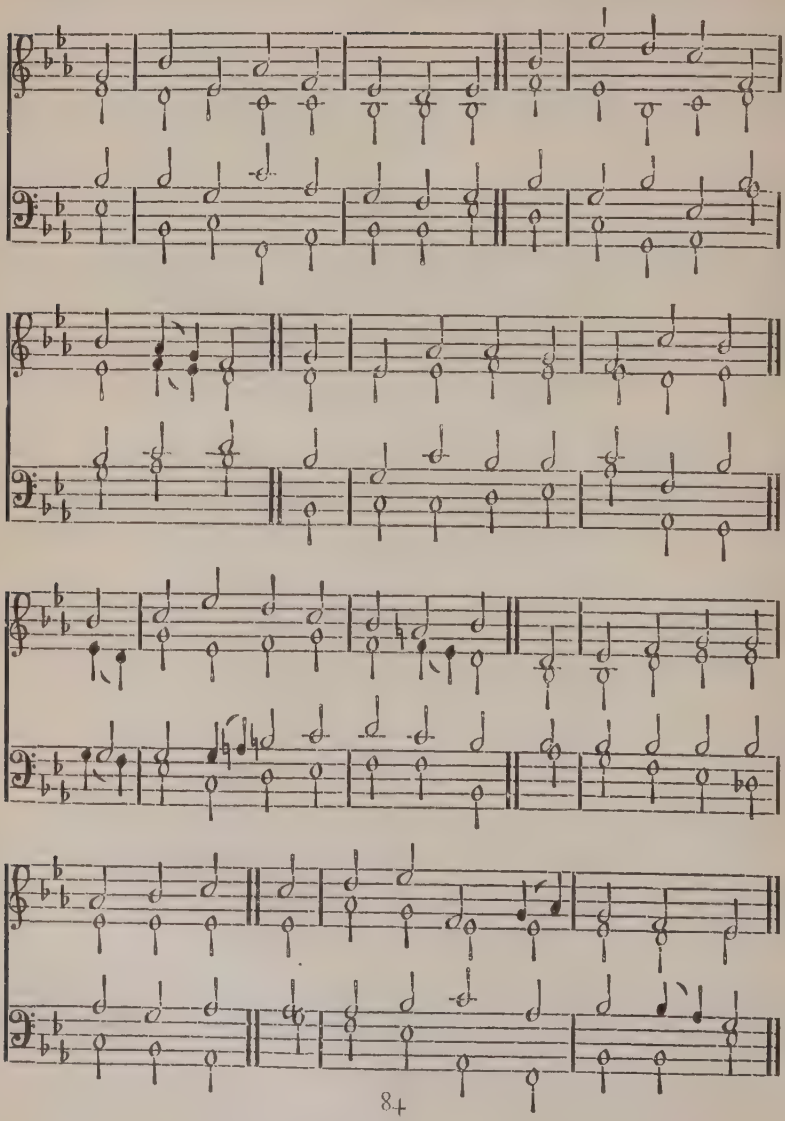
THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

31

COLCHESTER (88.88.88) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



31

Thomas Browne (1605–1682), *slightly altered*

THE night is come, like to the day;
Depart not thou, great God, away:
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light:
Stay in th' horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee.

O thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
Upon my temples sentry keep,
Guard me against those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close:
Let no ill dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.

While I do rest, my soul advance,
And make my sleep a holy trance;
That so I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun.

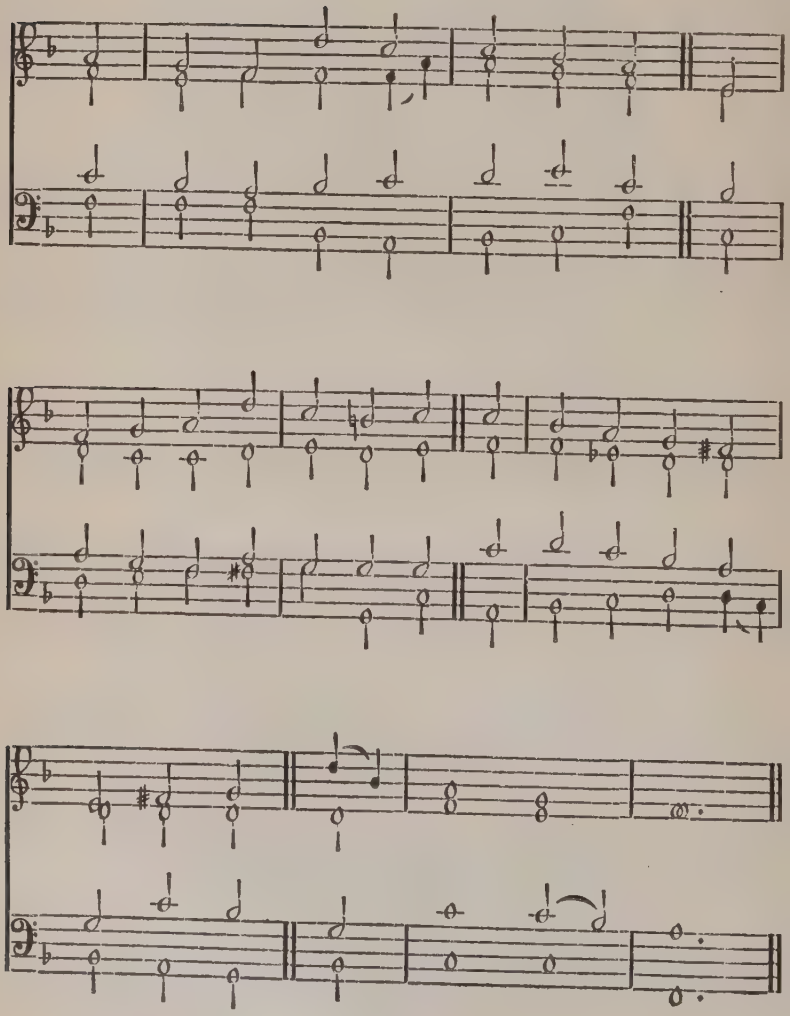
Sleep is a death: oh, make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And then as gently lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed:
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with thee.

And thus assured, behold, I lie
Securely, or to wake or die:
These are my drowsy days: in vain
I do now wake to sleep again:
Oh come that hour when I shall ne'er
Sleep thus again, but wake for e'er!

32 (First Tune)

Time (88. 84)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876)



32

Godfrey Thring (1823–1903)

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

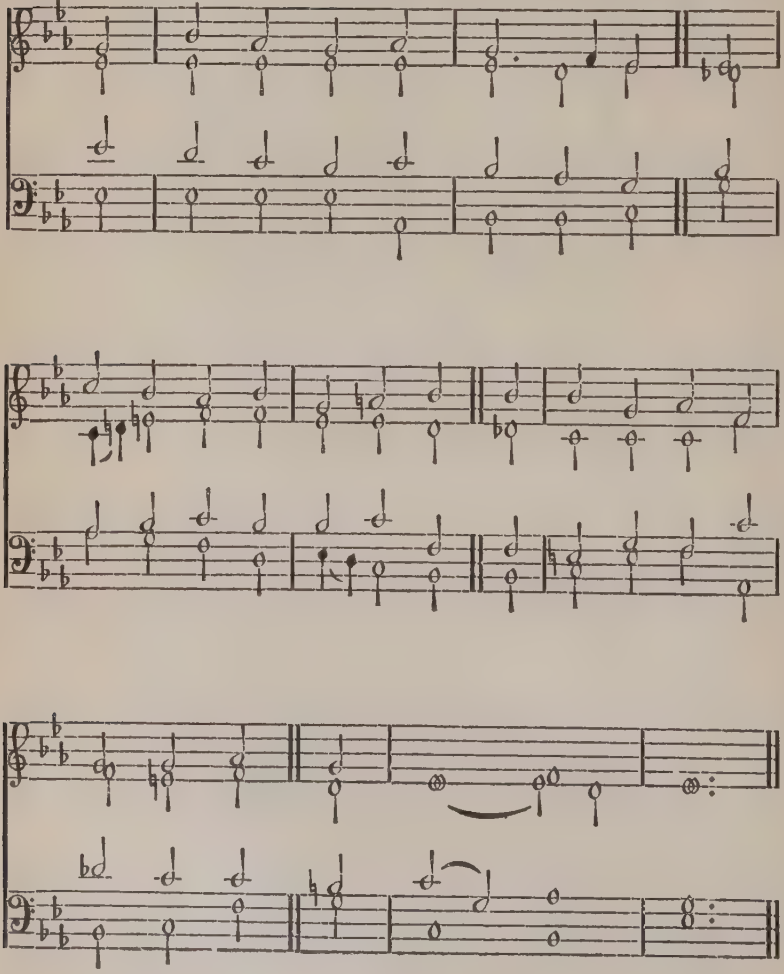
Oh by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

32 (Second Tune)

St. Gabriel (88. 84) *Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley* (1825–1889)



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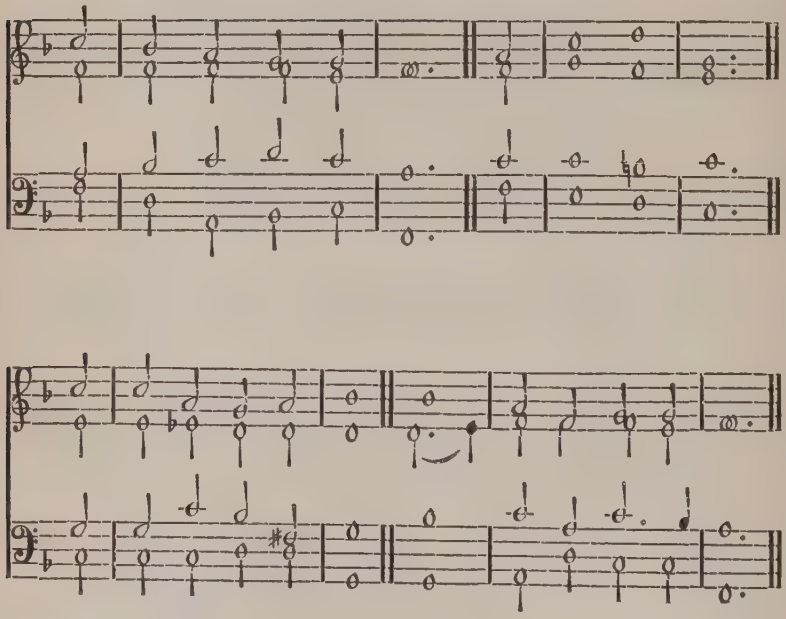
33

ST. COLUMBA (64.66) *Herbert Stephen Irons* (1834–1905)



33

Anon. (*18th cent.?*)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

SOL PRAECEPS RAPITUR

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

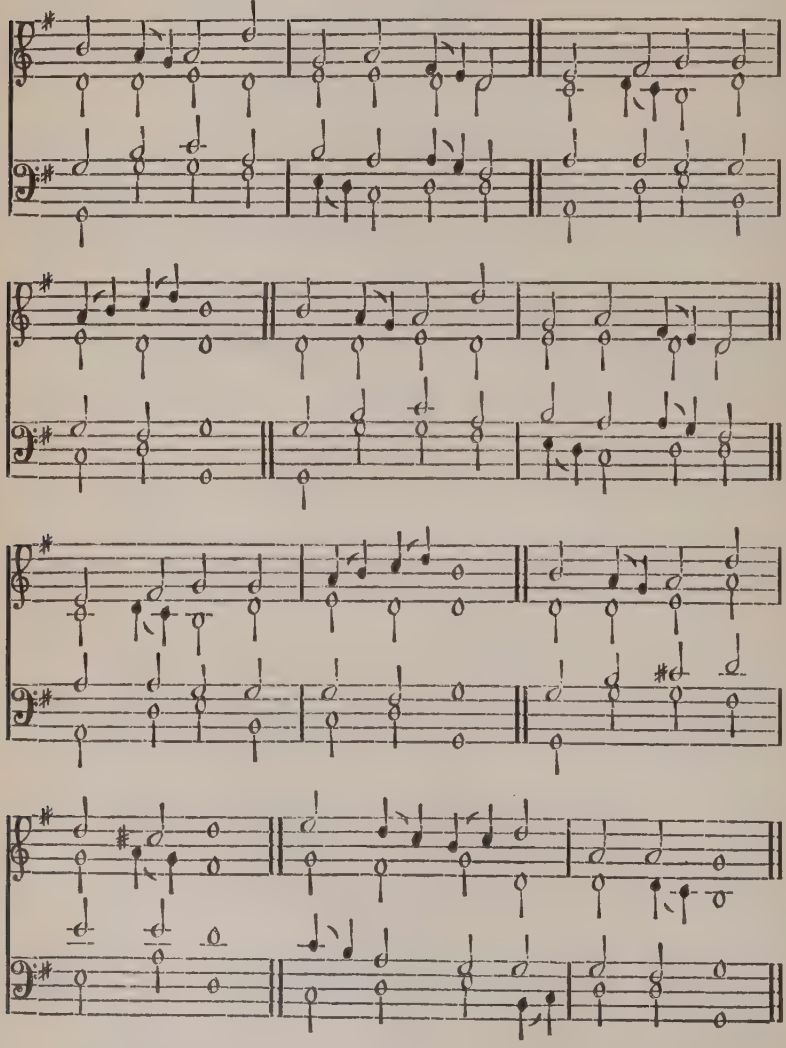
Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me,

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine;
Myself for ever his,
And he for ever mine.

34 (First Tune)

WURZEN (87.87.77)

? *Johann Christoph Bach* (1642–1703)



34

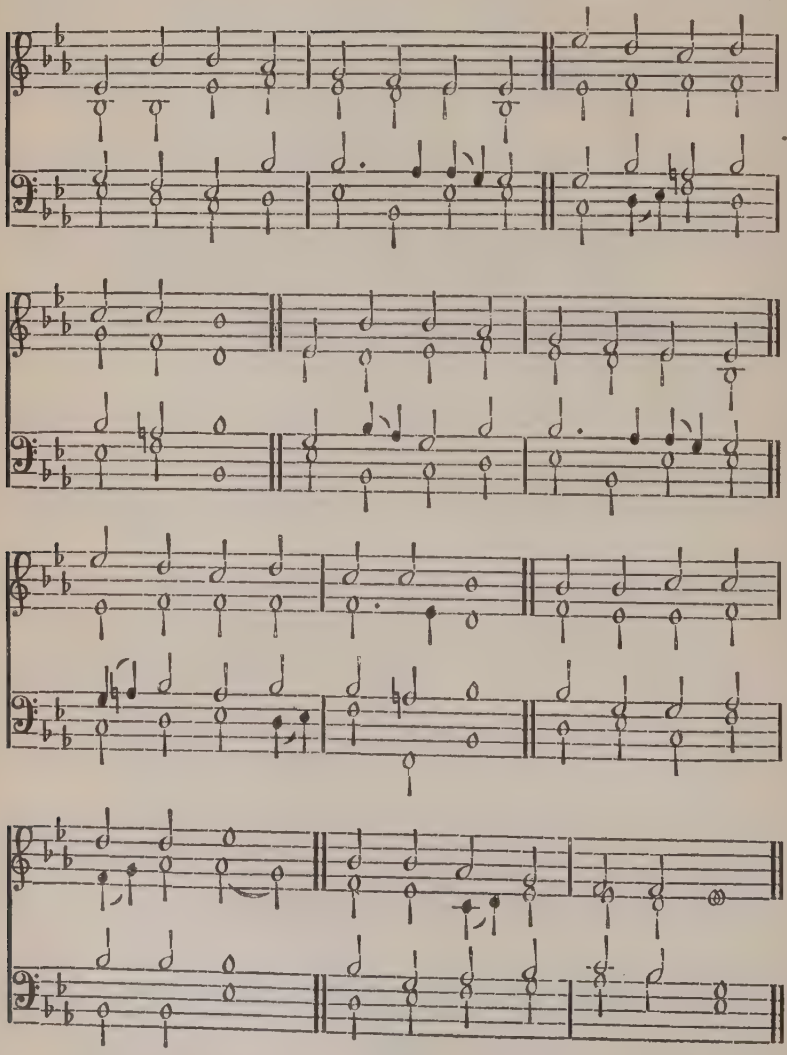
Thomas Kelly (1769–1854)

THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest.
Jesus, thou our guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

34 (Second Tune)

Dretzel (87. 87. 77) *Cornelius Heinrich Dretzel* (1698–1775)



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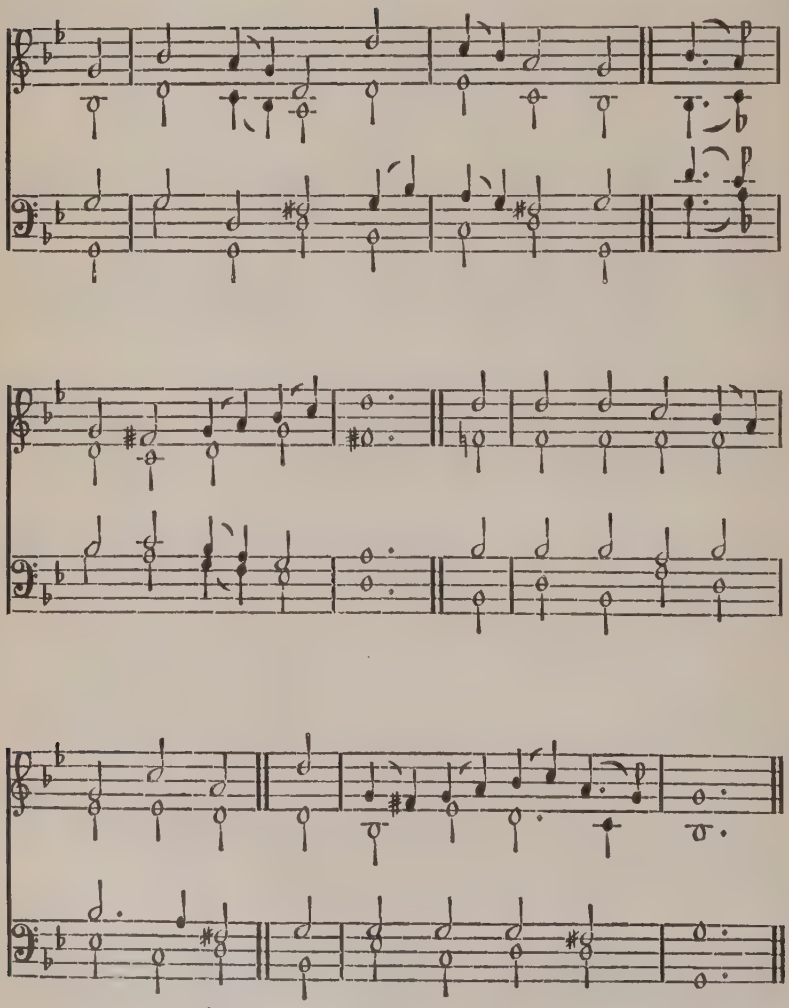
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

35

Attributed to Henry Purcell (1658–1695)
From Wilkins' Book of Psalmody (1699)

WALSALL (C.M.)



35

John Austin (1613–1669)

BEHOLD we come, dear Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy throne;
We come to offer on our knee
Our vows to thee alone.

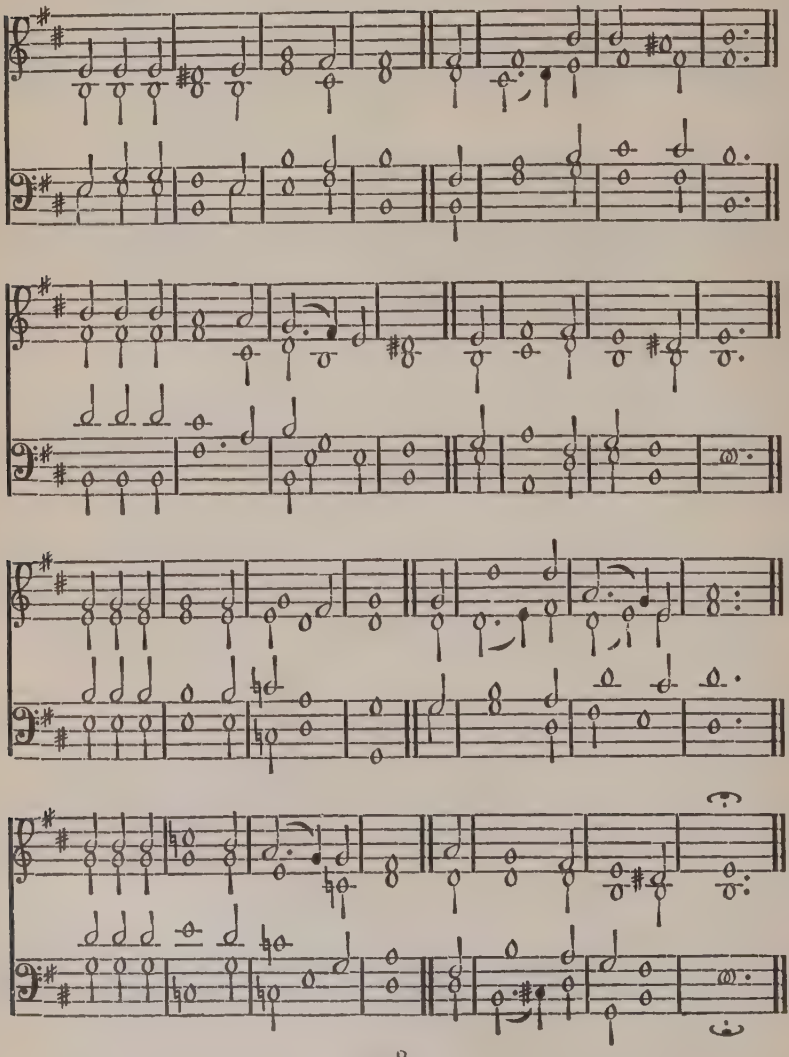
Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou hast no more;
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

But, above all, prepare thine heart
On this, his own blest day,
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray.

36

DORIAN MELODY (D.C.M.) *Thomas Tallis* (c. 1515–1585)



36

John Mason (*c.* 1645–1694)

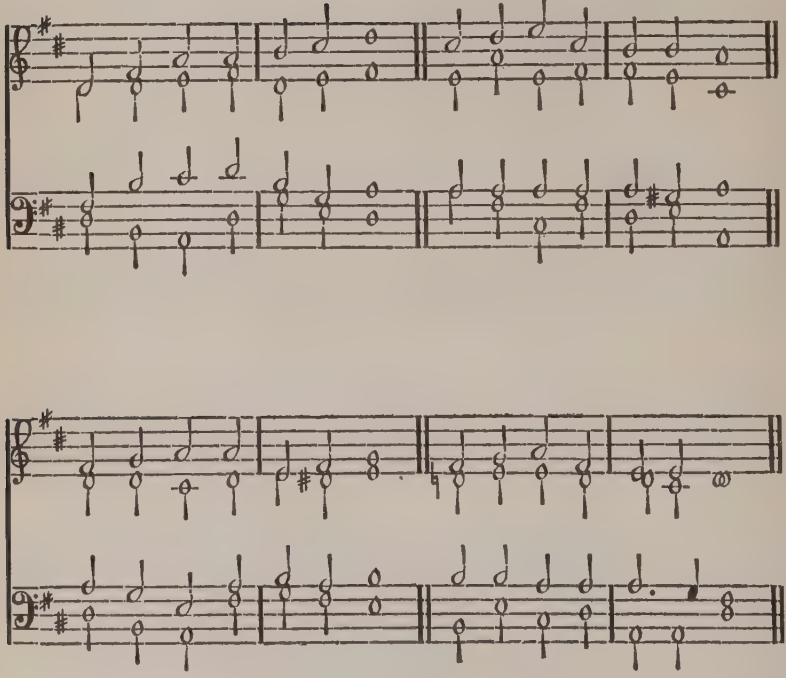
MY Lord, my Love, was crucified;
He all the pains did bear;
But in the sweetness of his rest
He makes his servants share.
How sweetly rest thy saints above
Which in thy bosom lie!
The Church below doth rest in hope
Of that felicity.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
Upon this day of rest:
Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love:
But what a sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

I bless thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to thee:
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face!

37

LÜBECK (77.77) *Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch* (1704)



37

Anon. (*18th cent.?*)
Trans. Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

DIE PARENTE TEMPORUM

ON this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise,
Who, creation's fount and spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

On this day the eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God the source of life and light.

Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

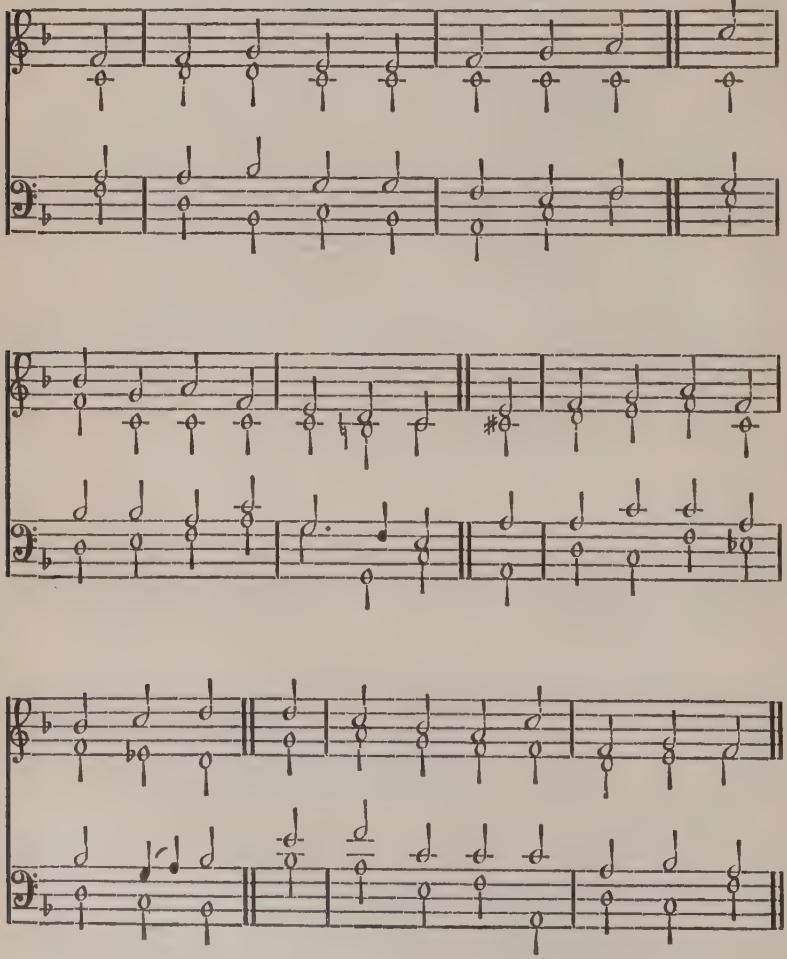
Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with thee,
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto thee a sacrifice.

Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts thyself bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

God, the blessèd Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give thyself to me,
May I give myself to thee.

38

WOOLMER'S (L.M.) *Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley* (1825–1889)



38

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm xcii*

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

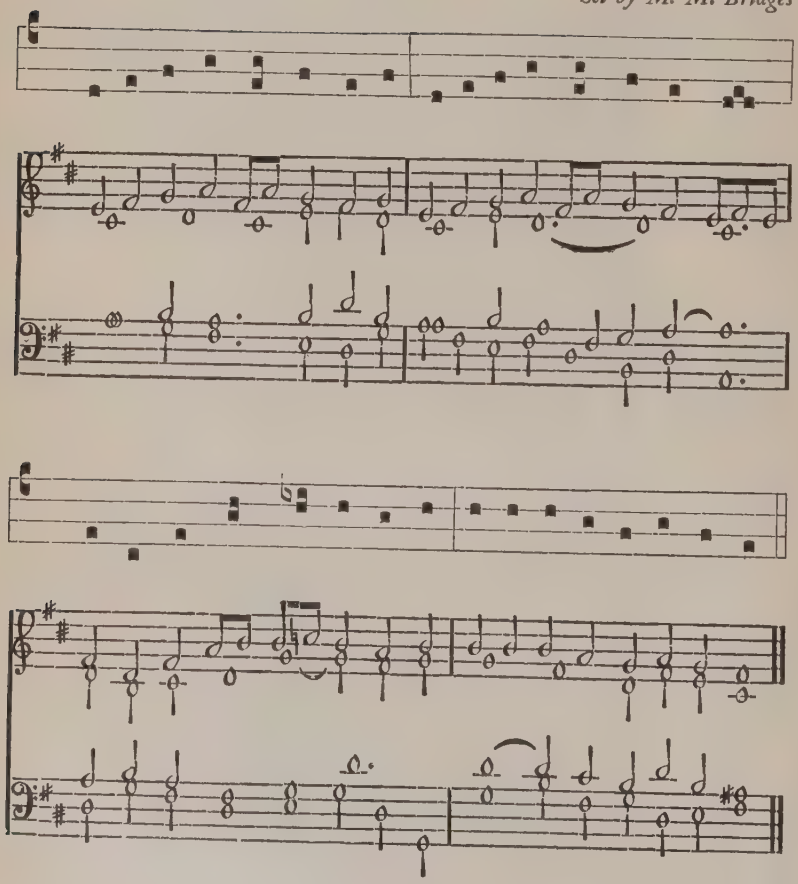
My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

39

Sarum. Mode iv
Set by M. M. Bridges



39

St. Gregory (540–604)
Trans. Tattendon Hymnal (1899)

PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM

THIS day the first of days was made,
When God in light the world arrayed;
Or when his Word arose again,
And conquering death gave life to men.

Slumber and sloth drive far away;
Earlier arise to greet the day;
And ere its dawn in heaven unfold
The heart's desire to God be told,

Unto our prayer that he attend,
His all-creating power extend
And still renew us, lest we miss
Thro' earthly stain our heavenly bliss.

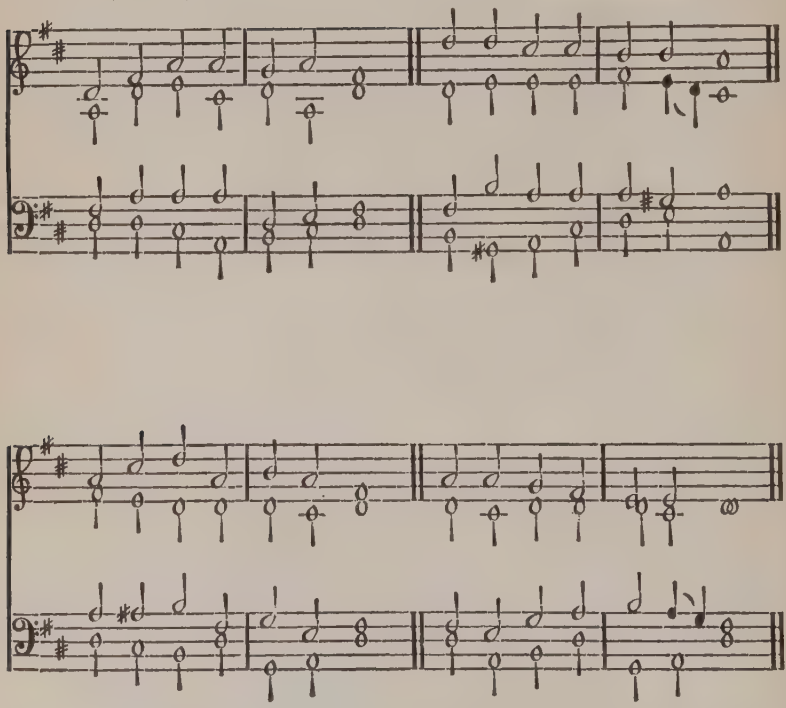
That us, who here this day repair
To keep the apostles' time of prayer
And hymn the quiet hours of morn,
With blessed gifts he may adorn.

For this, Redeemer, thee we pray
That thou wilt wash our sins away,
And of thy loving-kindness grant
Whate'er of good our spirits want:

That exiles here awhile in flesh
Some earnest may our souls refresh
Of that pure life for which we long,
Some foretaste of the heavenly song.

40

CULBACH (77.77) *Scheffler's Heilige Seelenlust* (1657)



40

Henry Downton (1818–1885)

FOR thy mercy and thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesu, our redeemer, hear.

Lo! our sins on thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

Dark the future; let thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star;
Fierce our foes and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

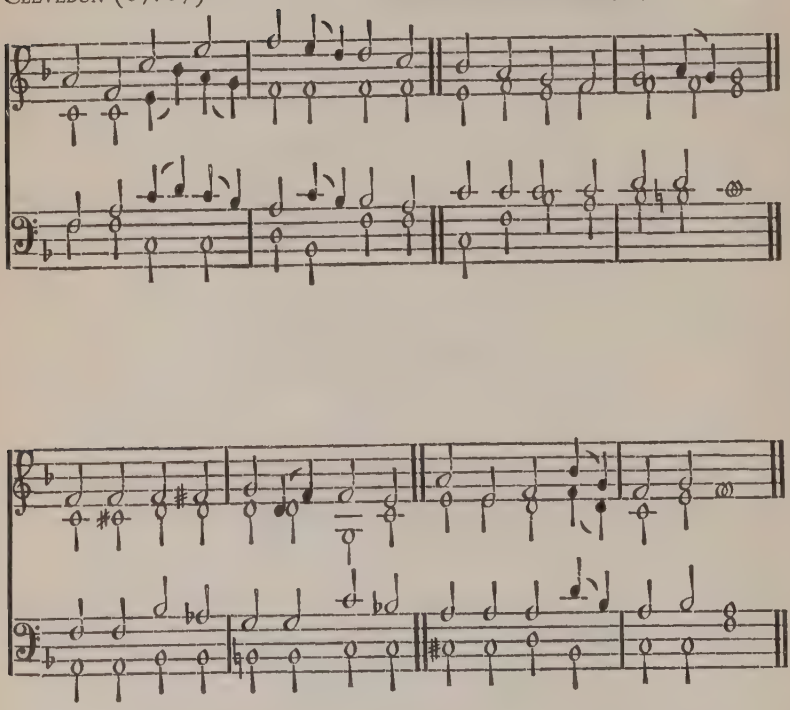
Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying bed.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own,
Help, oh help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

41 (First Tune)

CLEVEDON (87.87) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



41

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

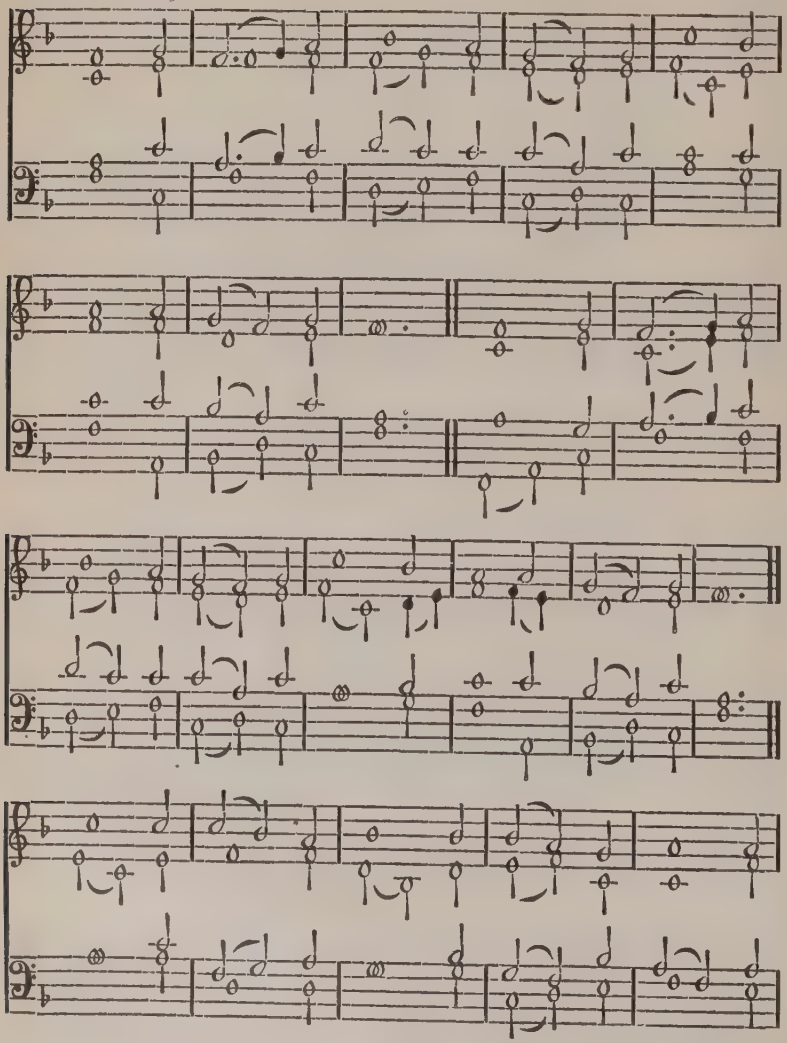
By thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

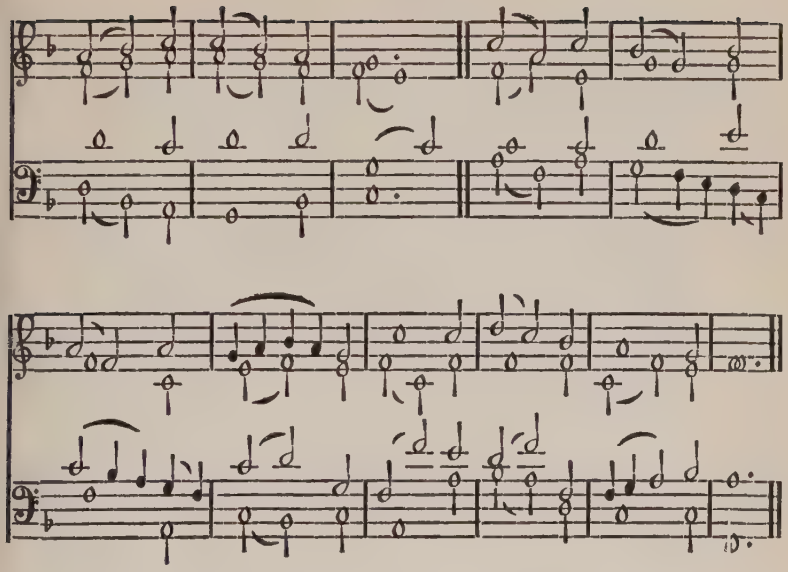
41 (Second Tune)

HYFRYDOL (87. 87. D.)

Slow and stately

R. H. Prichard (1811–1887)





Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.
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Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

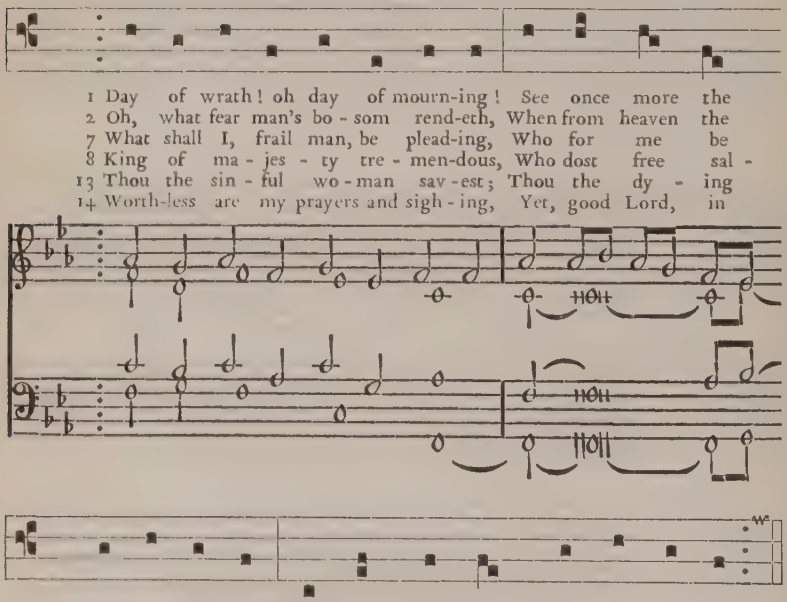
Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

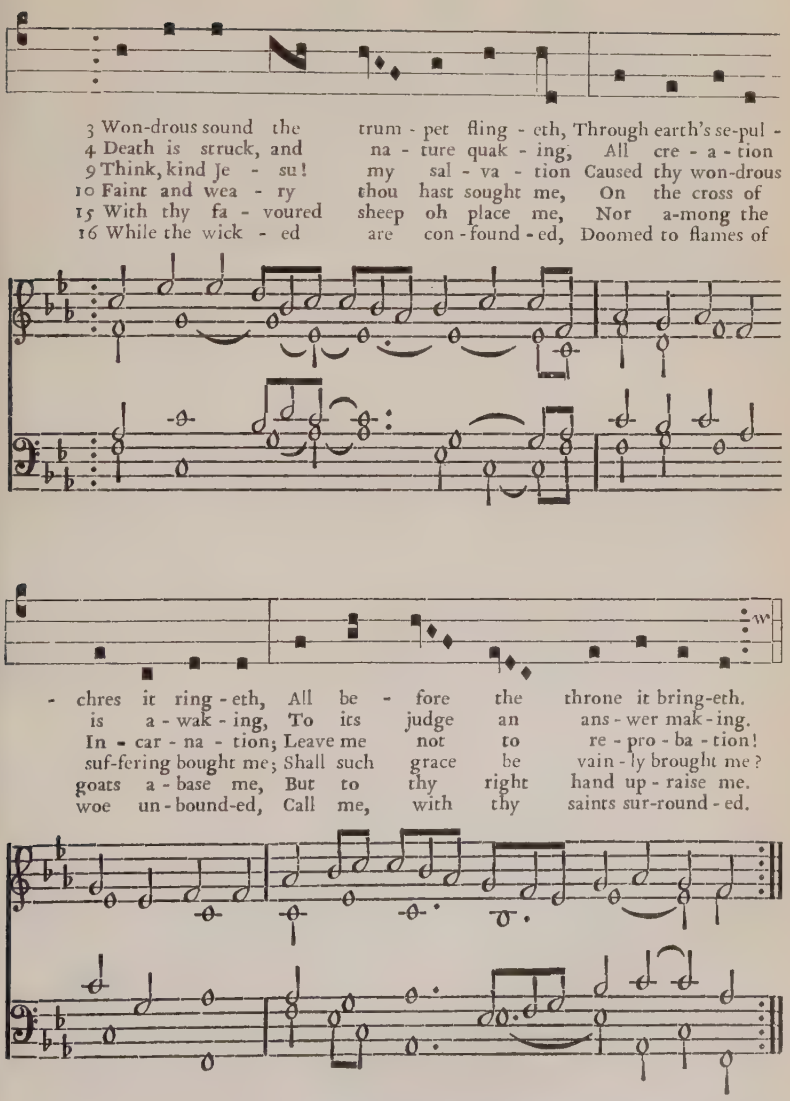
42 (First Tune)

Thomas of Celano (13*th cent.*) *Trans. William Josiah Irons* (1812–1883)

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA

Modes i and ii
Set by Basil Harwood


1 Day of wrath! oh day of mourn-ing! See once more the
2 Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend-eth, When from heaven the
7 What shall I, frail man, be plead-ing, Who for me be
8 King of ma - jes - ty tre - men-dous, Who dost free sal -
13 Thou the sin - ful wo - man sav - est; Thou the dy - ing
14 Worth-less are my prayers and sigh - ing, Yet, good Lord, in
cross re - turn-ing—Heaven and earth in ash - es burn - ing!
judge de - scend-eth, On whose sen - tence all de - pend - eth!
in - ter - ced - ing, When the just are mer - cy need - ing?
va - tion send us, Fount of pi - ty, then be - friend us!
thief for - gav - est; And to me a hope vouch - saf - est.
grace com-ply - ing, Res - cue me from fires un - dy - ing.


3 Won-drous sound the trum - pet fling - eth, Through earth's se-pul -
4 Death is struck, and na - ture quak - ing, All cre - a - tion
9 Think, kind Je - su! my sal - va - tion Caused thy won-drous
10 Faint and wea - ry thou hast sought me, On the cross of
15 With thy fa - voured sheep oh place me, Nor a-mong the
16 While the wick - ed are con - found - ed, Doomed to flames of
- chres it ring - eth, All be - fore the throne it bring-eth.
is a - wak - ing, To its judge an ans - wer mak - ing.
In - car - na - tion; Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion!
suf-fering bought me; Shall such grace be vain - ly brought me?
goats a - base me, But to thy right hand up - raise me.
woe un - bound-ed, Call me, with thy saints sur-round - ed.

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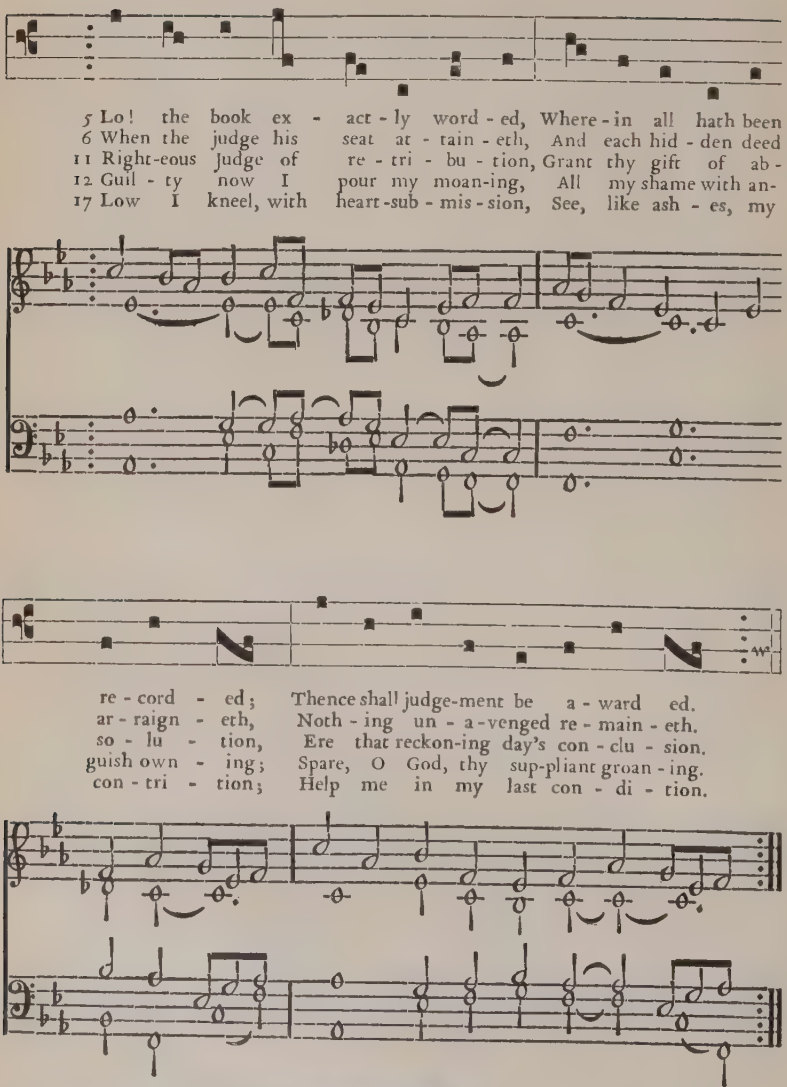
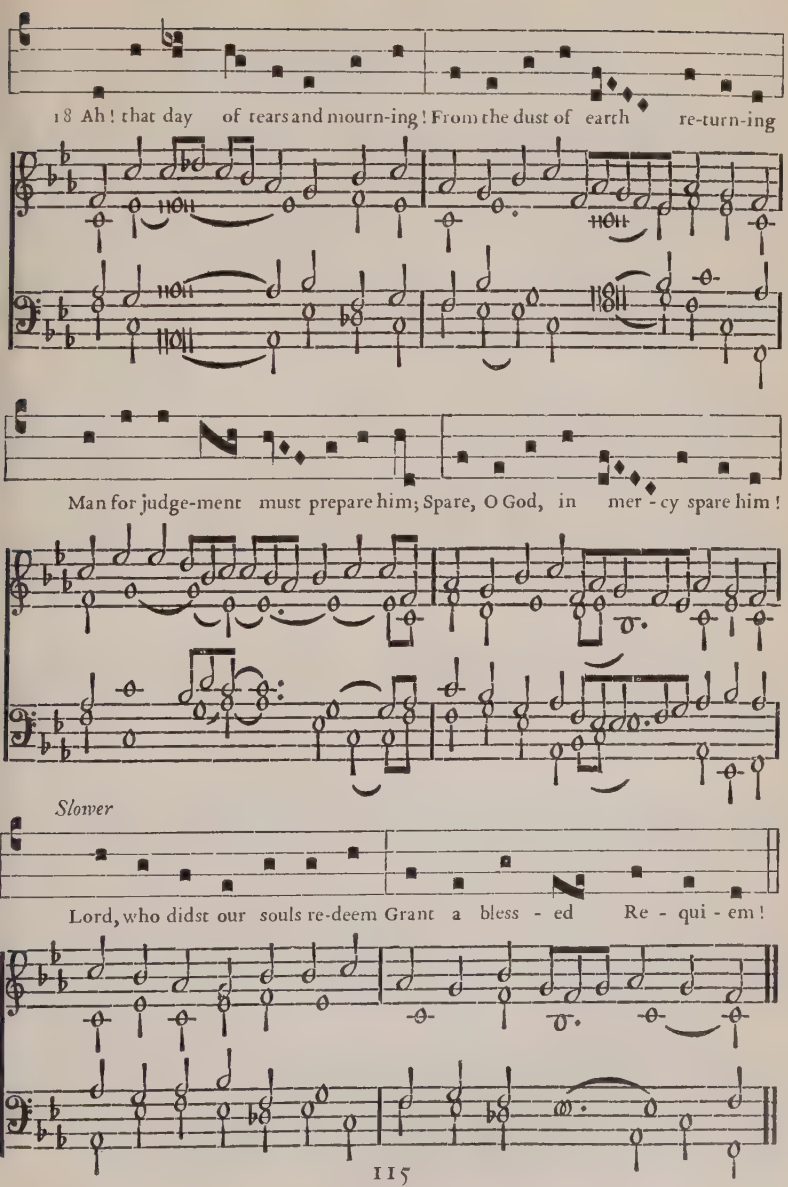
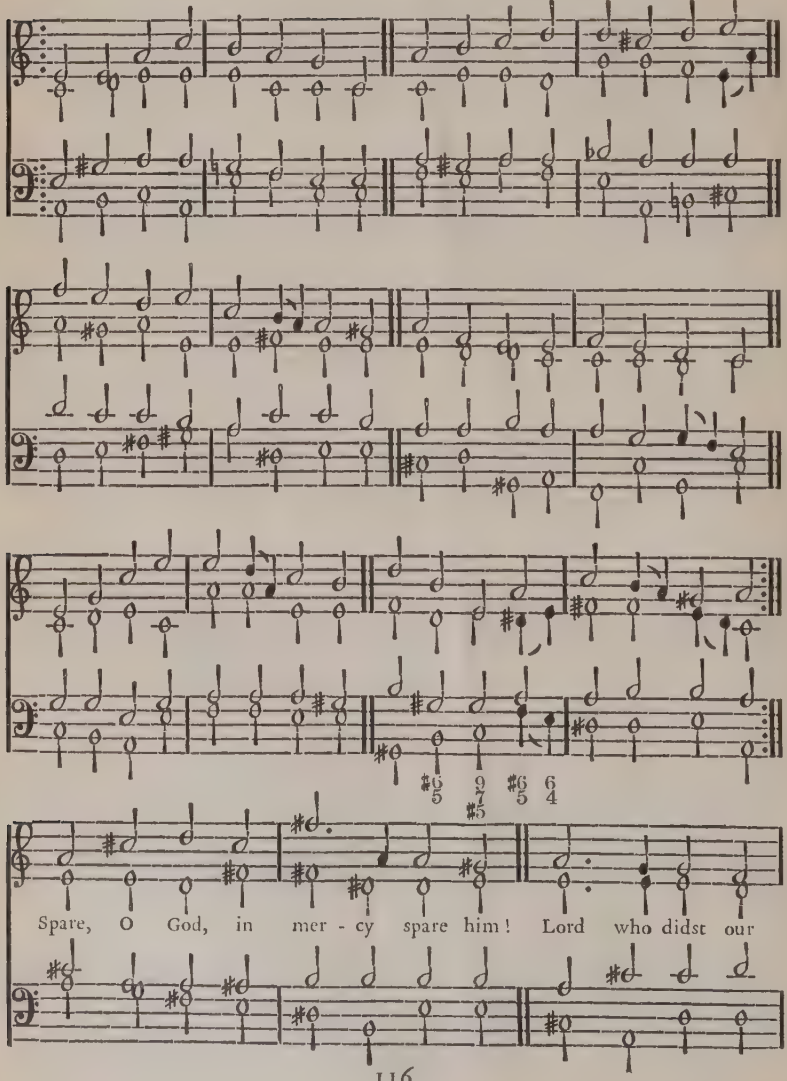
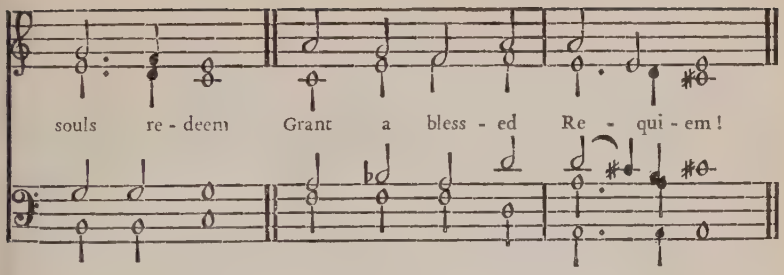
42 (First Tune) *continued*


5 Lo! the book ex - act - ly word - ed, Where - in all hath been
6 When the judge his seat at - tain - eth, And each hid - den deed
11 Right-eous Judge of re - tri - bu - tion, Grant thy gift of ab -
12 Guil - ty now I pour my moan-ing, All my shame with an-
17 Low I kneel, with heart-sub - mis - sion, See, like ash - es, my
re - cord - ed; Thence shall judge-ment be a - ward ed.
ar - raign - eth, Noth - ing un - a-venged re - main - eth.
so - lu - tion, Ere that reckon-ing day's con - clu - sion.
guish own - ing; Spare, O God, thy sup-pliant groan - ing.
con - tri - tion; Help me in my last con - di - tion.

18 Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing! From the dust of earth re-turn-ing
Man for judge-ment must prepare him; Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him!
Slower
Lord, who didst our souls re-deem Grant a bless-ed Re-qui-em!

42 (Second Tune)

Dies irae (888. 888.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)





Thomas of Celano (13*th cent.*)
Trans. William Josiah Irons (1812–1883)

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA

DAY of wrath! oh day of mourning!
See once more the cross returning—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its judge an answer making.

Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgement be awarded.

When the judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, kind Jesu! my salvation
Caused thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion.

Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savest;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With thy favoured sheep oh place me,
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.

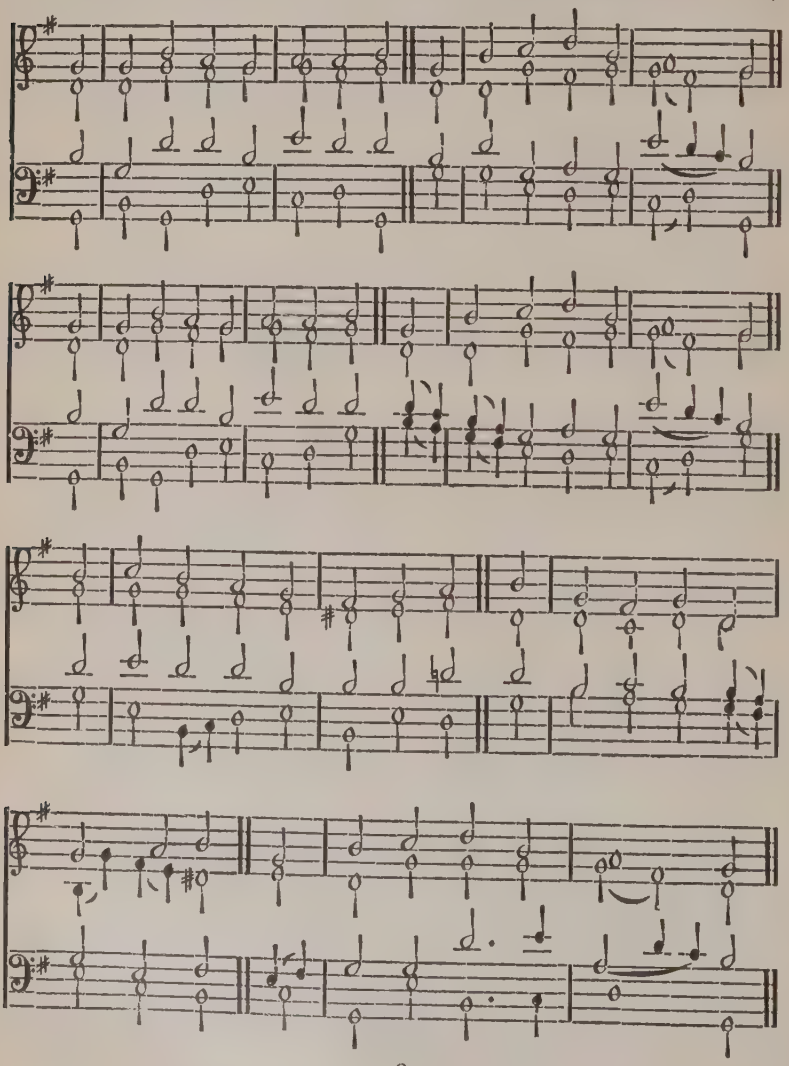
Low I kneel, with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgement must prepare him;

Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord, who didst our souls redeem
Grant a blessed Requiem!

43

NUN FREUT EUCH (87.87.887) *Martin Luther* (1483–1546)



43

Anon. (1802)
William Bengo Collyer (1782–1854)
and Thomas Cotterill (1779–1823)

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

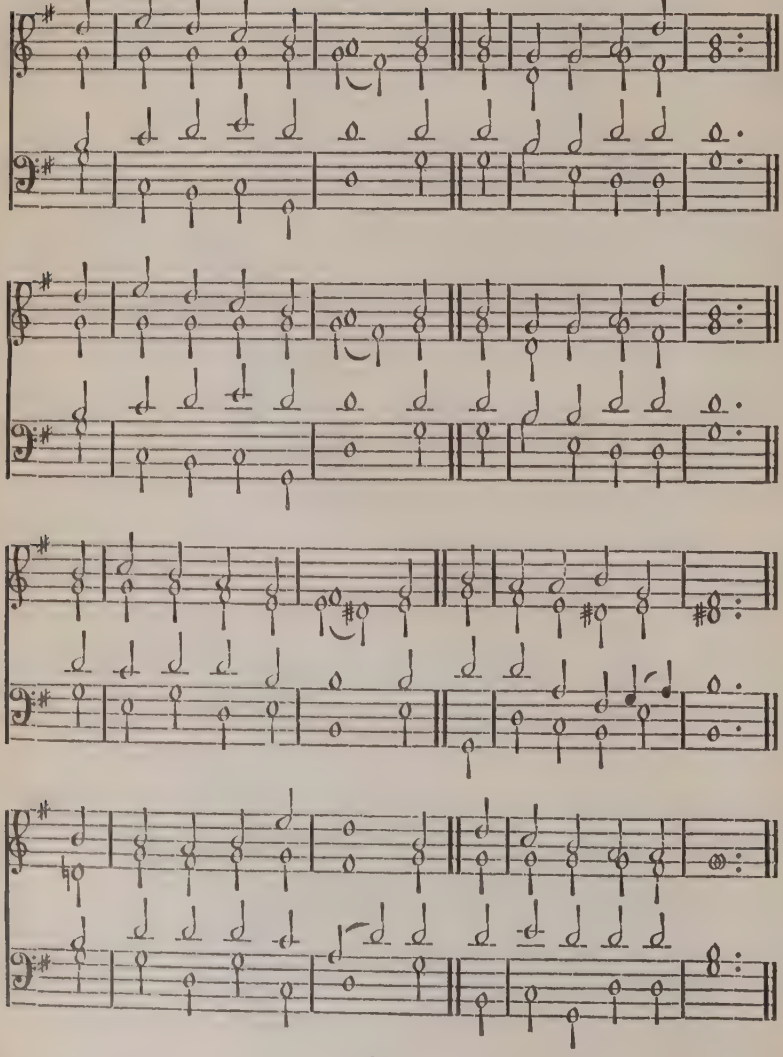
But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

44

CRÜGER (76. 76. D.)

Johann Crüger (1598–1662)



44

James Montgomery (1771–1854)

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

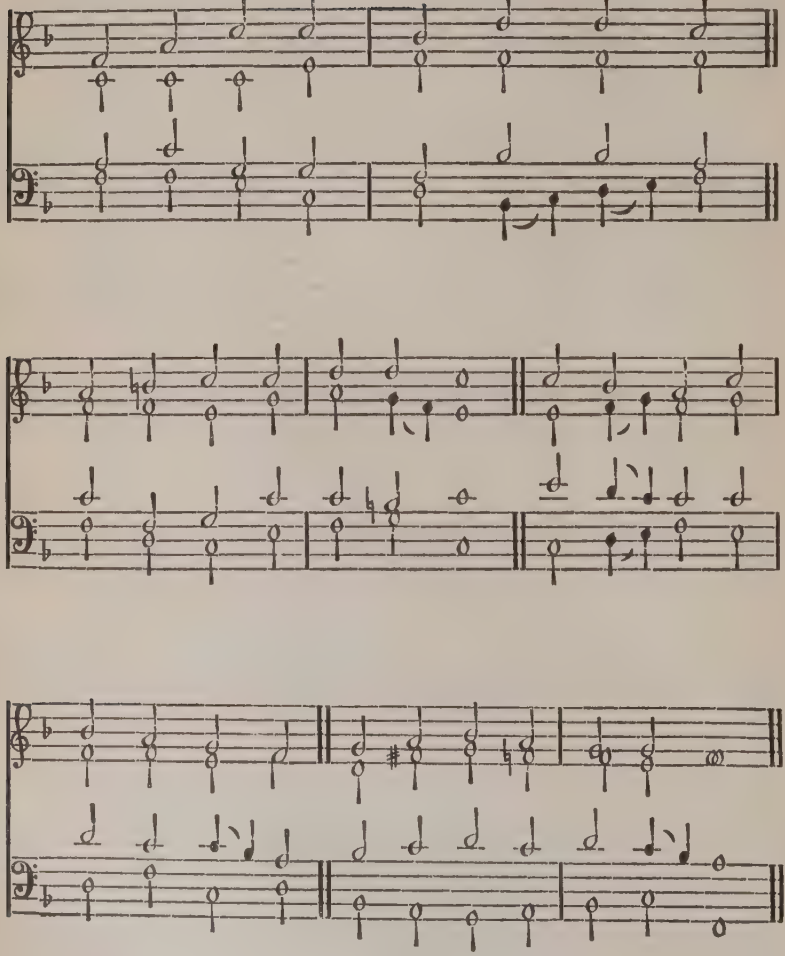
He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

45

MERTON (87.87) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



45

Anon. (*5th cent.?*)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

EN CLARÁ VOX REDARGUIT

HARK, an awful voice is sounding;
'Christ is nigh!' it seems to say;
'Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!'

Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb so long expected
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.

So, when next he comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May he then as our defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

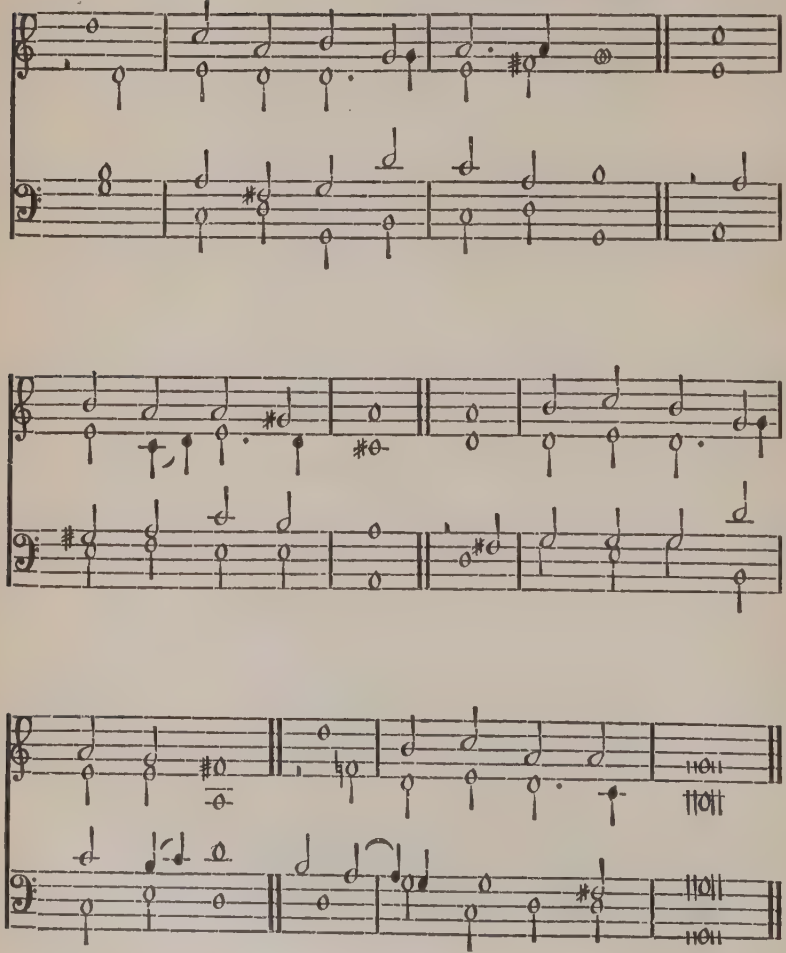
Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

46

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)

BRISTOL (C. M.)

Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft



46

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

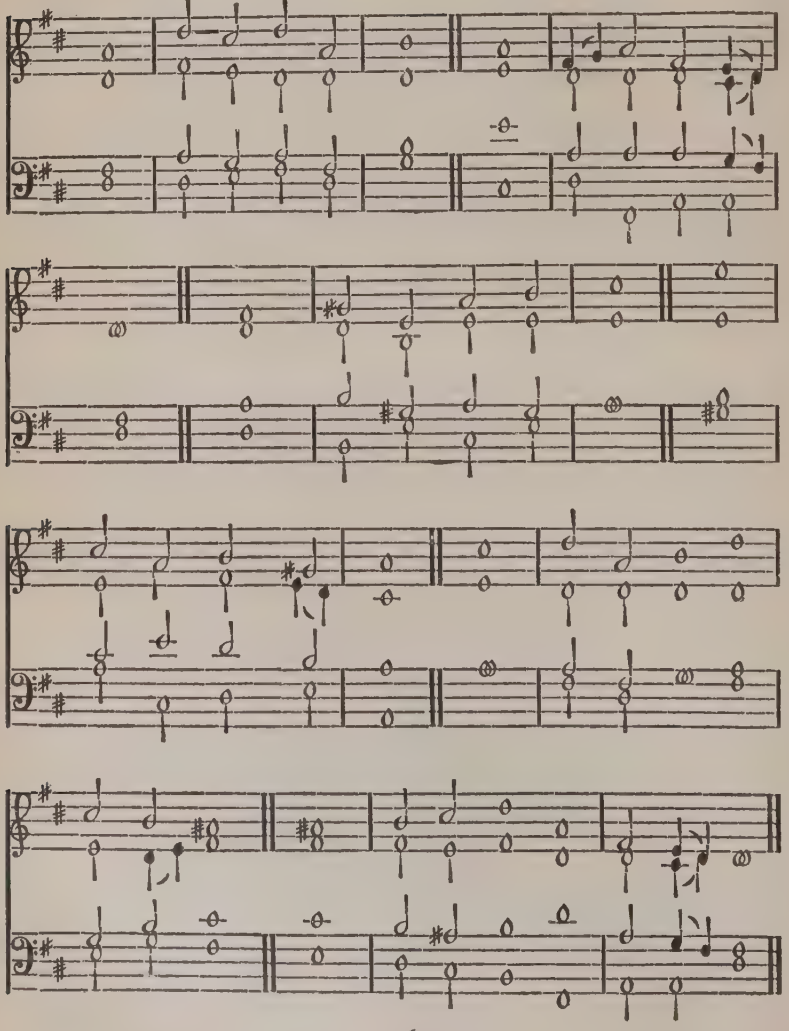
He comes, from the thick films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

47

CROFT'S 136TH (66.66.44.44) *William Croft* (1678–1727)



47

Charles Coffin (1676–1749)
Trans. Isaac Williams (1802–1865)

NUNC SUIS TANDEM

LO, from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong:
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high
And judgement nigh
From opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand
Within heaven's opening door;
His fan is in his hand,
And he will purge his floor;
The wheat he claims
And with him stows;
The chaff he throws
To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make his way plain
Your king before;
For evermore
He comes to reign.

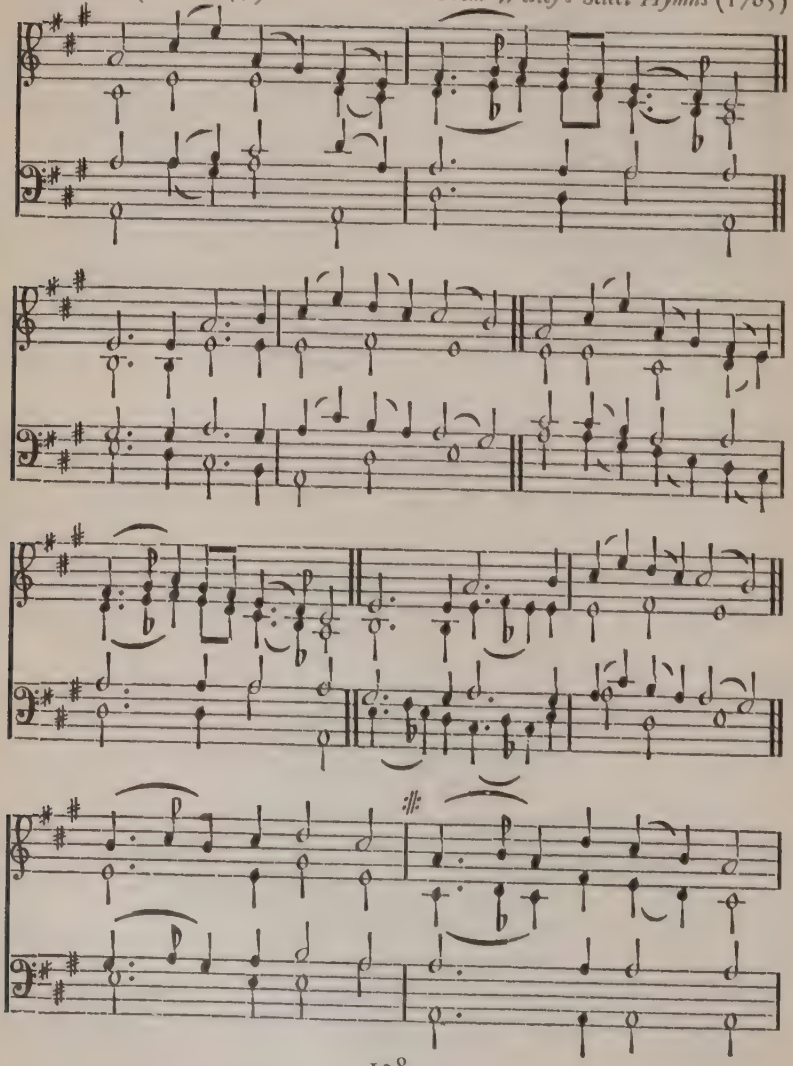
Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgement come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

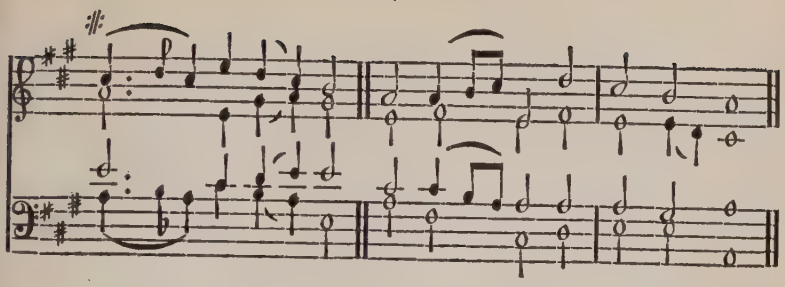
O God, with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint and arm
Christ's soldier for the fight
With spells that shield from harm,
Thrice-blessèd Three,
Heaven's endless days
Shall sing thy praise
Eternally.

48

HELMSLEY (87.87.47)

English Melody, 18th cent.
From Wesley's Select Hymns (1765)





Charles Wesley (1707–1788)
and John Cennick (1718–1755)

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
God appears, on earth to reign.

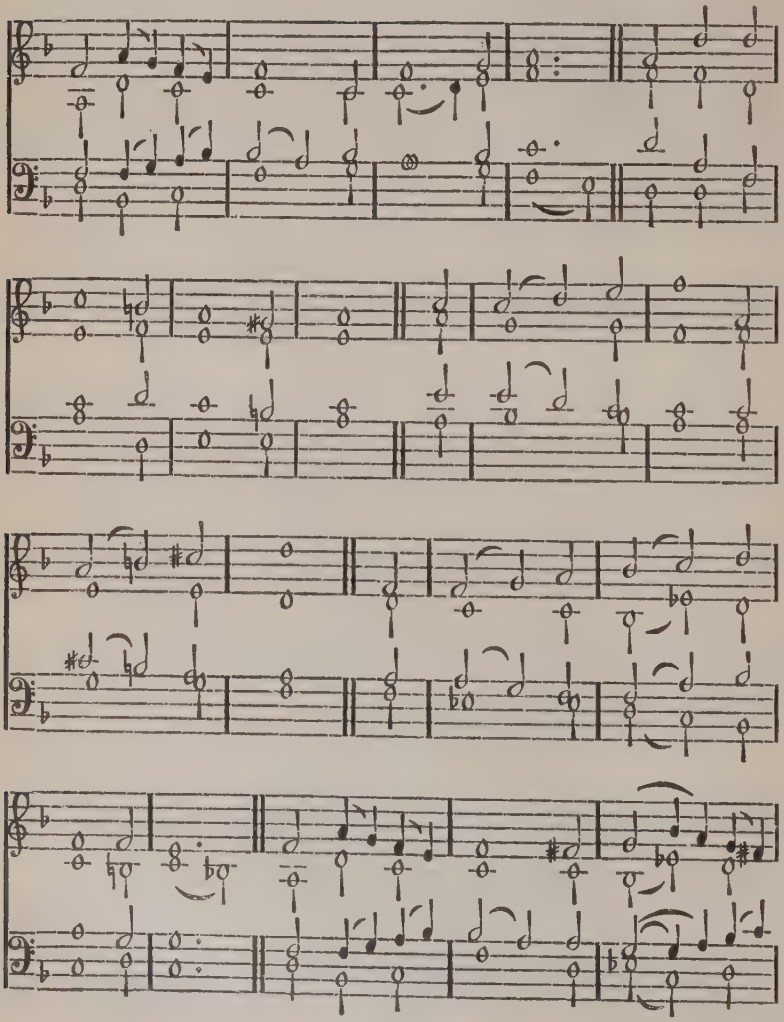
Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.

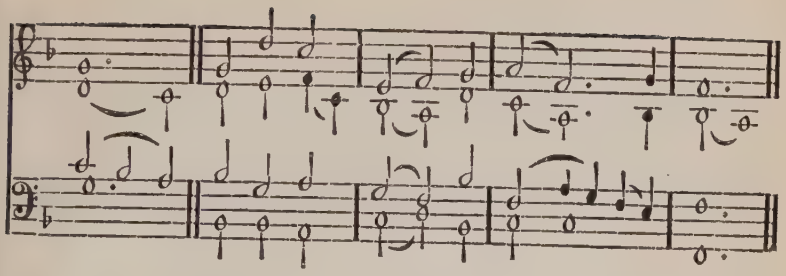
Those dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Come, Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down.

49

VENI CITO (88.88.88) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)





Lawrence Tuttiet (1825–1897)

OH quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of thee;
Oh quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

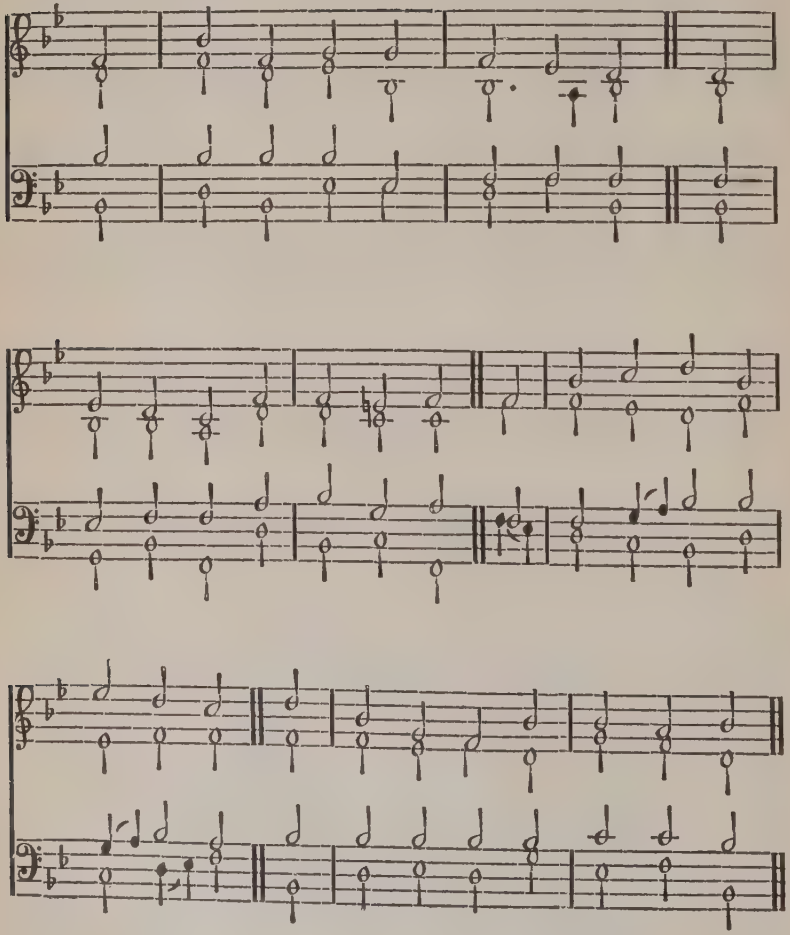
Oh quickly come, great King of all,
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;
Oh quickly come; for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

Oh quickly come, true Life of all,
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found;
Oh quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

Oh quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day;
Oh quickly come; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

50

WINCHESTER NEW (L.M.) *Musikalisches Handbuch* (1690)



50

Charles Coffin (1676–1749)
Trans. John Chandler (1806–1876)

JORDANIS ORAS PRAEVIA

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Come then and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

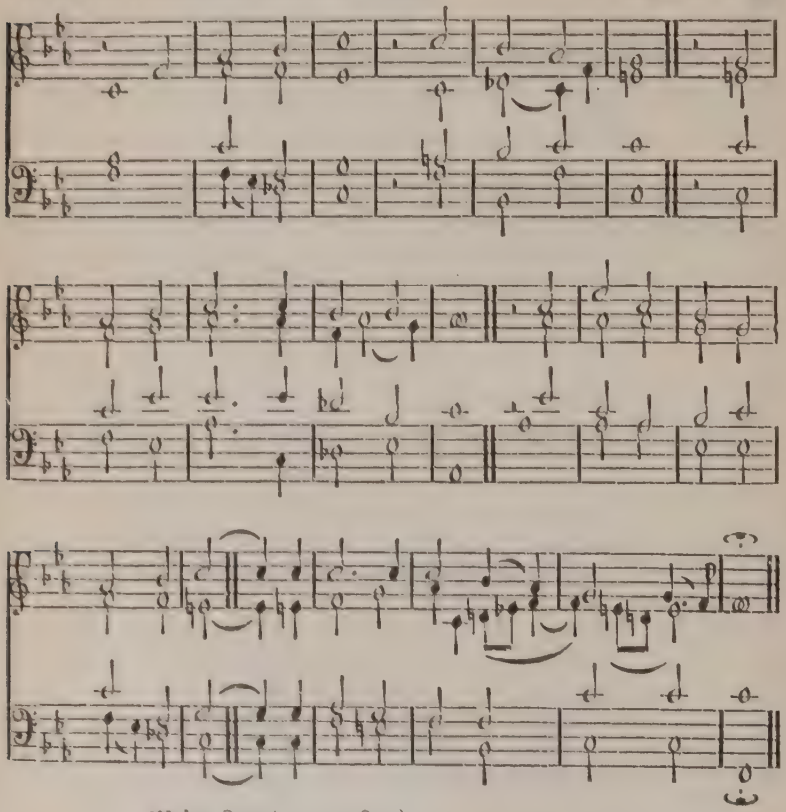
Stretch forth thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more;
Once more upon thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

To him who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

51 (First Tune)

Thomas Campion (1575–1619)
(*The original setting*)

'As by the streams of Babylon' (L.M.)



Walter Scott (1771–1832)

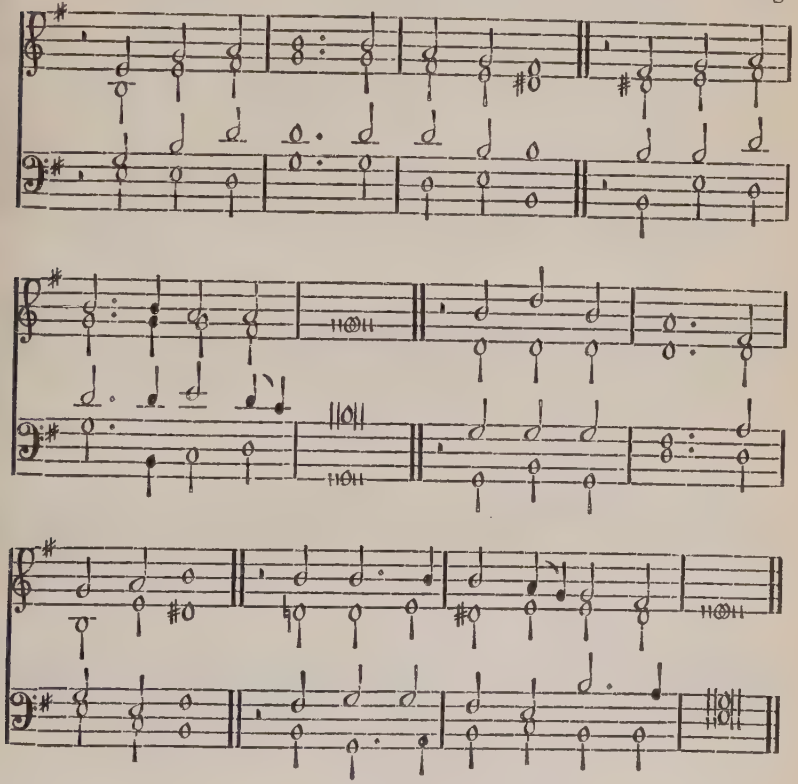
THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;

51 (Second Tune)

Babylon's Streams (L.M.)

Thomas Campion (1575–1619)
J. Hullah's version: set by H. E. Wooldridge



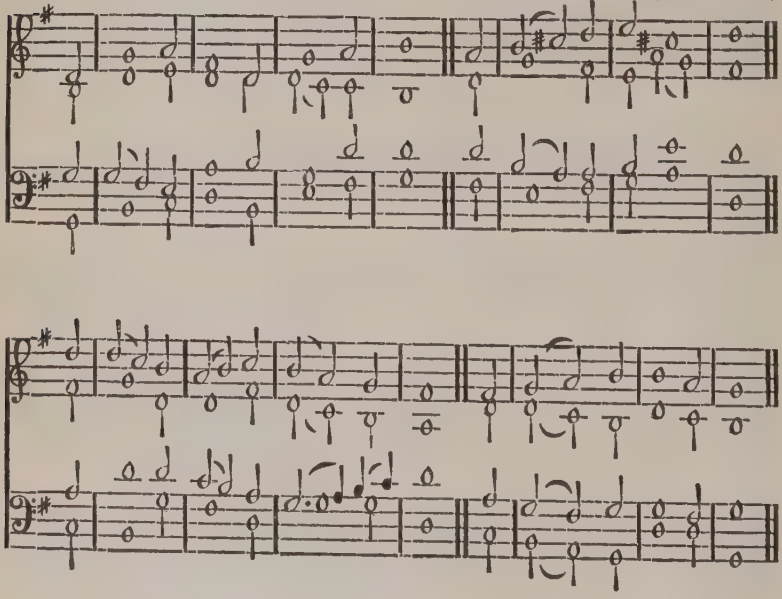
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

52

CLAUDIA (C.M.)

Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins
(slightly altered)



52

Joseph Anstice (1808–1836)

WHEN came in flesh the incarnate Word,
The heedless world slept on,
And only simple shepherds heard
That God had sent his Son.

When comes the Saviour at the last,
From west to east shall shine
The awful pomp, and earth aghast
Shall tremble at the sign.

Then shall the pure in heart be blest;
As mild he comes to them,
As when upon the Virgin's breast
He lay at Bethlehem:

As mild to meek-eyed love and faith;
Only more strong to save;
Strengthened, by having bowed to death,
By having burst the grave.

Lord, who could dare see thee descend
In state, unless he knew
Thou art the sorrowing sinner's friend,
The gracious, and the true?

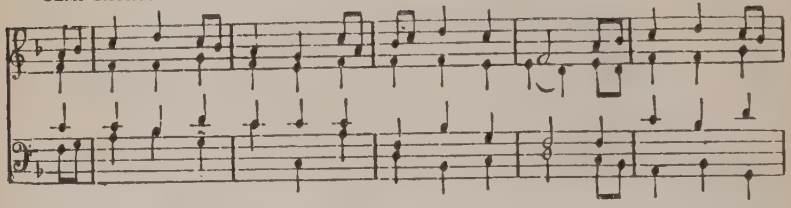
Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest!
So shall thine advent dawn
'Twixt us and thee, our bosom-guest,
Be but the veil withdrawn.

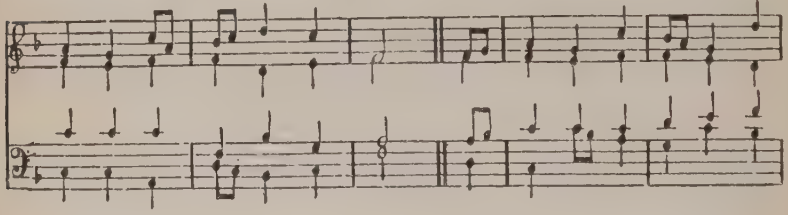
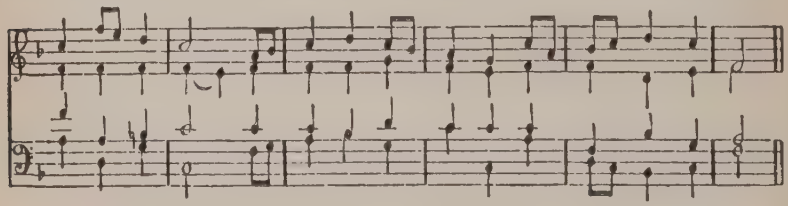
53

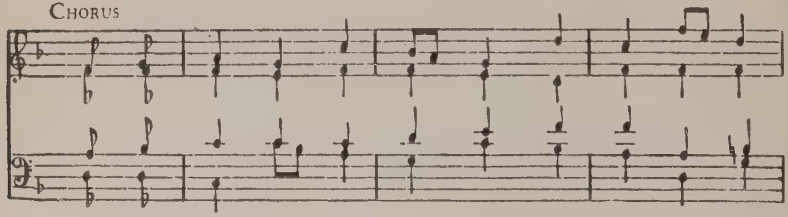
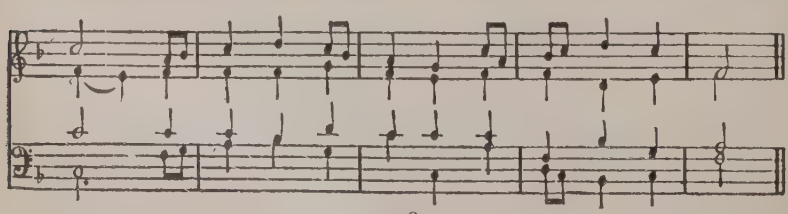
Traditional
Harm. by Basil Harwood

A VIRGIN UNSPOTTED (1111. 1111. 1111)

SEMI-CHORUS





CHORUS



53

Anon.

A VIRGIN unspotted, the prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold
To be our redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrappèd us in.

Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxèd with many one moe,
Great Caesar commanded the same should be so.

But when they had entered the city so fair,
A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.

Then were they constrained in a stable to lie,
Where horses and asses they used for to tie:
Their lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
But against the next morning our Saviour was born.

The King of all kings to this world being brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap him was sought,
But when she had swaddled her young Son so sweet,
Within an ox manger she laid him to sleep.

Then God sent an angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this day.

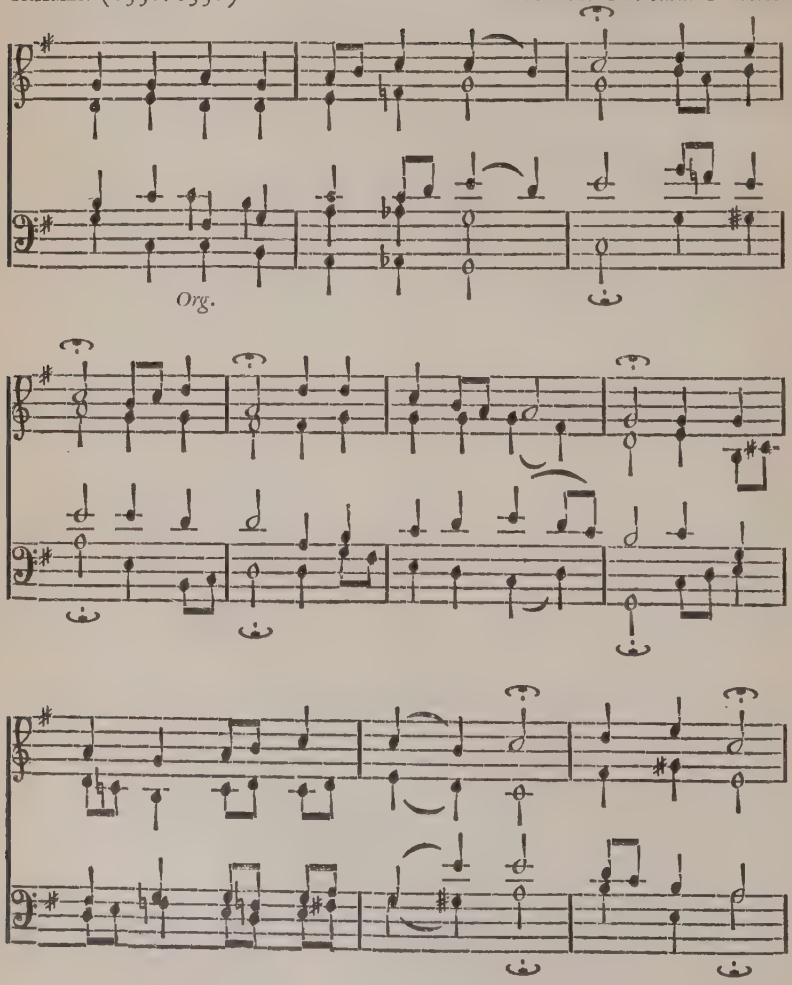
Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of angels to stand in the sky;
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.

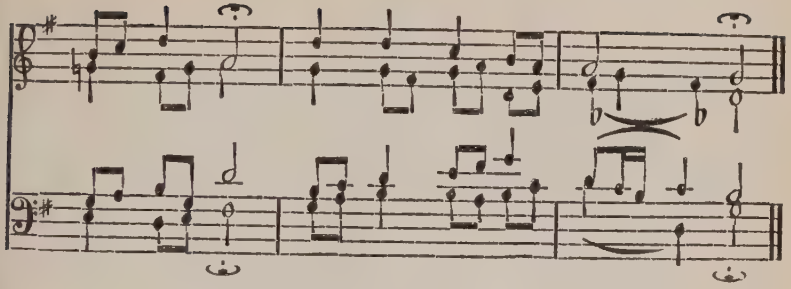
To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for to shun;
A manger his cradle who came from above,
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.

54

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)
From the Christmas Oratorio

WARUM SOLLT' ICH MICH DENN GRÄMEN (8336. 8336)





Paulus Gerhardt (1607–1676)
Trans. Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)

FRÖHLICH SOLL MEIN HERZE SPRINGEN

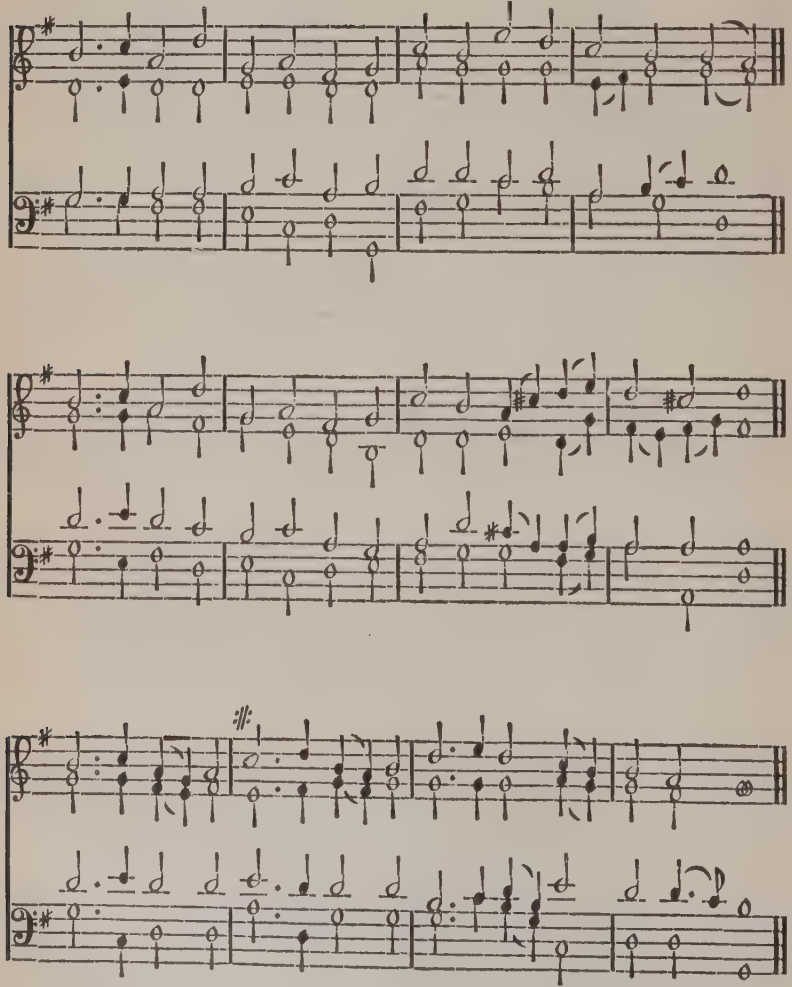
ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
'Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you.'

Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star
That from afar
Bright with hope is burning.

55

LEWES (87.87.47) *John Randall* (1715–1799)



55

James Montgomery (1771–1854)

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the Infant Light;

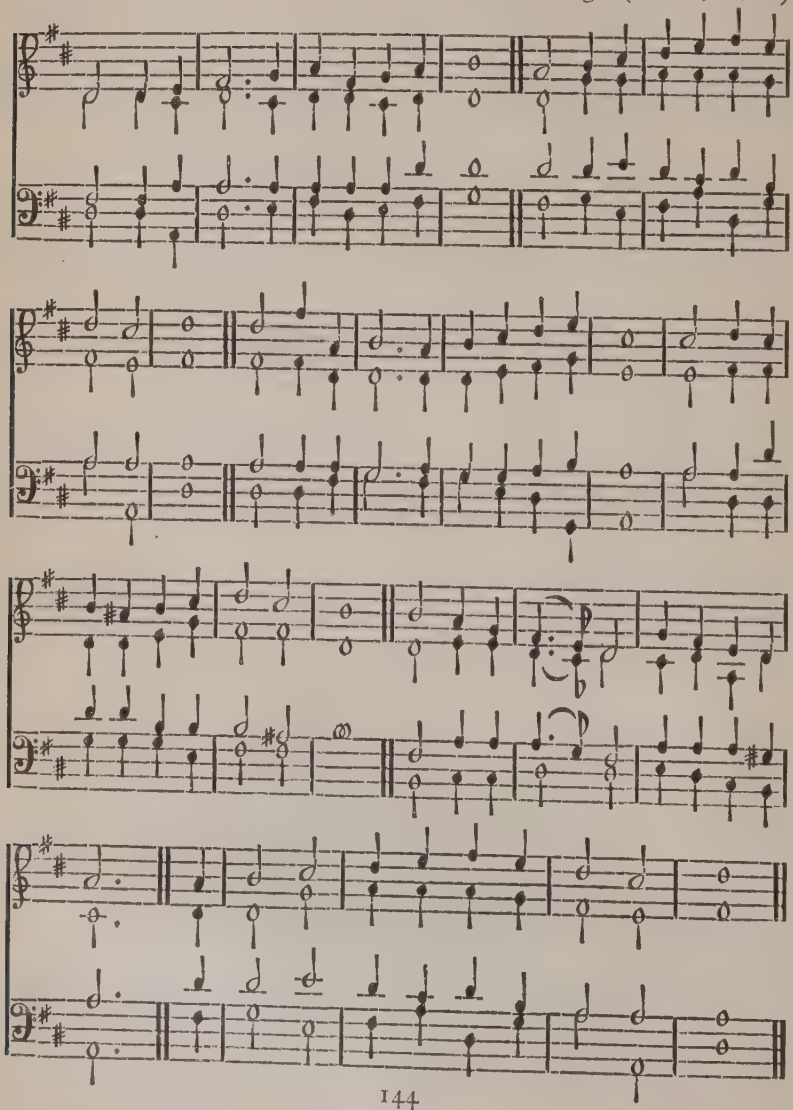
Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you, break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

56

YORKSHIRE (10 10. 10 10. 10 10) *John Wainwright* (c. 1723–1768)



56

John Byrom (1690–1763)

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

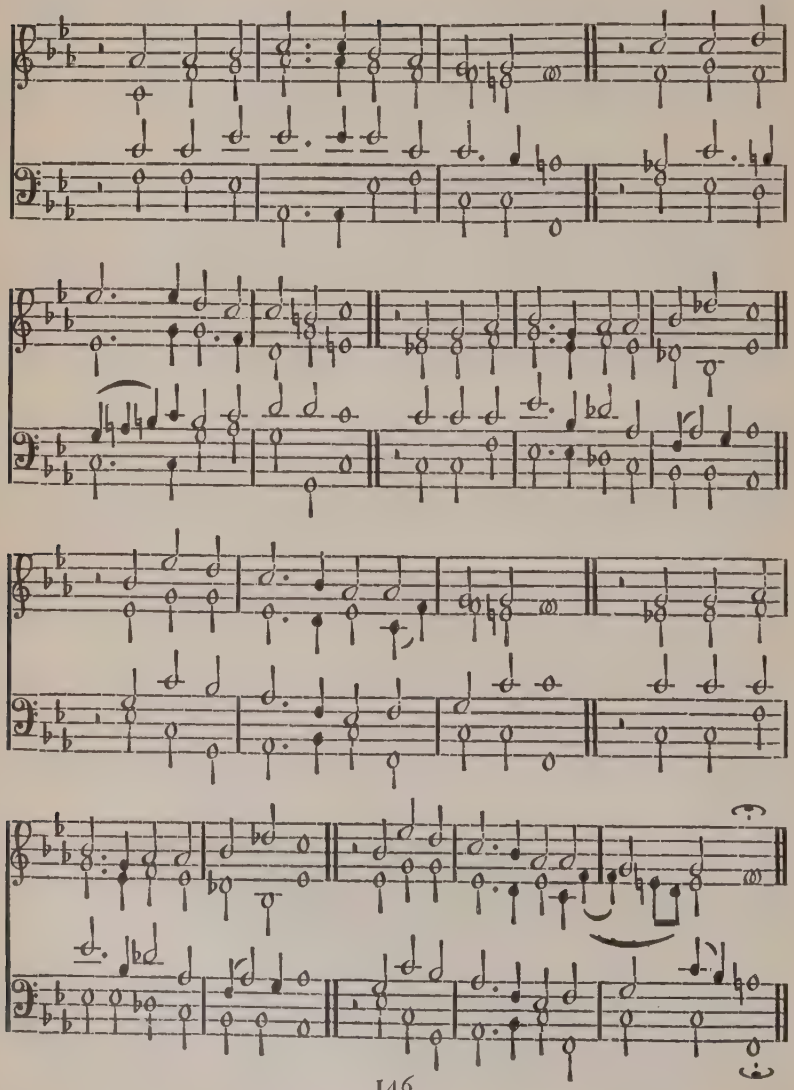
Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

57

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)

SONG 24 (10 10. 10 10. 10 10)

Mean parts modern



57

Francis Kindlemarsh (c. 1550), *slightly altered*

FROM virgin's womb this Christmas day did spring,
The precious seed that only savèd man;
This day let man rejoice and sweetly sing,
Since on this day salvation first began.
This day did Christ man's soul from death remove,
With glorious saints to dwell in heaven above.

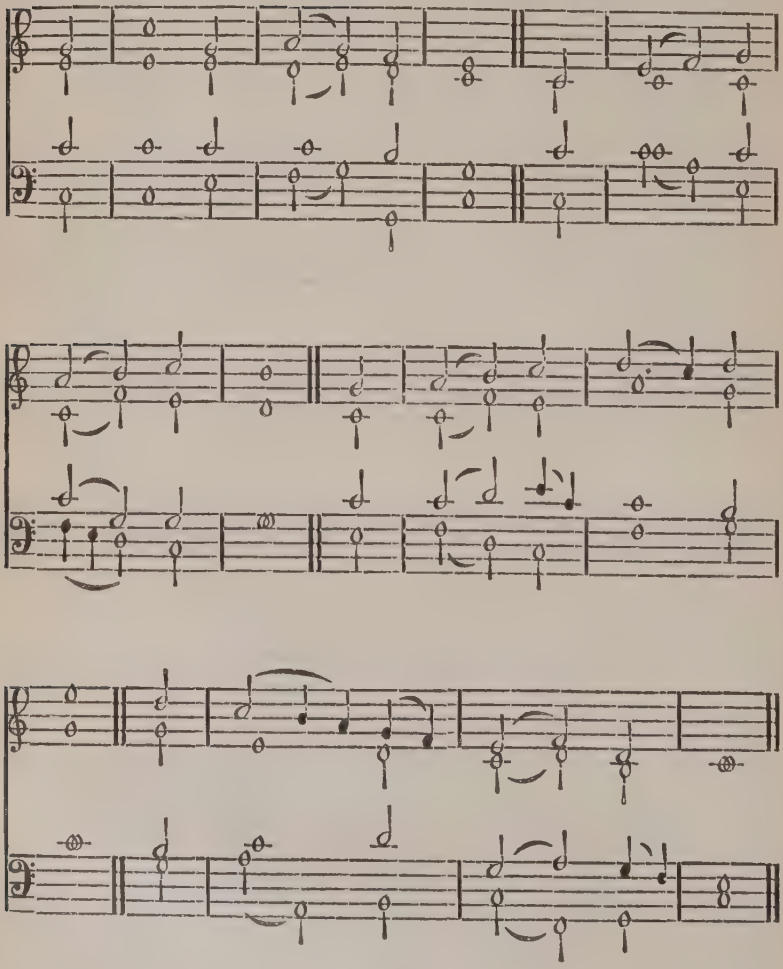
This day to man came pledge of perfect peace;
This day to man came love and unity;
This day man's grief began for to surcease;
This day did man receive a remedy
For each offence and every deadly sin,
With guilty heart that erst he wandered in.

Now in Christ's flock let love be surely placed;
Now from Christ's flock let concord hate expel;
Now of Christ's flock let love so be embraced,
As we in Christ, and Christ in us may dwell.
Christ is the author of all unity,
From whence proceedeth all felicity.

Oh sing unto this glittering glorious King;
Oh praise his name let every living thing;
Let heart and voice like bells of silver ring,
The comfort that this Christmas day did bring:
Let lute, let shalm, with sound of sweet delight,
The joy of Christ's birth on this day recite.

58 (First Tune)

KINGSLAND (66.66) *William Boyce* (1710–1779)



58

Charles Coffin (1676–1749)
Trans. James Russell Woodford (1820–1885)

JAM DESINANT SUSPIRIA

GOD from on high hath heard :
Let sighs and sorrows cease ;
The skies unfold, and lo !
Descends the gift of Peace.

Hark ! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell ;
The hosts of heaven proclaim
'God comes on earth to dwell !'

Haste with the shepherds ; see
The mystery of grace :
A manger-bed, a child,
Is all the eye can trace.

Is this indeed the Christ ?
Is this the Eternal Son,
Who, ere the worlds began,
Was with the Father One ?

Yes, faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds his glory now,
And hails him Lord, and God,
To whom all creatures bow.

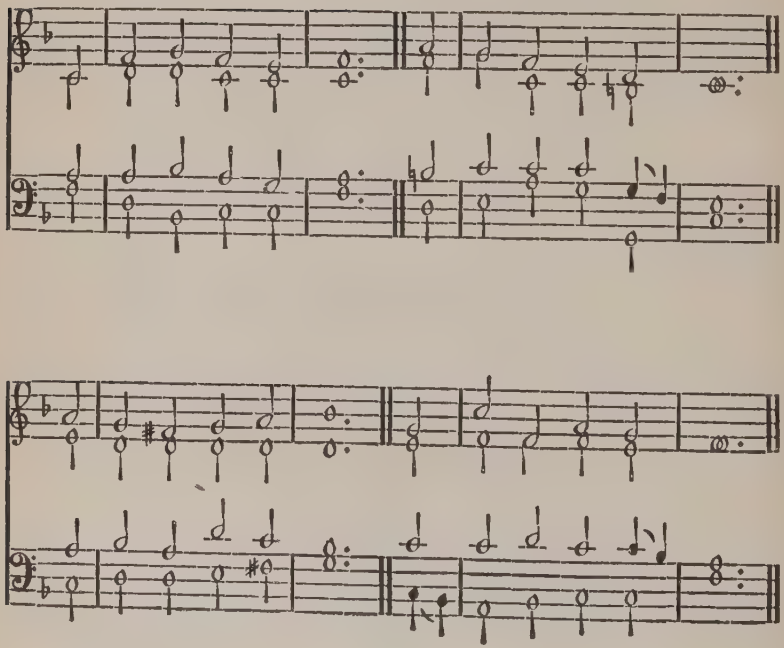
Faith sees the sapphire throne,
Where angels evermore
Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

O child, thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

Fill us with holy love ;
Heal thou our earthly pride ;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide.

58 (Second Tune)

ARRAN (66.66) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



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And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

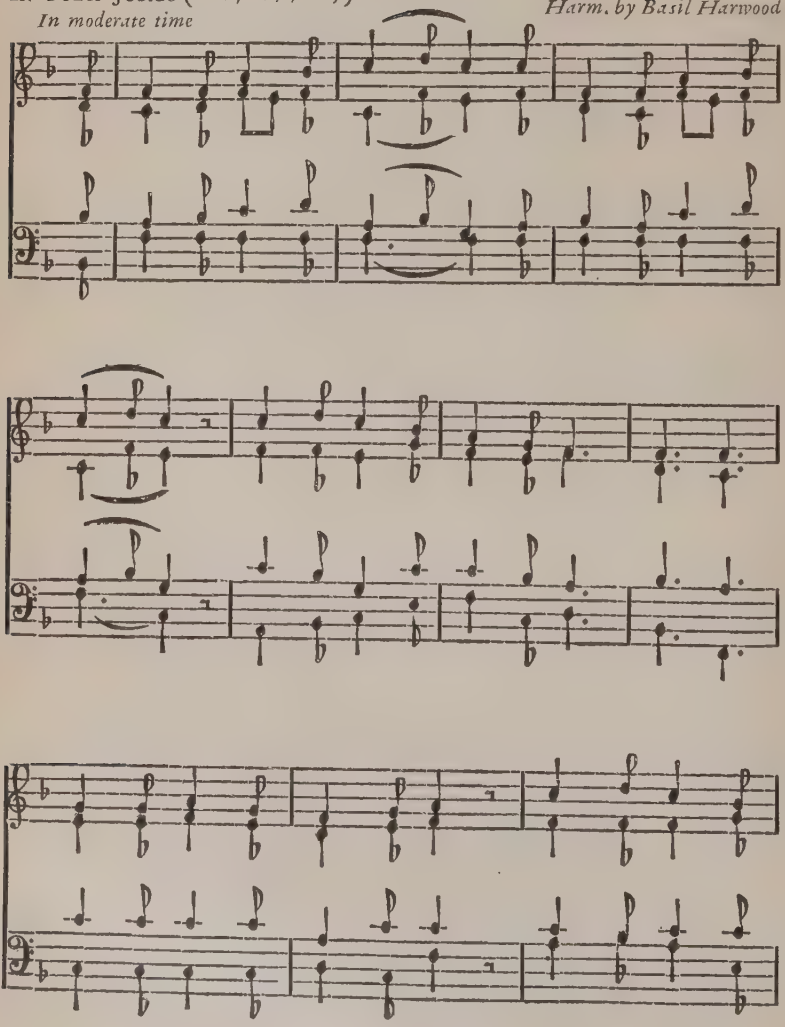
Fill us with holy love;
Heal thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide.

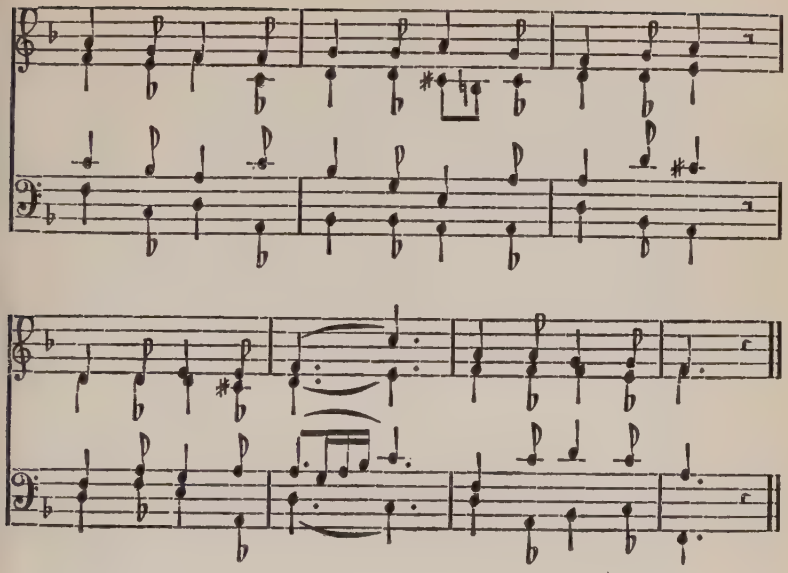
59

IN DULCI JUBILO (66. 72. 77. 85)

In moderate time

Old German
Harm. by Basil Harwood





John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

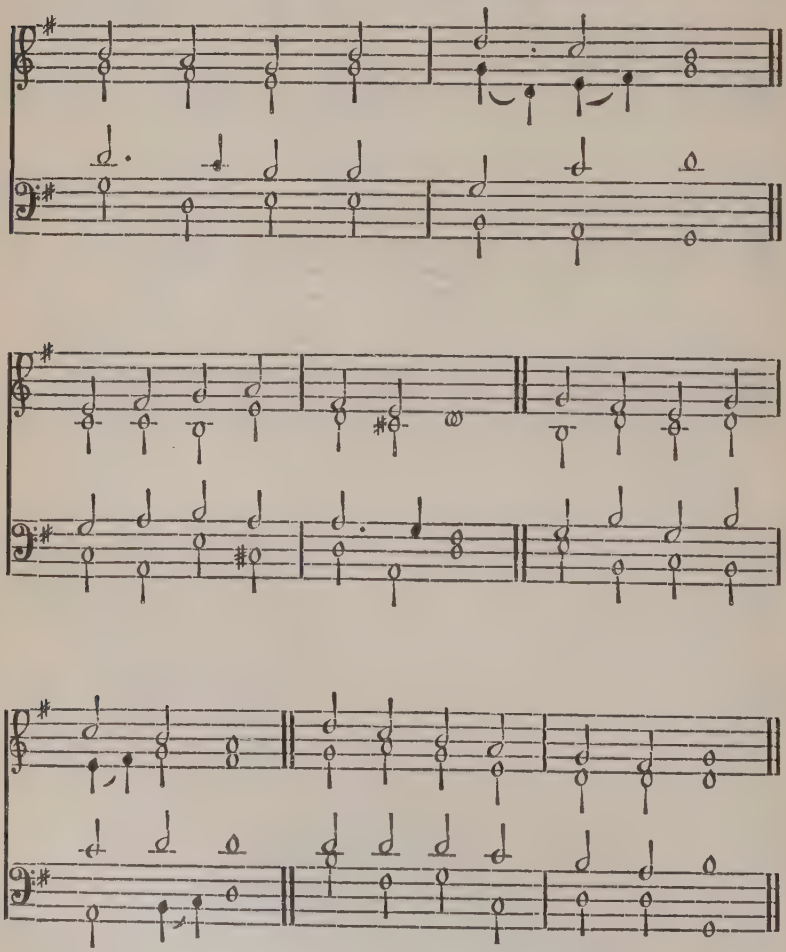
GOOD Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say;
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born to-day:
Ox and ass before him bow,
And he is in the manger now.
Christ is born to-day!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this:
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save:
Calls you one, and calls you all,
To gain his everlasting hall:
Christ was born to save!

60

OHNE RAST (VIENNA) (77.77) *Justin Heinrich Knecht* (1752–1817)



60

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

HARK, how all the welkin rings
'Glory to the King of kings,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say
'Christ the Lord is born to-day.'

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear
Jesus, our Emmanuel here!

Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

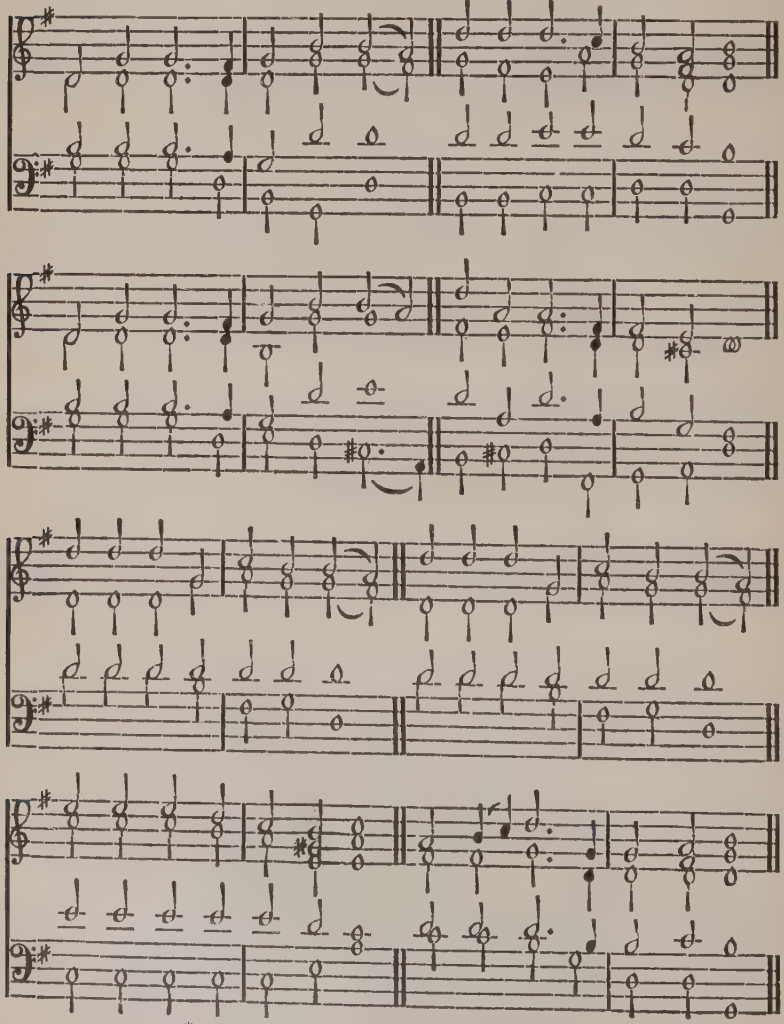
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth!

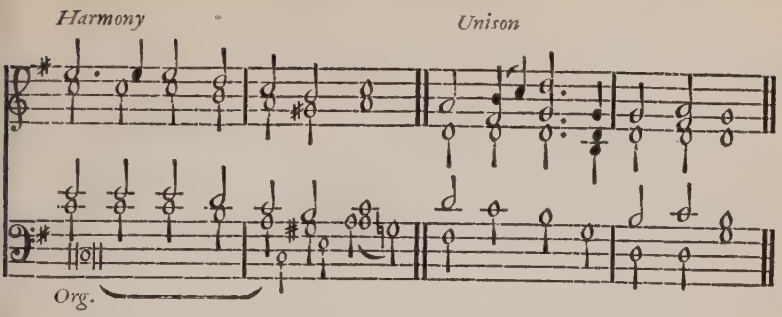
Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Now display thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to thine.

61

MENDELSSOHN * (77.77.77.77.77)

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
(1809–1847)

* *To be sung in unison, except the 9th line.*



Charles Wesley (1743), *George Whitefield* (1753), *Martin Madan* (1760), *and others*

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

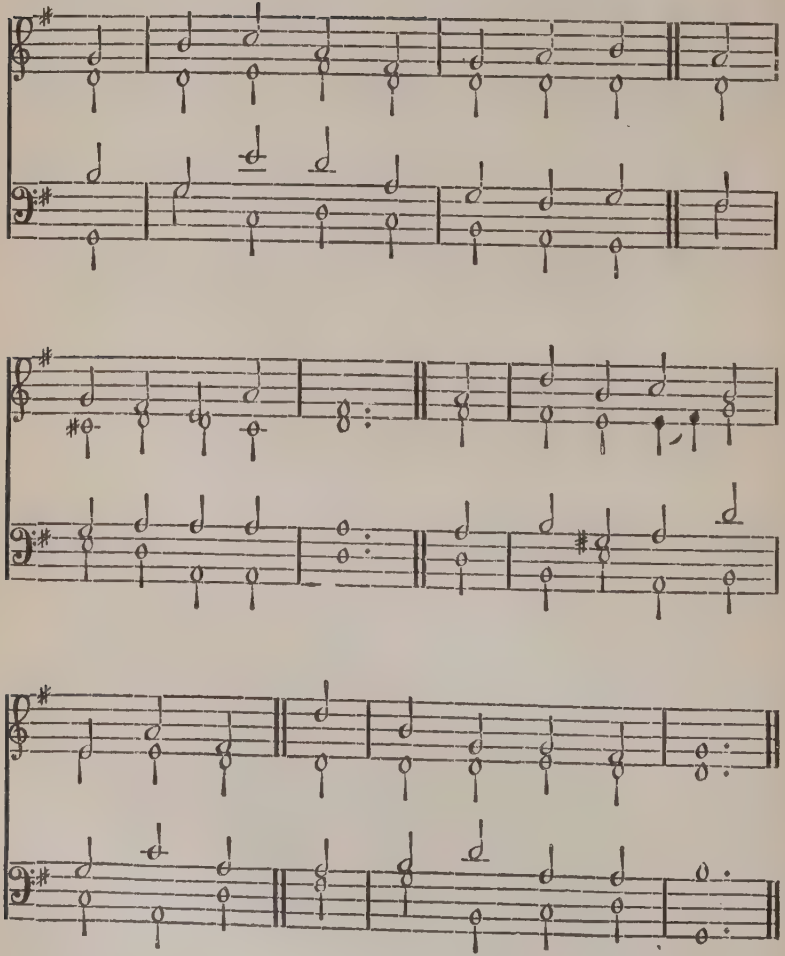
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

62

ST. MARK (C.M.) *William Croft* (1678–1727)



62

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known
To awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

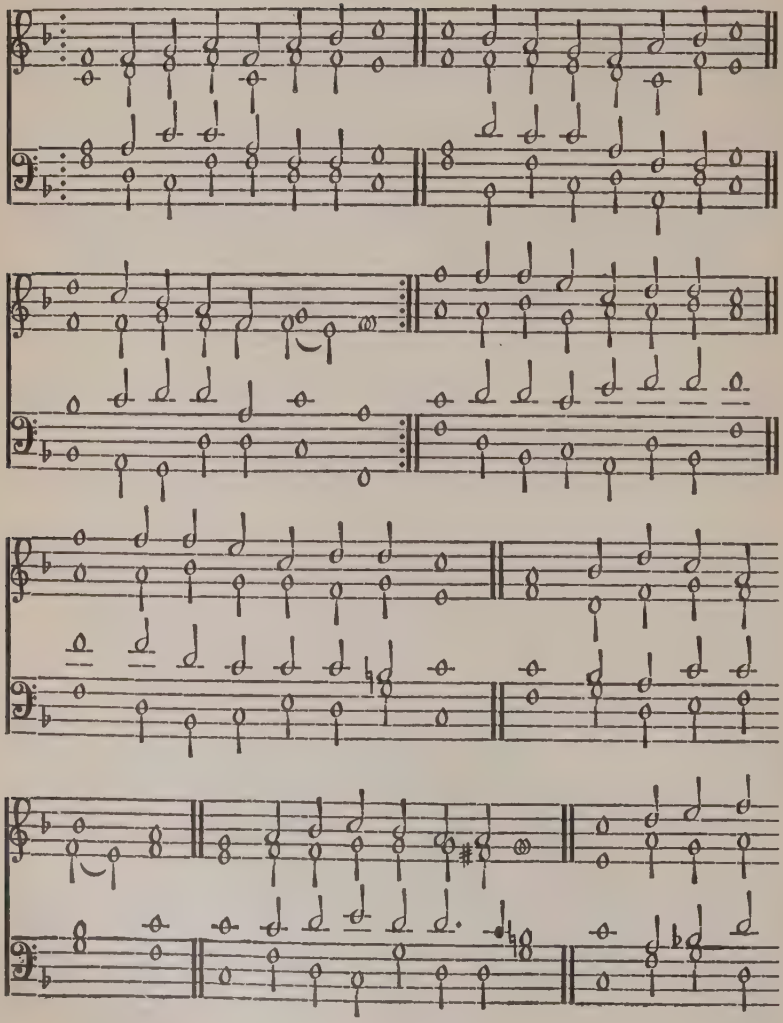
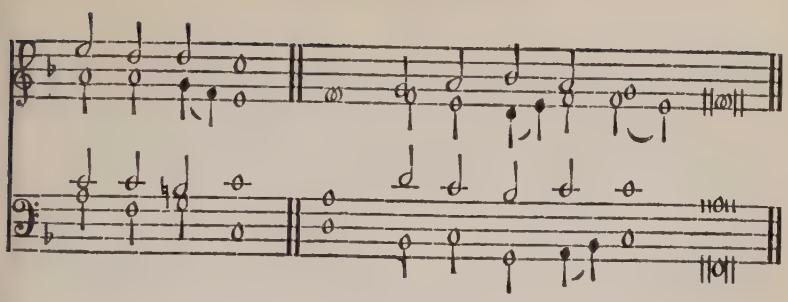
Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join;
To us a Child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid,
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

63

OLD 113TH (887.887)

German (1540)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



Ben Jonson (1573–1637)

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light,
The angels so did sound it;
And like the ravished shepherds said
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

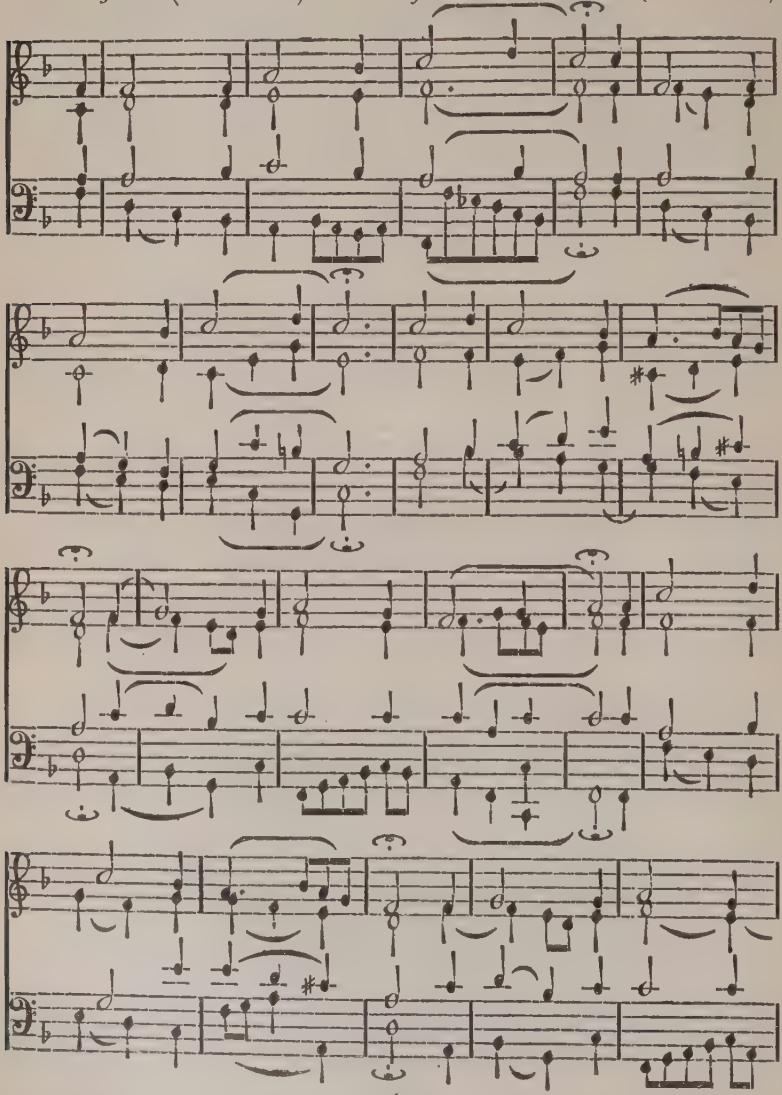
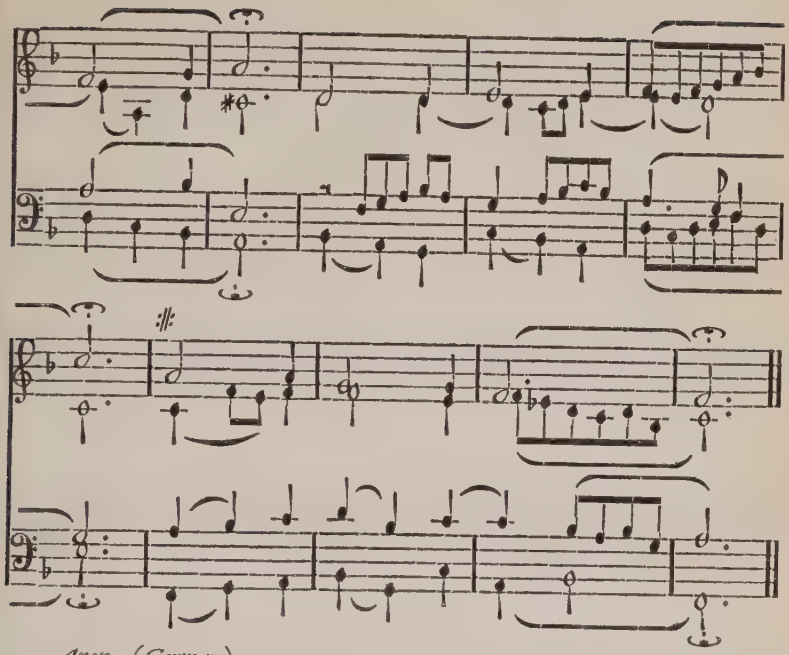
The Son of God, the eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the world from danger,
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Lord which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom hath decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence—
Can man forget this story?

64

IN DULCI JUBILO (IRREGULAR)

Old German Melody. Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)



Anon. (*German*)
Trans. Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795–1856)

IN dulci jubilo!
Let us our homage show;
Our hearts' joy reclineth
In praesepio,
And like a bright star shineth
Matris in gremio;
Alpha es et O.

O Jesu parvule,
My heart is sore for thee;
Hear me, I beseech thee,
O puer optime;
My prayer let it reach thee,
O Princeps gloriae;
Trahe me post te.

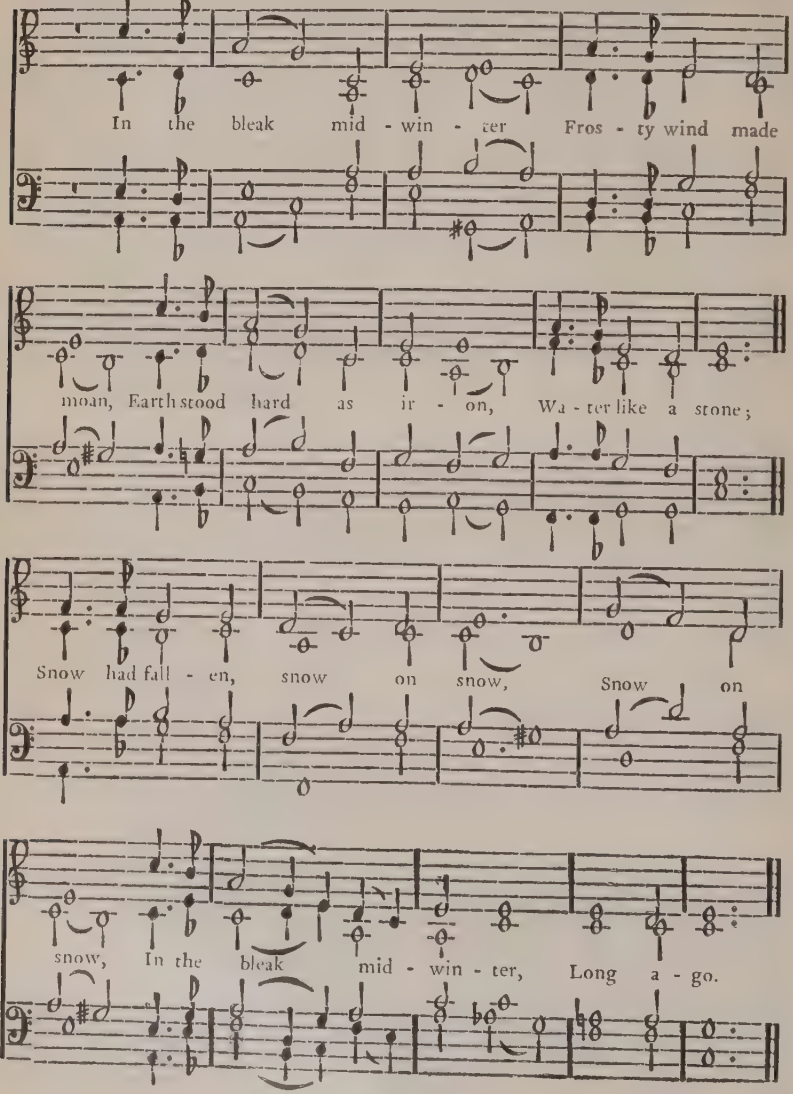
O Patris caritas!
O Nati lenitas!
Deeply were we stainèd
Per nostra crimina;
But thou for us hast gainèd
Coelorum gaudia:
Oh that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia, where,
If that they be not there?
There are angels singing
Nova cantica;
There the bells are ringing,
In Regis curia:
Oh that we were there!

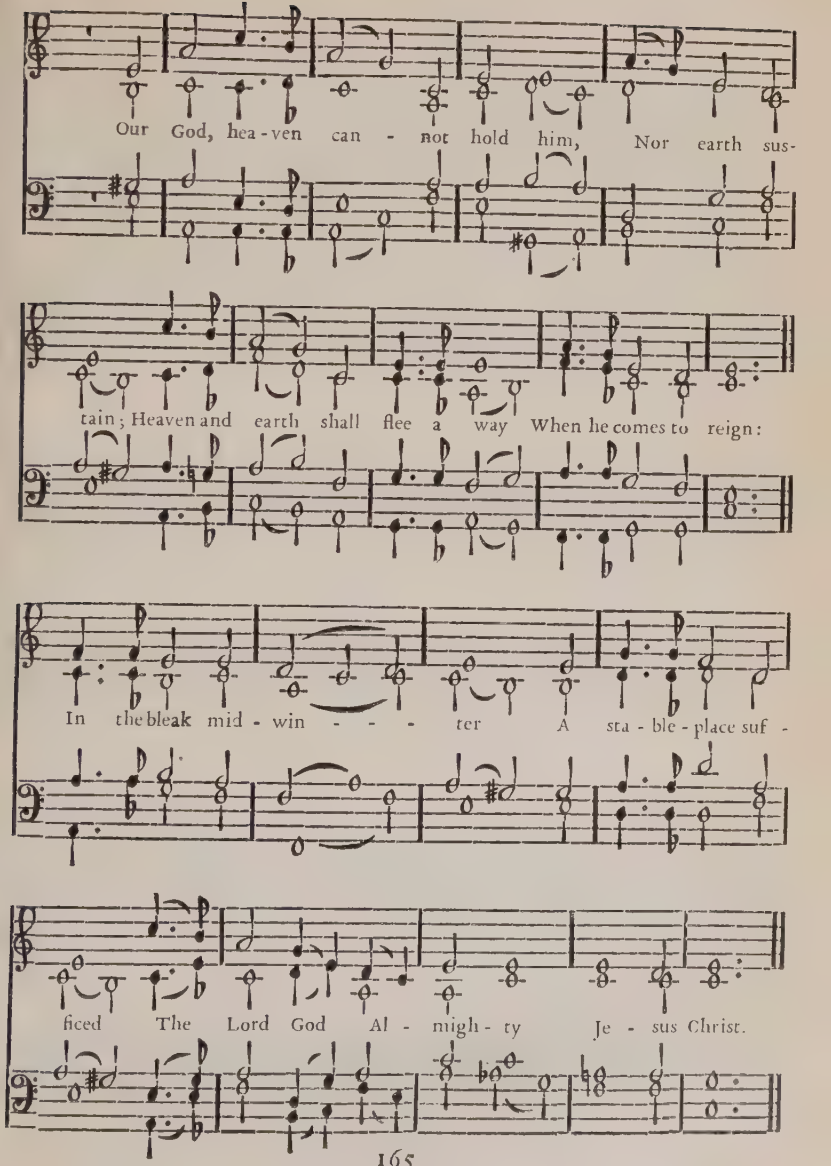
SOUTH SHIELDS (IRREGULAR) 65

Slow. *Verse* 1

Words by Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894). *Music by Thomas Banks Strong* (1861–)

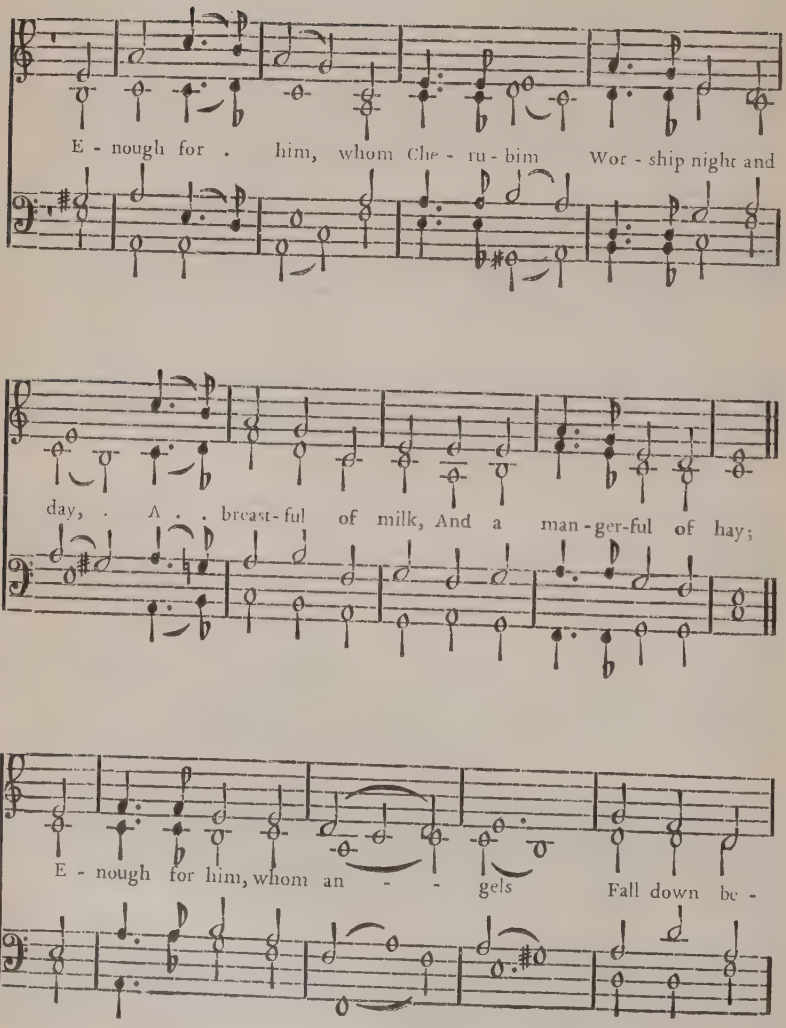

In the bleak mid - win - ter Fros - ty wind made
moan, Earth stood hard as ir - on, Wa - ter like a stone;
Snow had fall - en, snow on snow, Snow on
snow, In the bleak mid - win - ter, Long a - go.

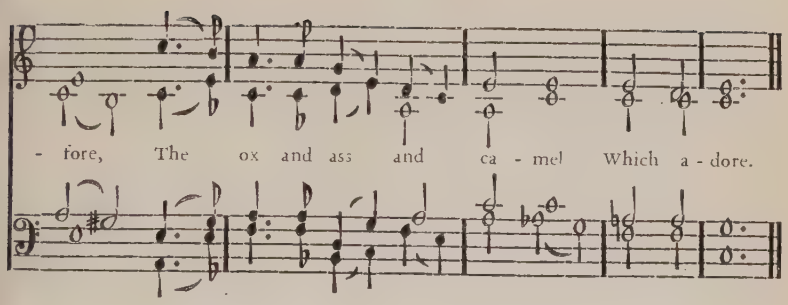
Verse 2


Our God, hea-ven can - not hold him, Nor earth sus-
tain; Heaven and earth shall flee a way When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid - win - - - ter A sta - ble - place suf -
ficed The Lord God Al - migh - ty Je - sus Christ.

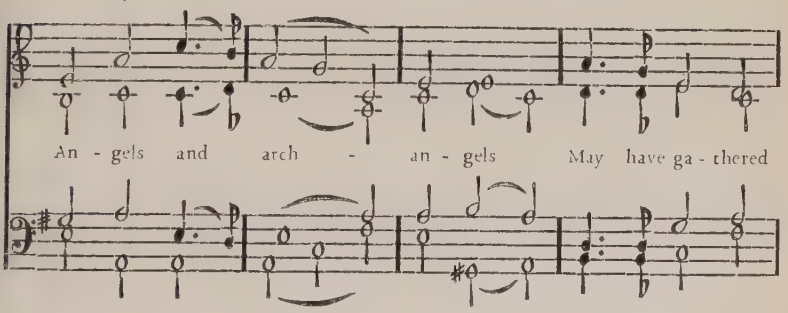
65 (*continued*)

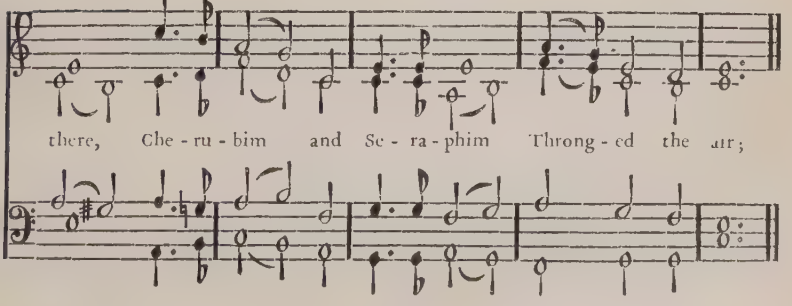
Verse 3


E - nough for . him, whom Che - ru - bim Wor - ship night and
day, . A . . breast-ful of milk, And a man-ger-ful of hay;
E - nough for him, whom an - - gels Fall down be -

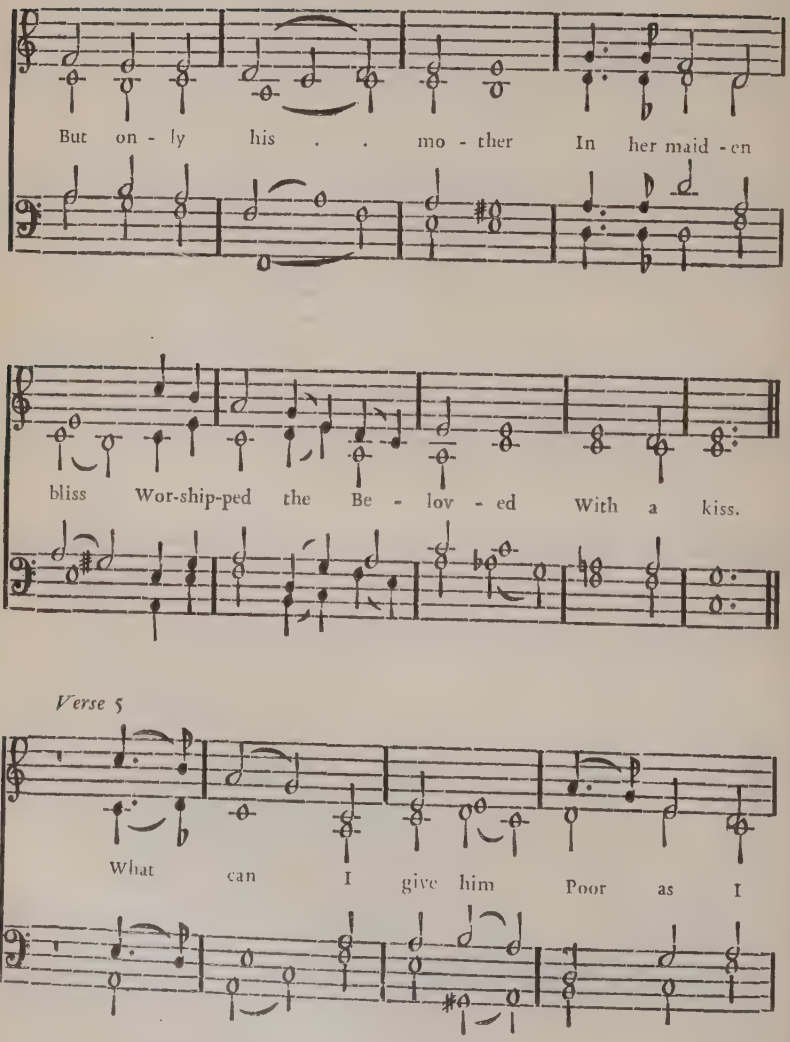

- fore, The ox and ass and ca - mel Which a - dore.

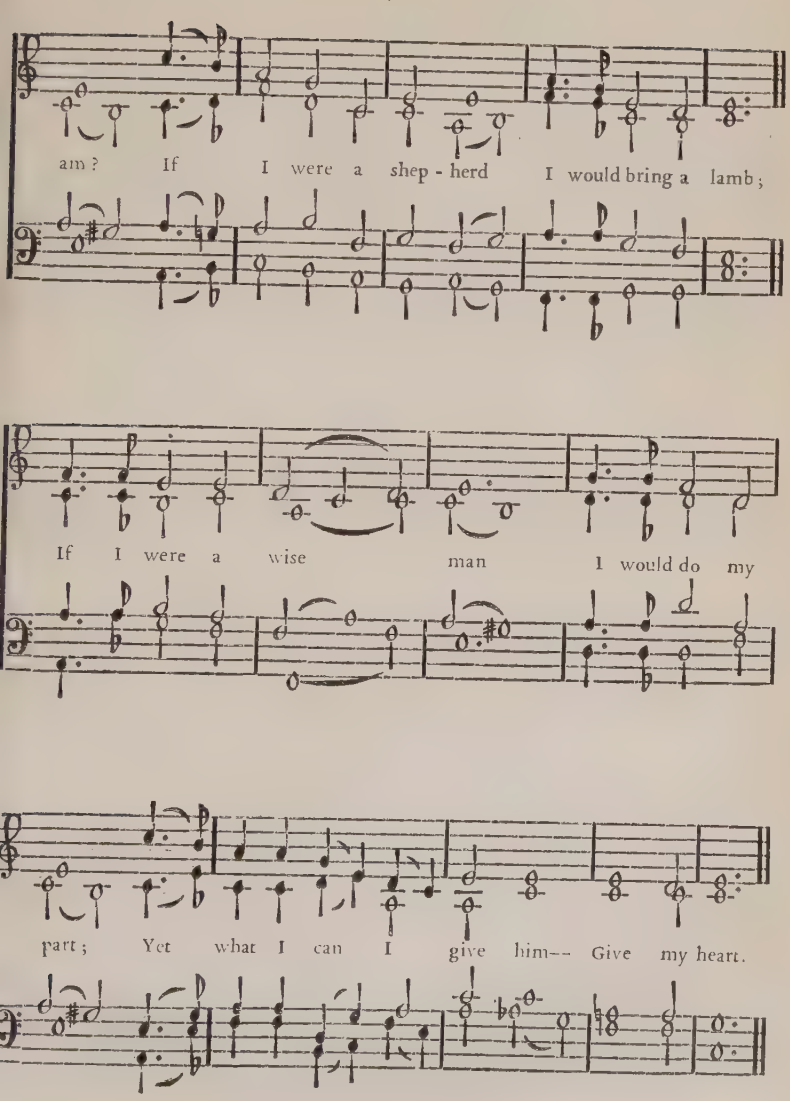
Verse 4


An - gels and arch - an - gels May have ga - thered


there, Che - ru - bim and Se - ra - phim Throng - ed the air;

65 (*continued*)

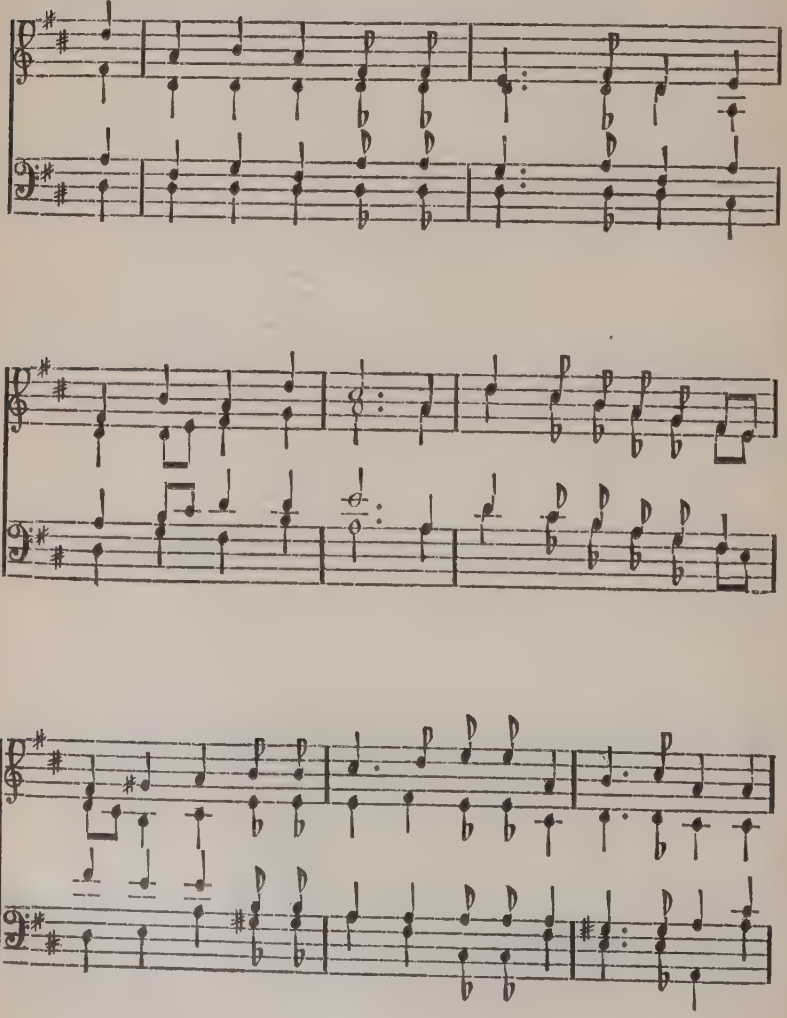
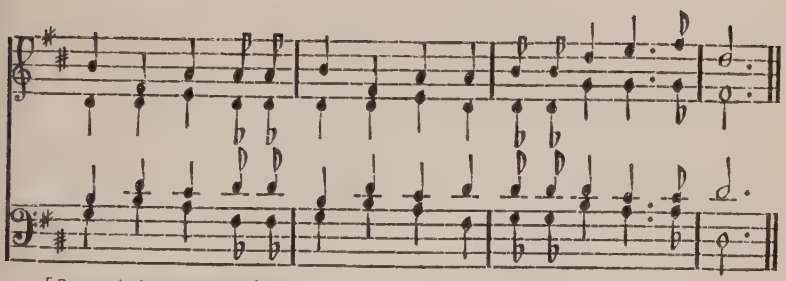



am? If I were a shep - herd I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man I would do my
part; Yet what I can I give him-- Give my heart.

66

THE MANGER THRONE (IRREGULAR) *Charles Steggall* (1826–1905)

Verses 1, 4, 5



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William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898)

LIKE silver lamps in a distant shrine,
The stars are sparkling bright;
The bells of the city of God ring out,
For the Son of Mary was born to-night;
The gloom is past, and the morn at last
Is coming with orient light.

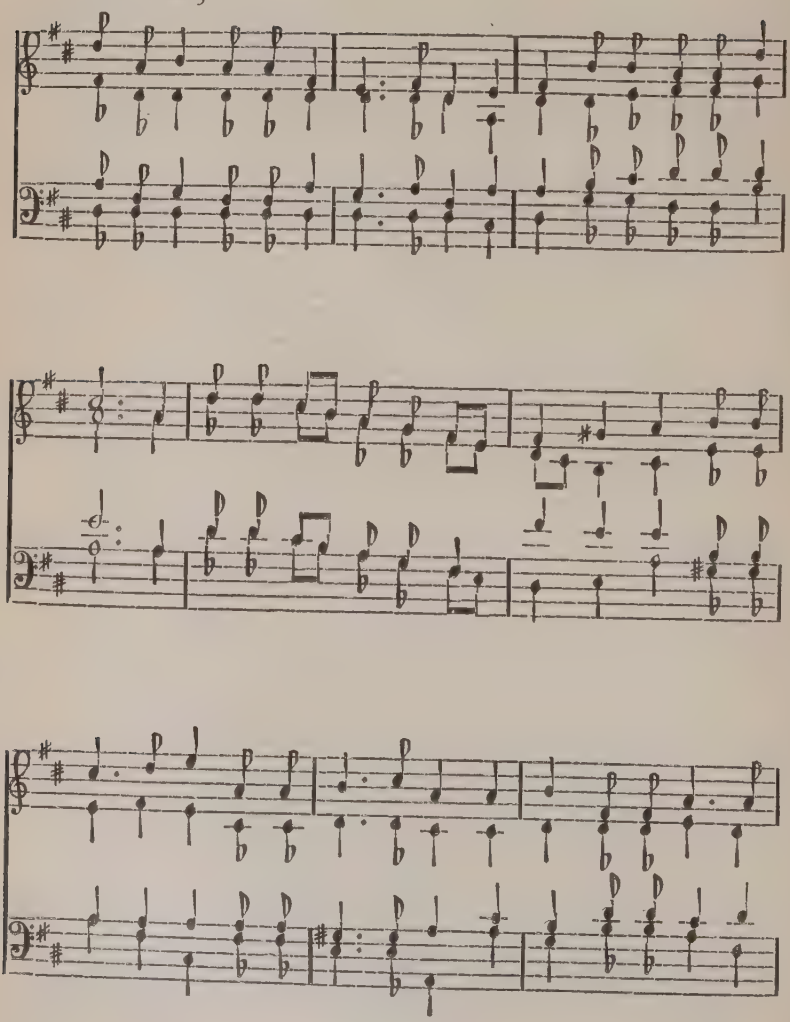
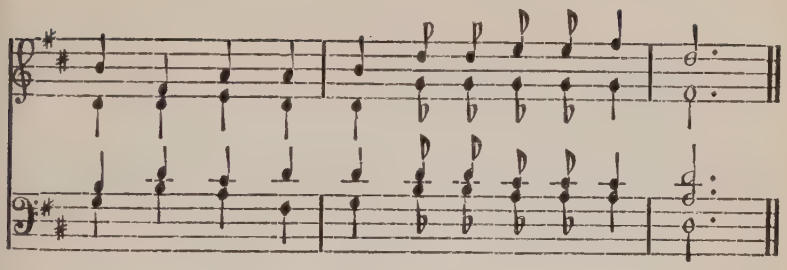
[*For verses 2 and 3 see pp.* 172, 173.]

4 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in flesh from fleshly sight.

5 Faith sees no longer the stable-floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there,
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world
And angels of God are crowding the air;
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair.

66 (*continued*)

Verses 2 and 3



2 Never fell melodies half so sweet
As those which are filling the skies;
And never a palace shone half so fair
As the manger bed where our Saviour lies;
No night in the year is half so dear
As this which has ended our sighs.

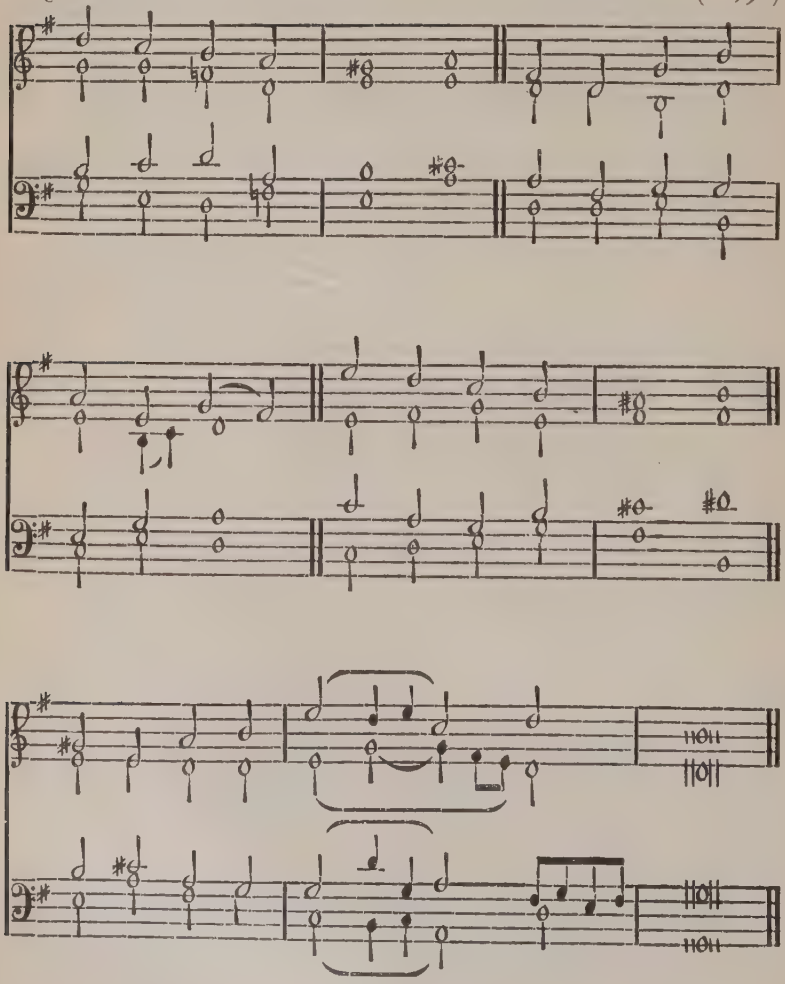
3 Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of Hell:
A Child is born who shall conquer the foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness quell:
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

67

CUMNOR (67.67)

Rather slow

Basil Harwood (1859–)



67

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894)

LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love incarnate, Love divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

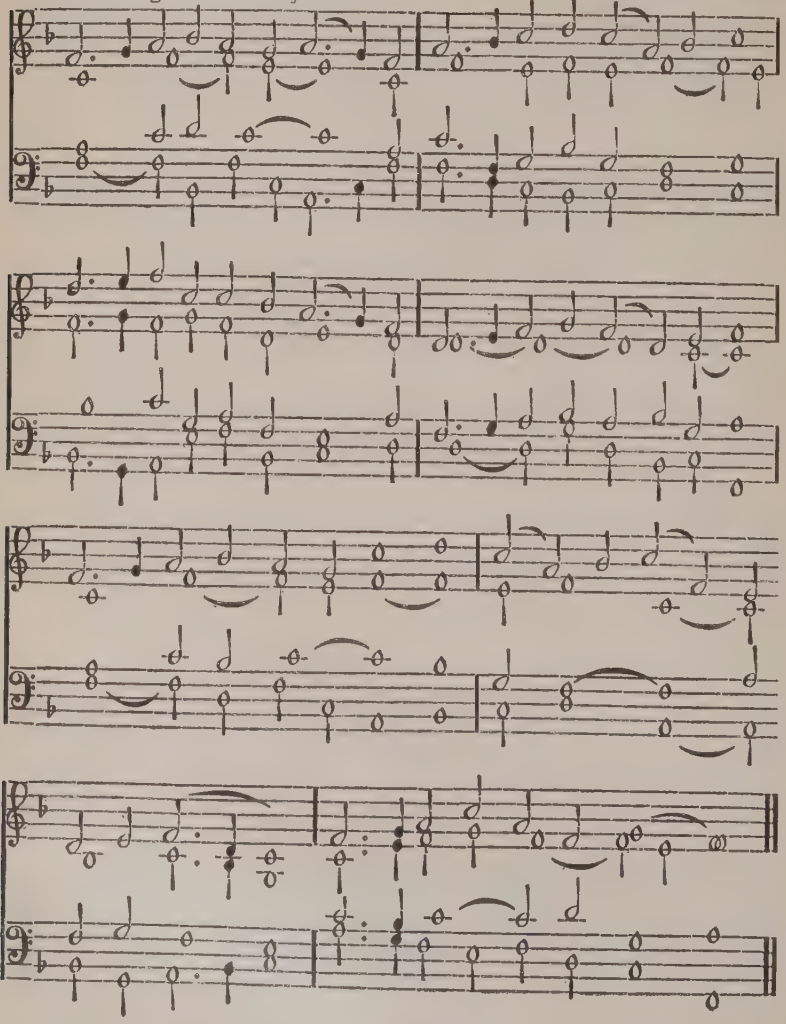
Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

68

CORDE NATUS (87.87.877)

Melody from a 13th cent. MS. at Wolfenbüttel
Set by Basil Harwood

To be sung in unison in free time



68

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–c. 413)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS

OF the Father sole begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

He is here, whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested
To receive the praise of man
Evermore and evermore.

Oh that ever-blessèd birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed his sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

Praise him, O ye heavens of heavens!
Praise him, angels in the height!
Every Power and every Virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore.

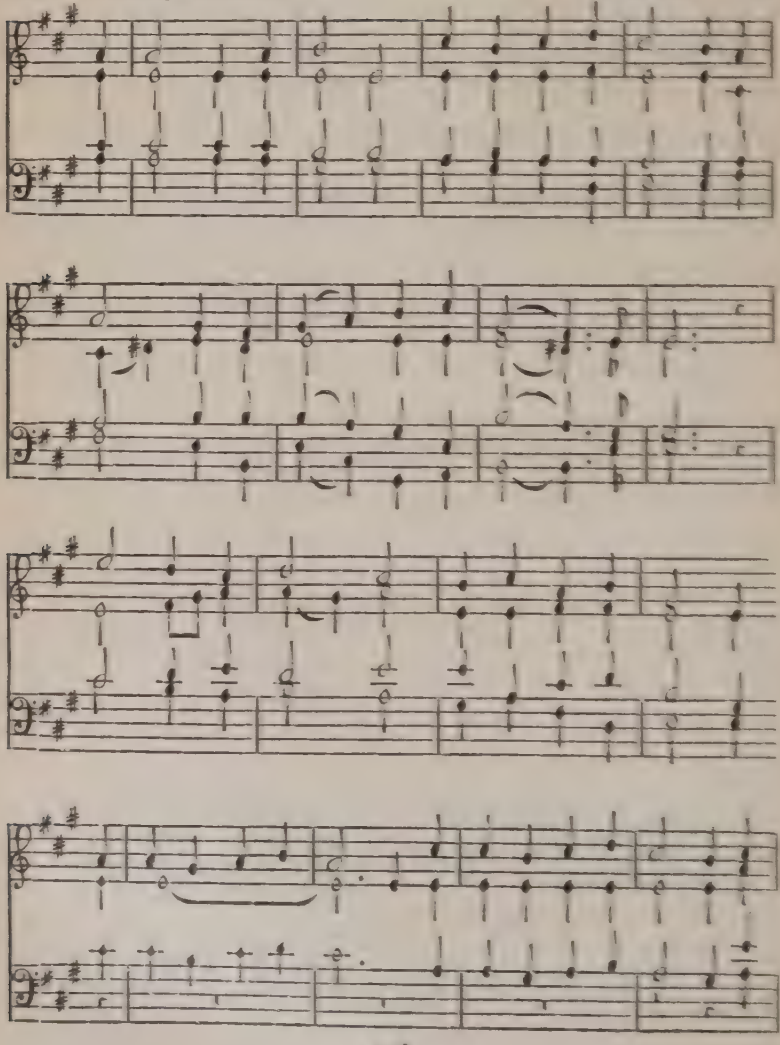
Thee let age, and thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing,
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering;
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.

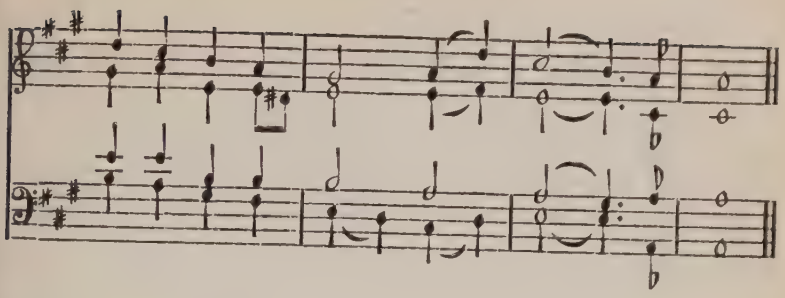
Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Con-substantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore.

69

ADESTE FIDELES (IRREGULAR)

Anon. (17 Sth cent.





Anon. (*17th cent.*)
Trans. Frederick Oakeley (1802–1880)

ADESTE FIDELES

OH COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels;
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

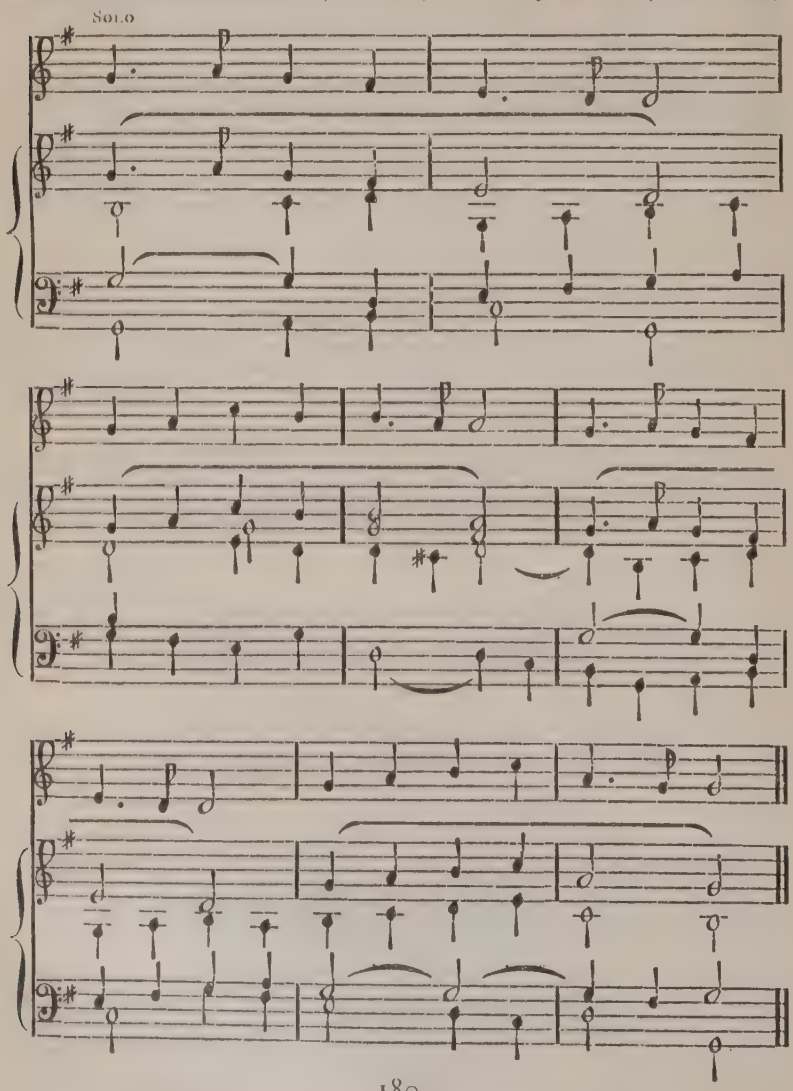
God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;

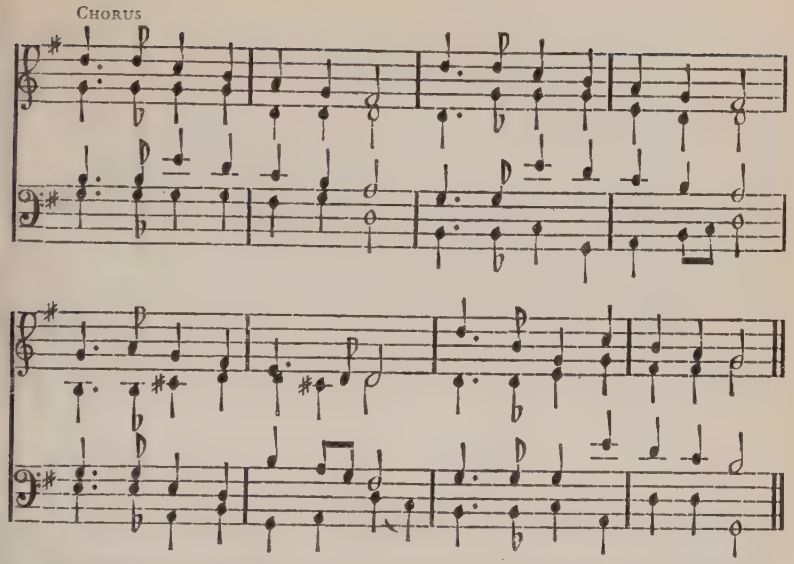
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
'Glory to God
In the highest';

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

70

SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW (77. 77 D.) *John Goss* (1800–1880)





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Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

SEE, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years!

Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lowly mountain steep?

'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing, "Peace on earth,"
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

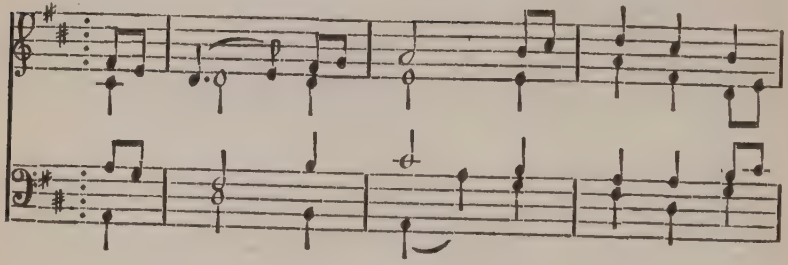
Teach, oh teach us, holy child,
By thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble thee
In thy sweet humility!

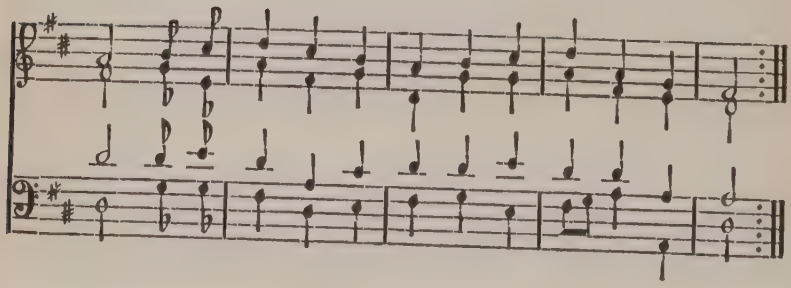
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

71

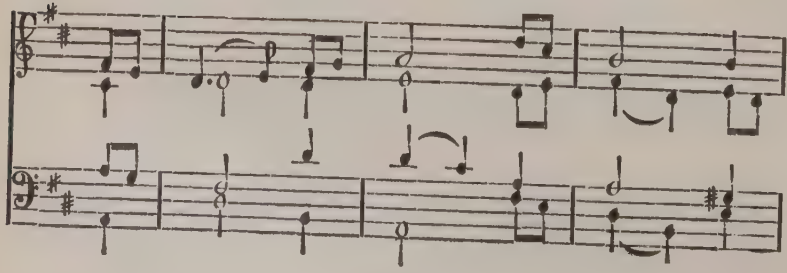
THE FIRST NOWELL (IRREGULAR)

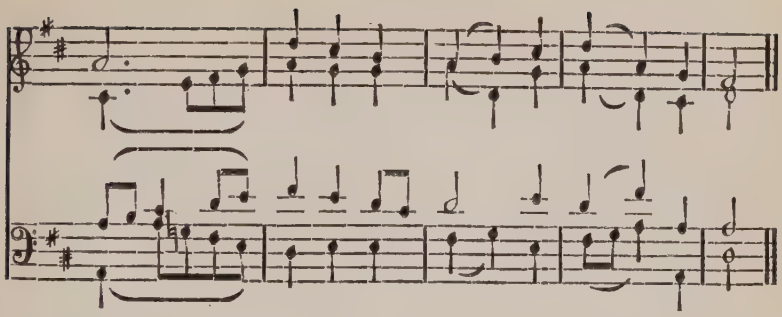
Traditional Melody
Harm. by Basil Harwood





Chorus





Anon.

THE first nowell the angel did say
Was to three poor shepherds in the fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
In a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up and saw a star
Shining in the east beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

This star drew nigh to the north west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it took both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Then did they know assuredly
Within that house the King did lie.
One entered in then for to see,
And found the babe in poverty.

Then entered in those wise men three,
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in his presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Between an ox stall and an ass,
This child truly there born he was;
For want of clothing they did him lay
In the manger, among the hay.

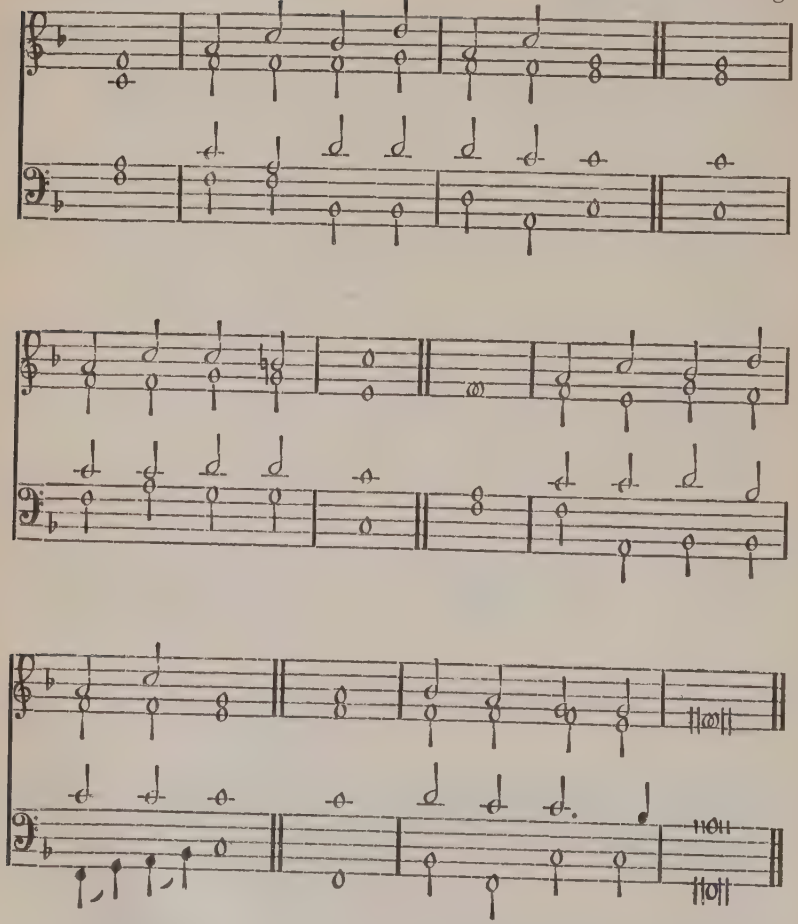
Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with his blood mankind hath bought.

If we in our time shall do well,
We shall be free from death and hell,
For God hath prepared for us all
A resting-place in general.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

72

SCOTCH STILT (C.M.)

Scotch Psalter (1615)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



72

John Morison (1749–1798)

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

For thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

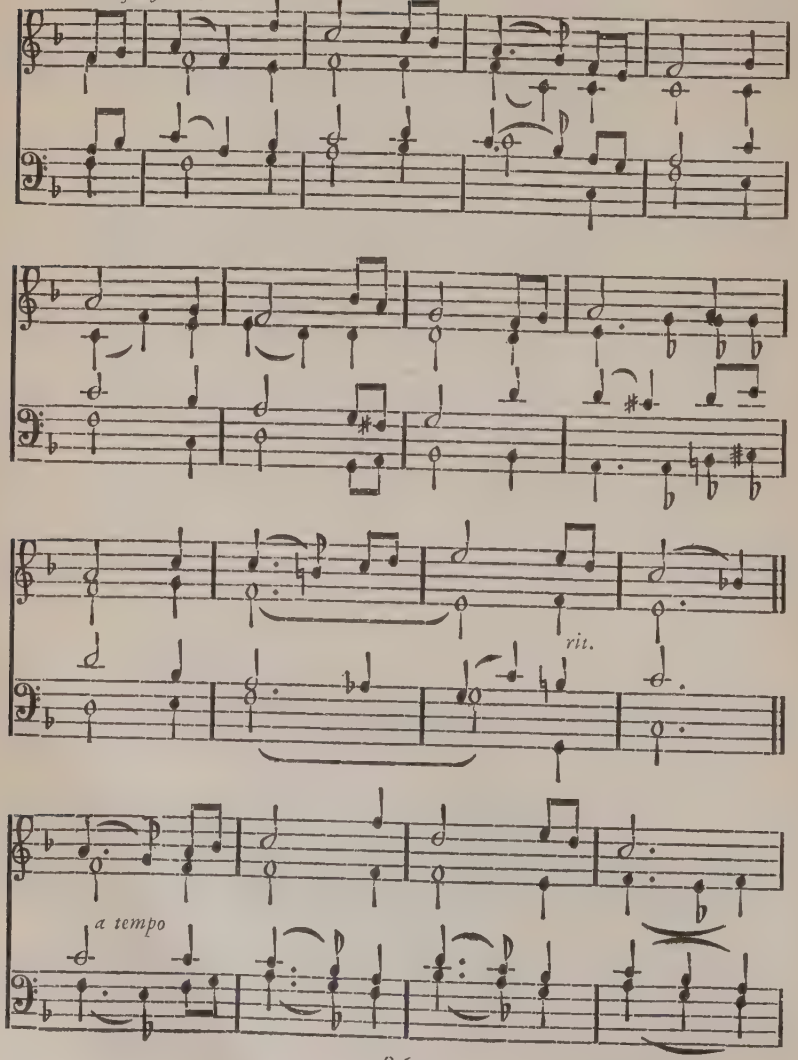
His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

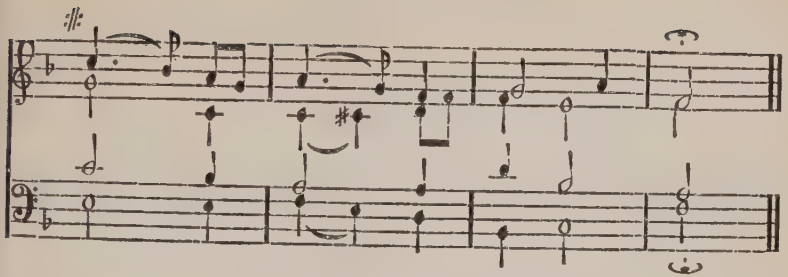
73

IN EXCELSIS GLORIA (88. 87)

J. Maude Crament (1845–)

Cheerfully





[*By permission of Novello & Co., Ltd.*]

Anon. (*15th cent.?*) *slightly altered*

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem that fair citie,
Angels did sing with mirth and glee,
In excelsis gloria!

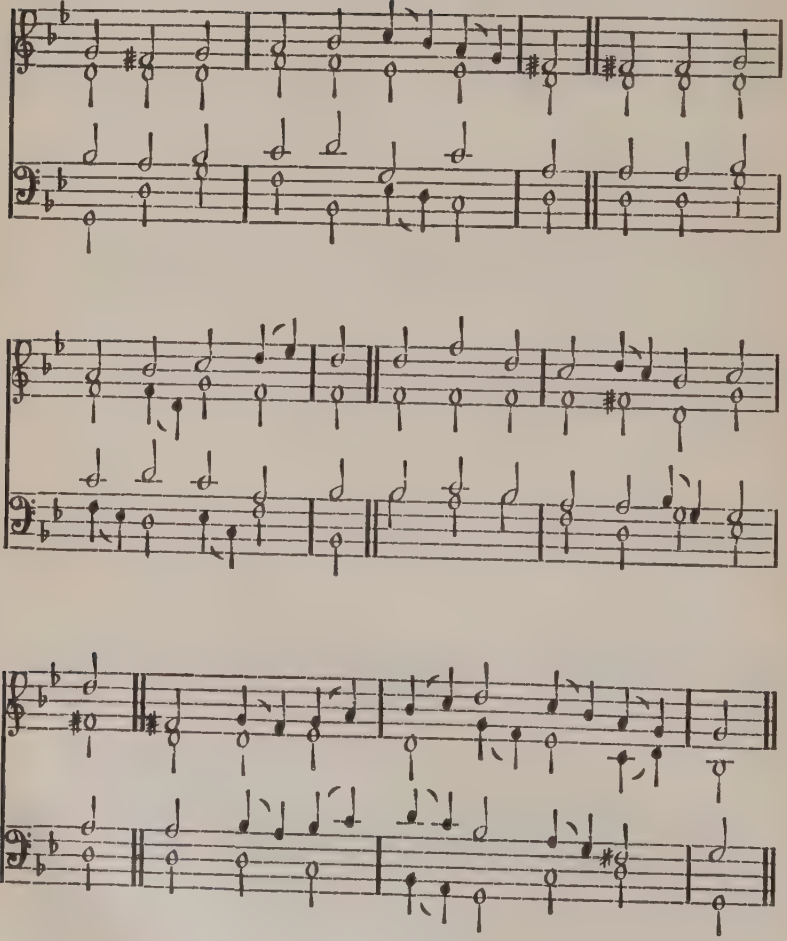
Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appeared with great light,
And said, God's son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria!

This King is come to save mankind
Even in scripture as we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

Then, dear Lord, for thy great grace
Grant us in bliss to see thy face,
Where we may sing to thee solace,
In excelsis gloria!

74

NEWBURY (L M.) *Harmonia Perfecta* (1730)



74

Thomas Campbell (1777–1844)

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill,
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry night;

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant alleluias stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps and sung:

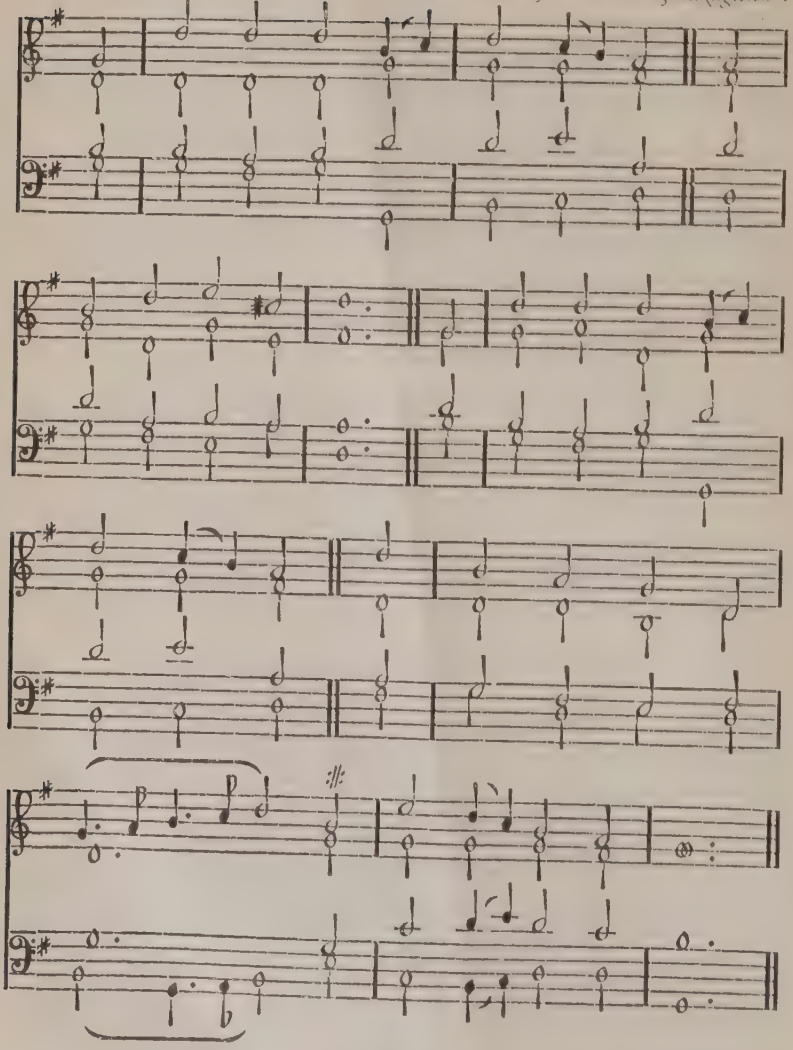
O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

75

ST. GEORGE (C.M.)

Briskly

Traditional: founded on the Chorale 'Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich'.



75

Nahum Tate (1652–1715)

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

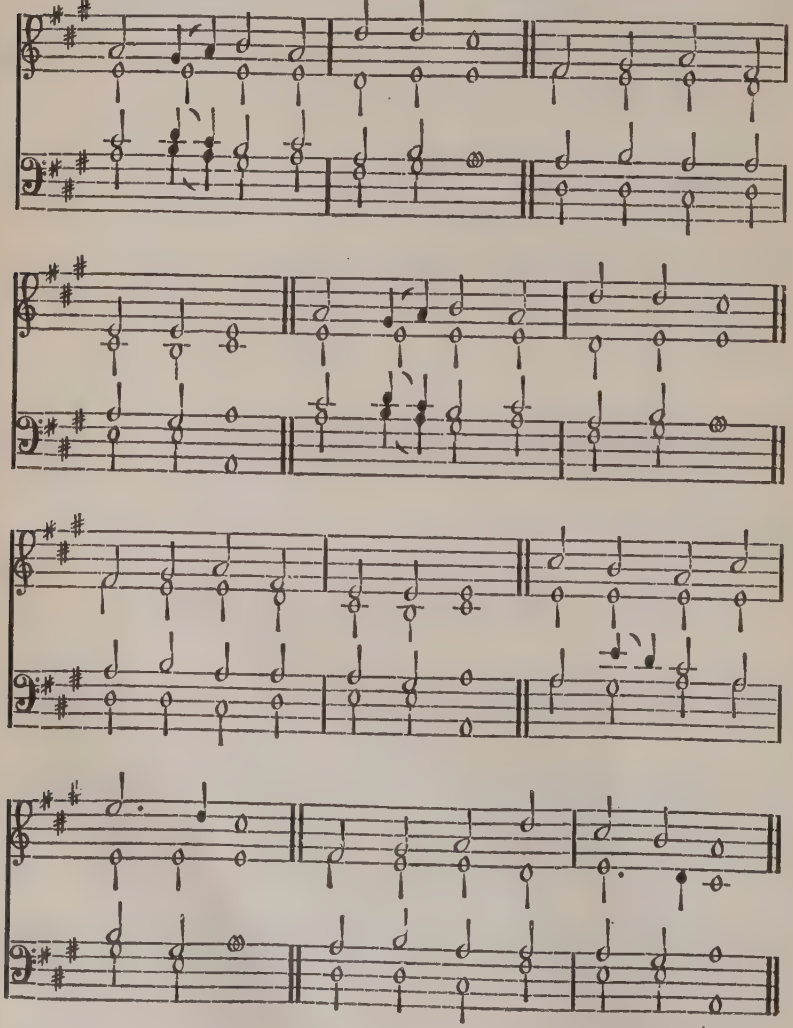
Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

76

TREUER HEILAND (DIX) (77.77.77)

Adapted from a Chorale by
Conrad Kocher (1786–1872)



76

William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898)

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

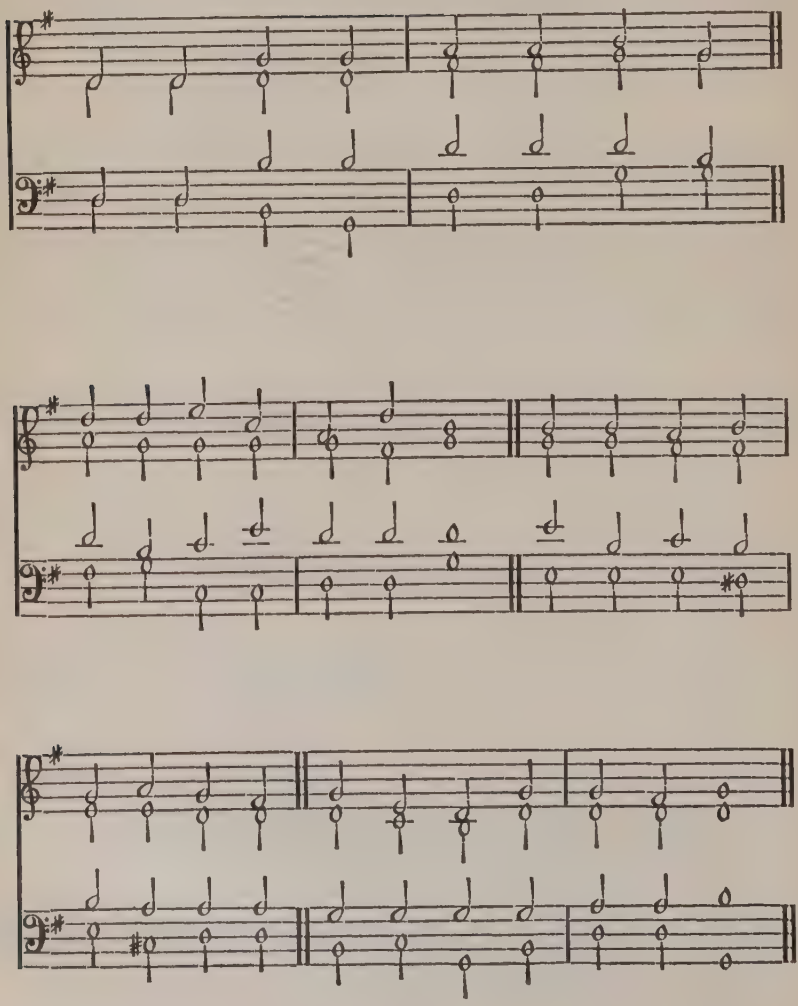
As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly king.

Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our king.

77

STUTTGART (87.87) *Christian Friedrich Witt* (*d.* 1716)



77

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–c. 413)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

O SOLA MAGNARUM URBIUM

BETHLEHEM! of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth,
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

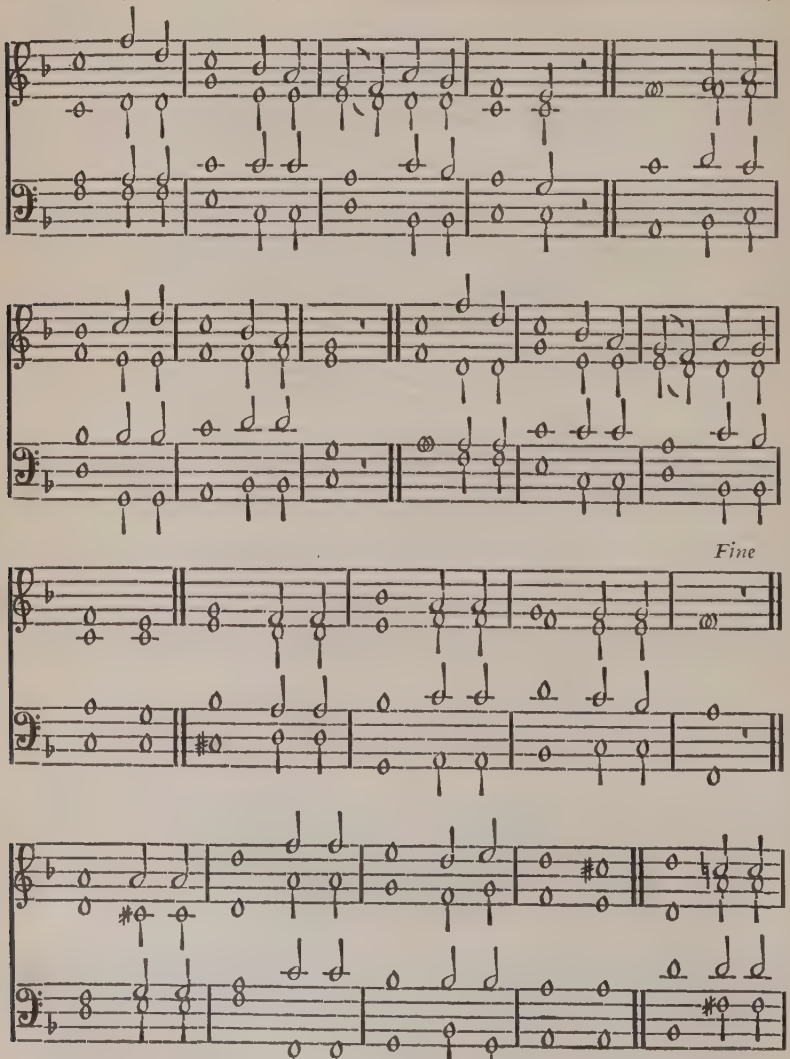
By its radiant beauty guided
See the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

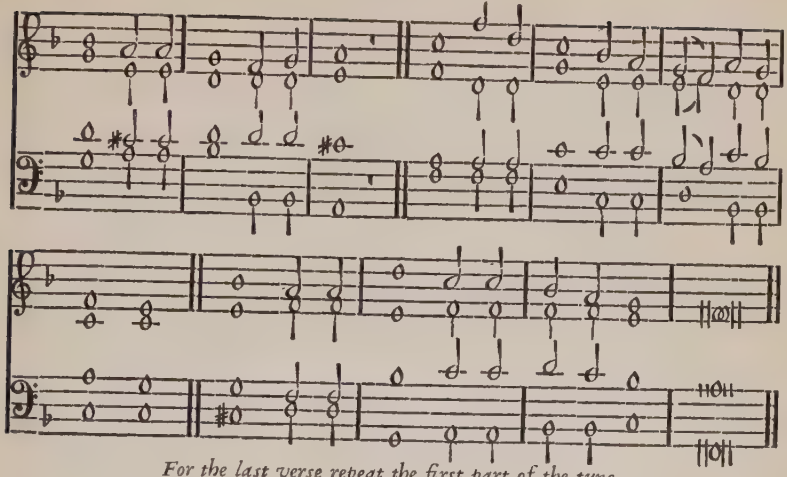
Offerings of mystic meaning!
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu! in thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to thee be paid.

78 (First Tune)

Epiphany (11 10. 11 10 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)





For the last verse repeat the first part of the tune.

Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

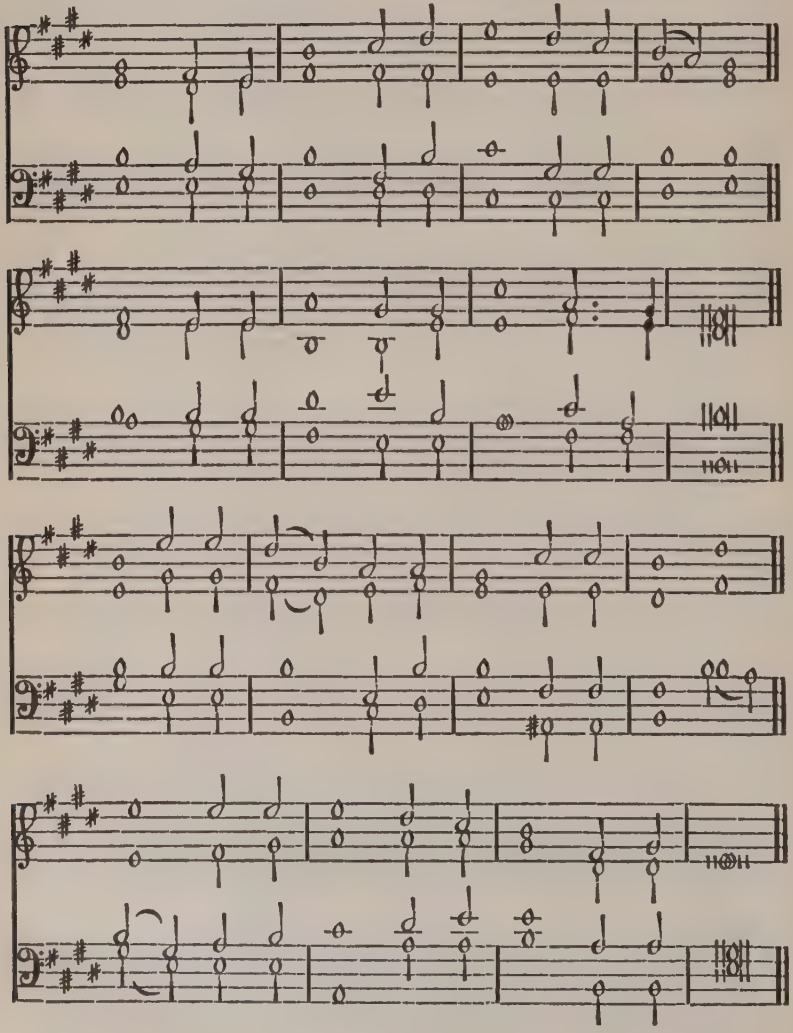
BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

78 (Second Tune)

Epiphany Hymn (11 10. 11 10) *Joseph Francis Thrupp* (1827–1867)



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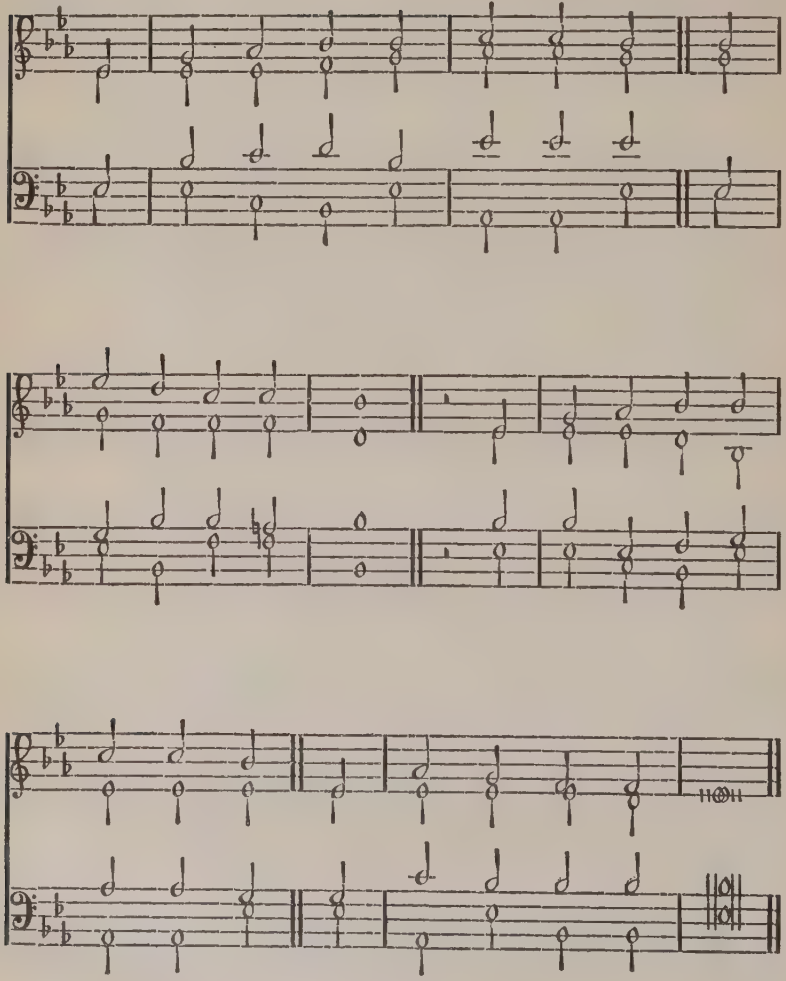
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

79

TALLIS' ORDINAL (C.M.)

Thomas Tallis (c. 1515–1585)
(*The original setting*)



79

Jean Baptiste de Santeüil (1630–1697)
Trans. John Chandler (1806–1876)

DIVINE CRESCEBAS, PUER

IN stature grows the heavenly child,
With death before his eyes,
A lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor,
And he who made the heaven abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

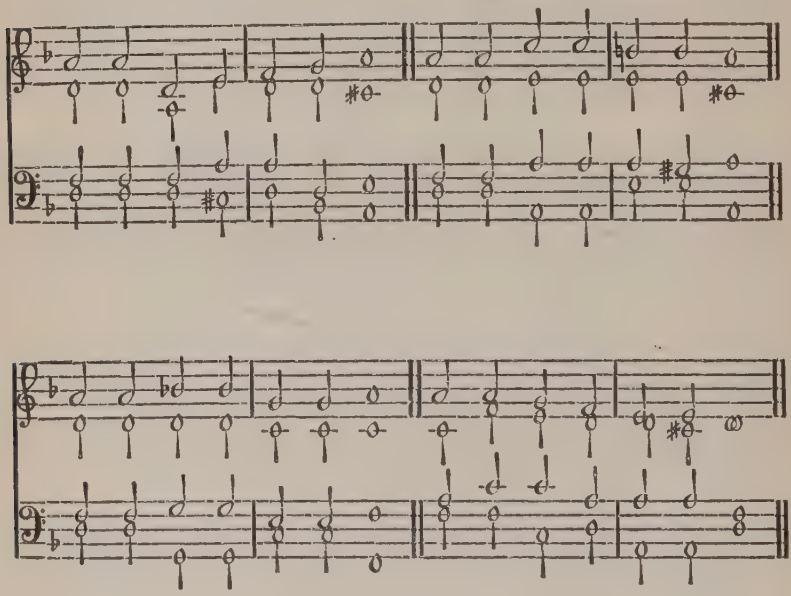
Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse,
And he who set the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

He before whom the angels stand,
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields himself to man's command
And lays his glory by.

The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise
Both now and evermore.

80 (First Tune)

Aus der Tiefe (Heinlein) (77.77) *Nürnberger Gesangbuch* (1677)



George Hunt Smyttan (1825–1870)

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted still, yet undefiled:

Sunbeams scorching all the day,
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about thy way,
Stones thy pillow, earth thy bed.

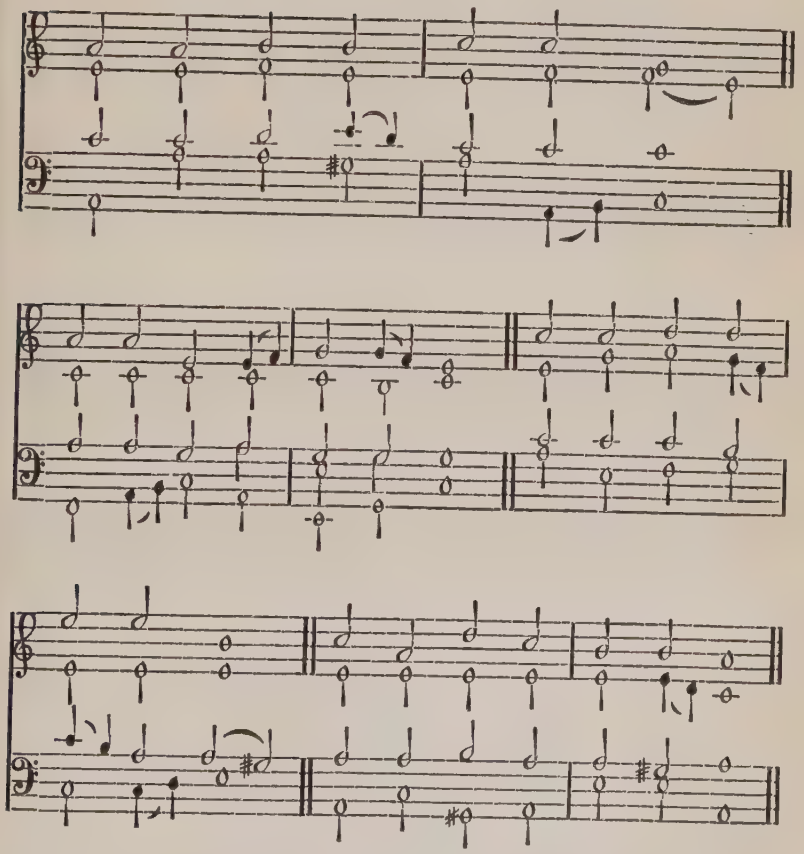
Shall not we thy sorrow share,
Learn thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Will not suffer us to fail.

80 (Second Tune)

Halle (77.77)

The Psalmist (1830)

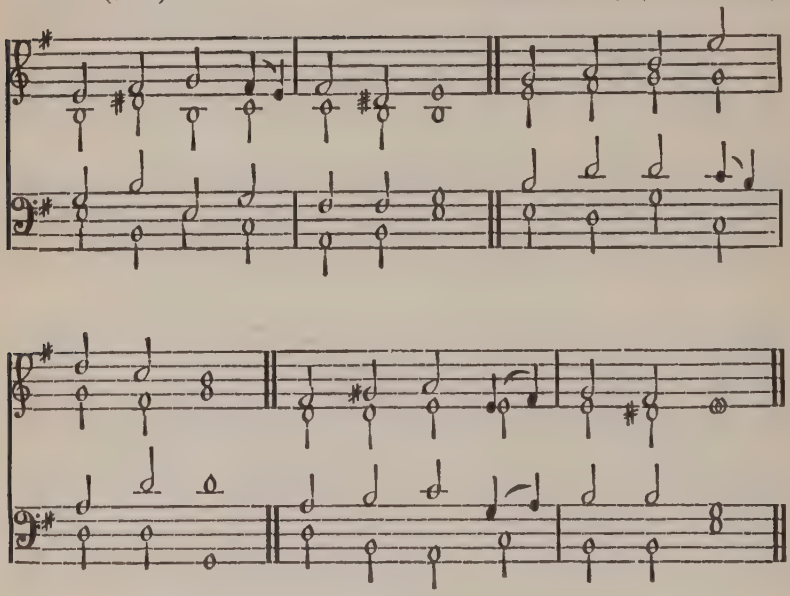


So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.

Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side,
That with thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

81 (First Tune)

Weston (777) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



Isaac Williams (1802–1865)

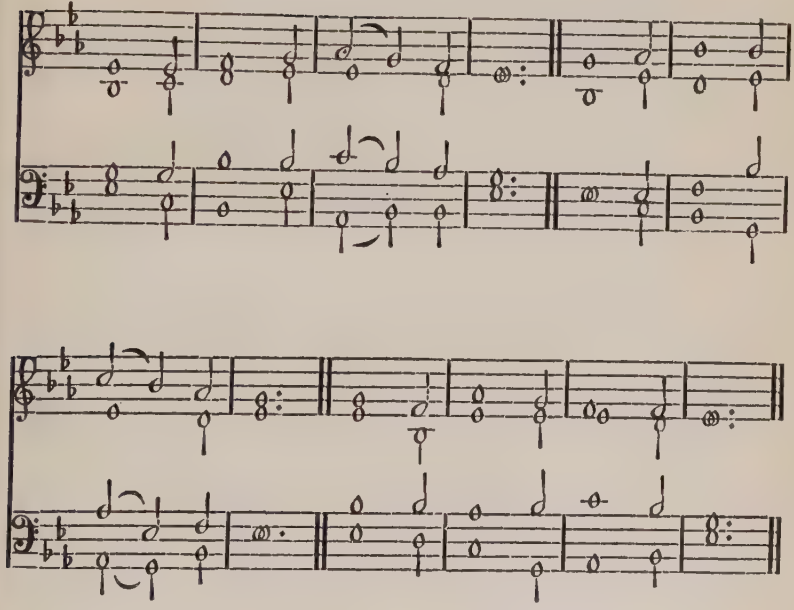
LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant me tears,
Fill me with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Supplication on us pour,
Let us now knock at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

81 (Second Tune)

St. Philip (777) — *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



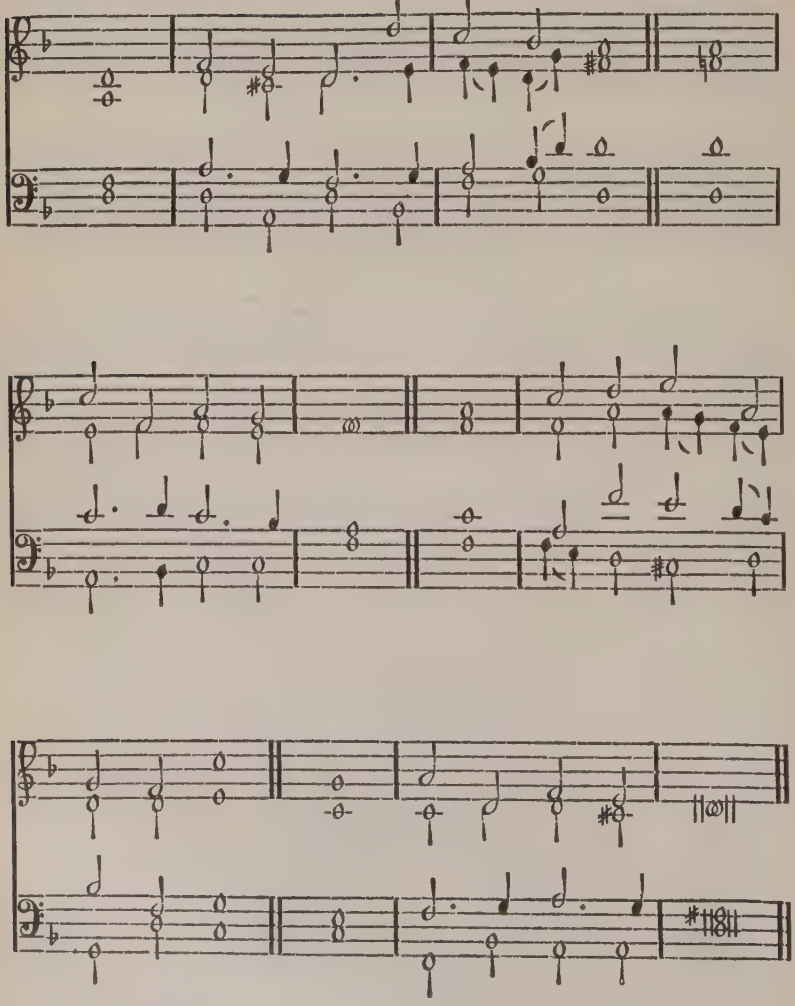
By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

By thy tears and bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forgo.

'Neath thy wings let us have place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold thy face.

82 (First Tune)

St. Mary (c.m.)

Prys' Psalter (1621)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge

82

John Marckant? (1562)

O LORD, turn not away thy face,
From him that lieth prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before thy mercy gate;

Which gate thou openest wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to mine accounts,
How I have livèd here,
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my life,
I am sure thou canst tell:
What I have been and what I am,
I know thou knowest it well.

So come I to thy mercy gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Requiring mercy for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

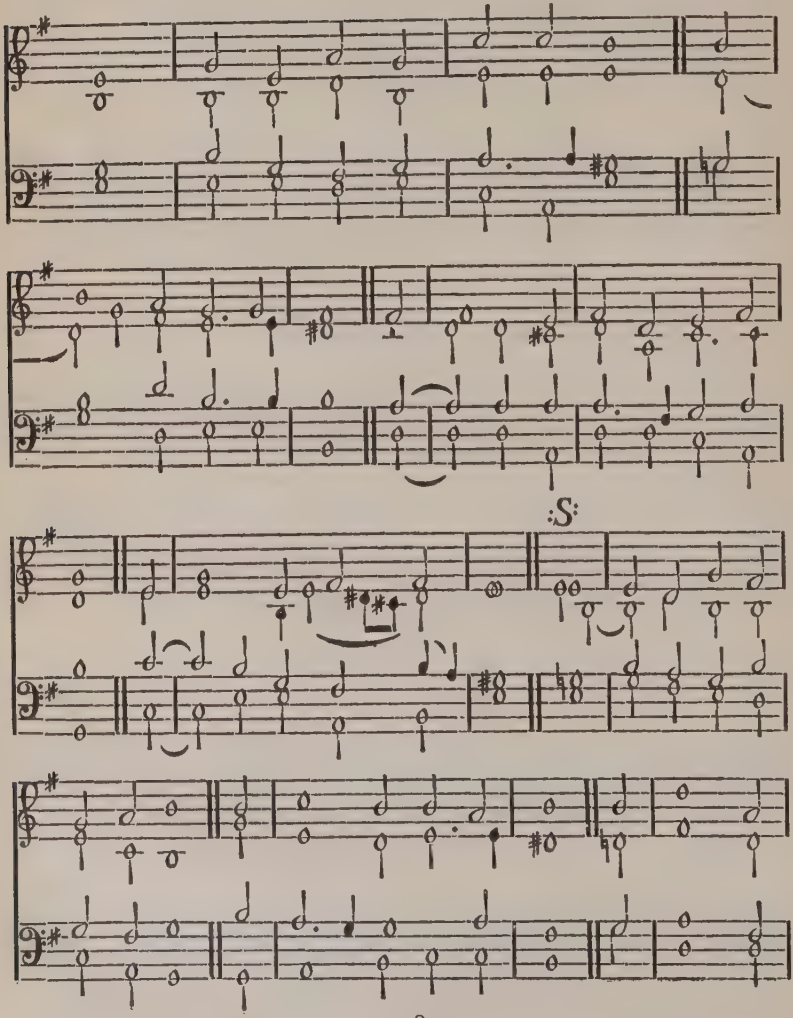
O Lord, I need not to repeat,
What I do beg or crave;
Thou knowest, O Lord, before I ask,
The thing that I would have.

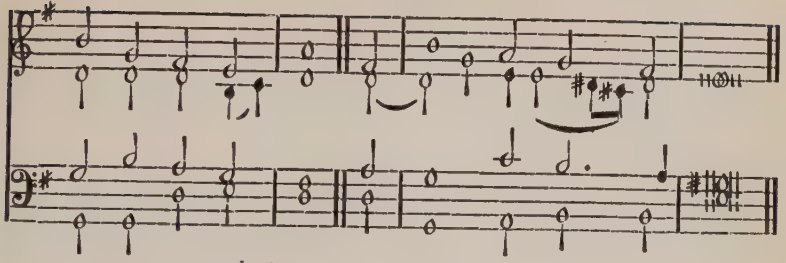
Mercy, good Lord, mercy, I ask,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

82 (Second Tune)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)

THE LAMENTATION (D.C M.) *Harm. adapted from Will Parsons* (16*th cent.*)





For the last verse repeat from the sign :S:.

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From him that lieth prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before thy mercy gate;
Which gate thou openest wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to mine accounts,
How I have livèd here,
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.
I need not to confess my life,
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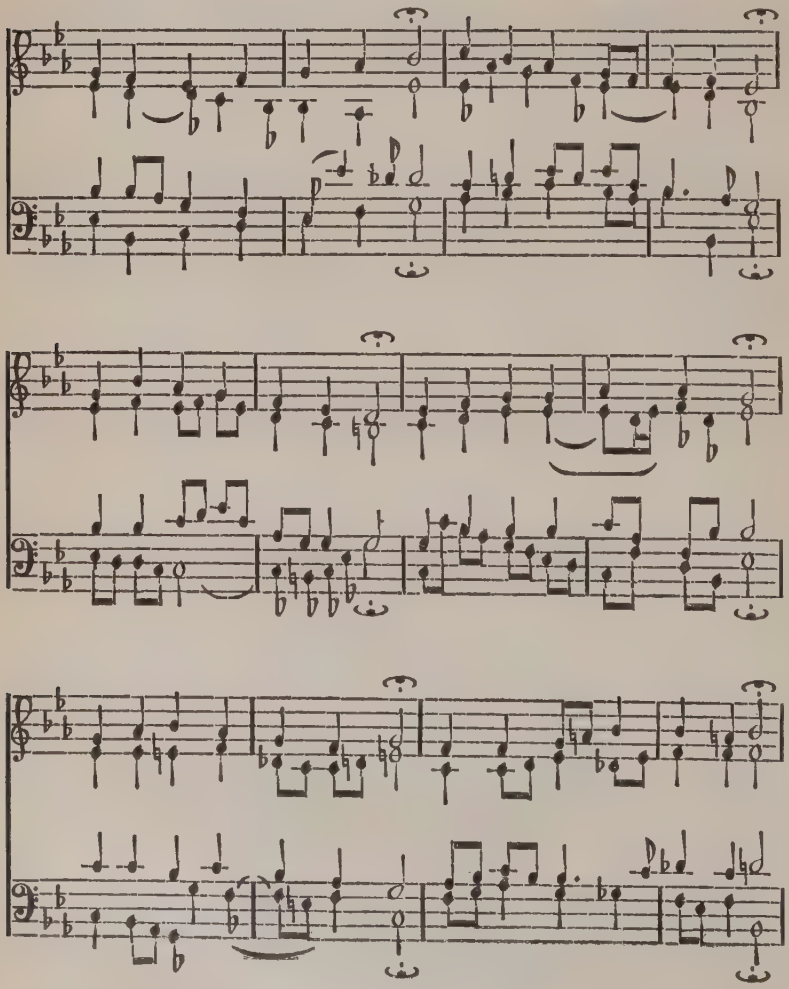
Thou knowest, O Lord, before I ask,
The thing that I would have.

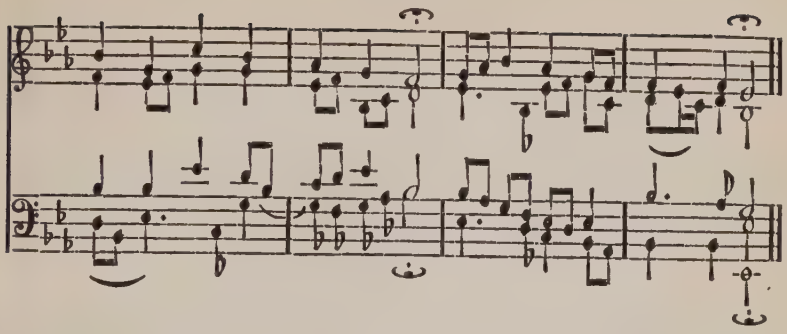
Mercy, good Lord, mercy, I ask,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

83

Melchior Vulpius (c. 1560–1616)
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

JESU LEIDEN, PEIN UND TOD (77.77 D.)





Robert Grant (1785–1838)

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

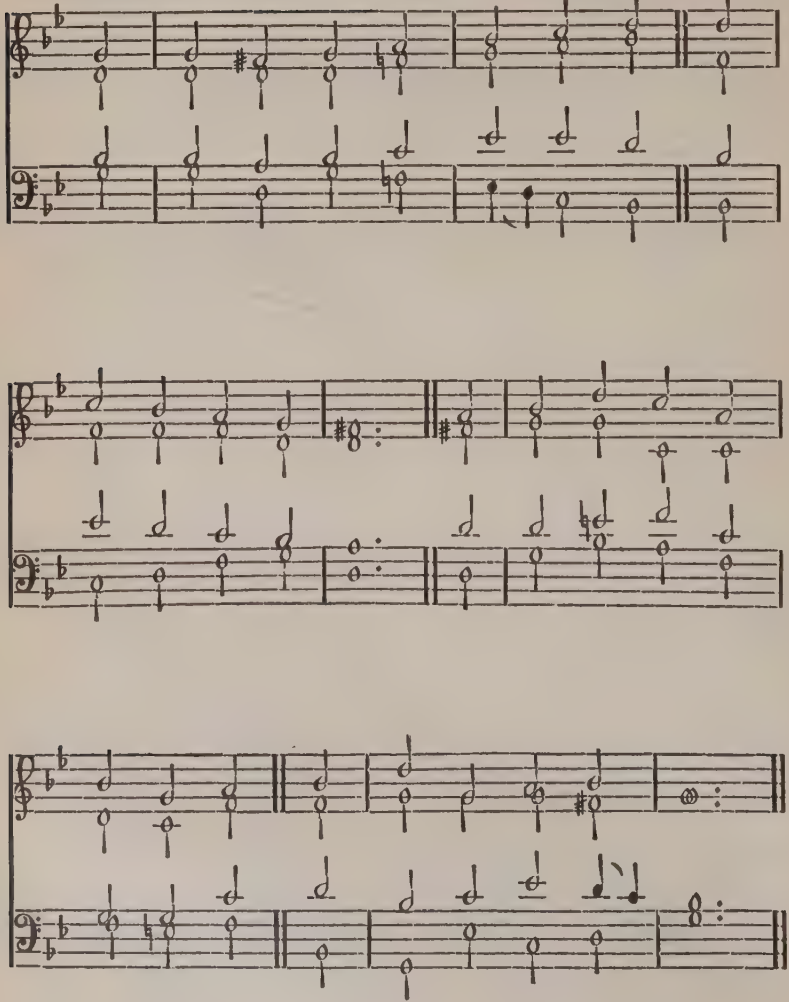
By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

84

HEREFORD (C.M.) *Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley* (1825–1889)



84

Anon. (*18th cent.?*)
Trans. John Chandler (1806–1876)

SOLEMNE NOS JEJUNII

THE solemn season calls us now
A holy fast to keep;
And see within the temple how
Both priest and people weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

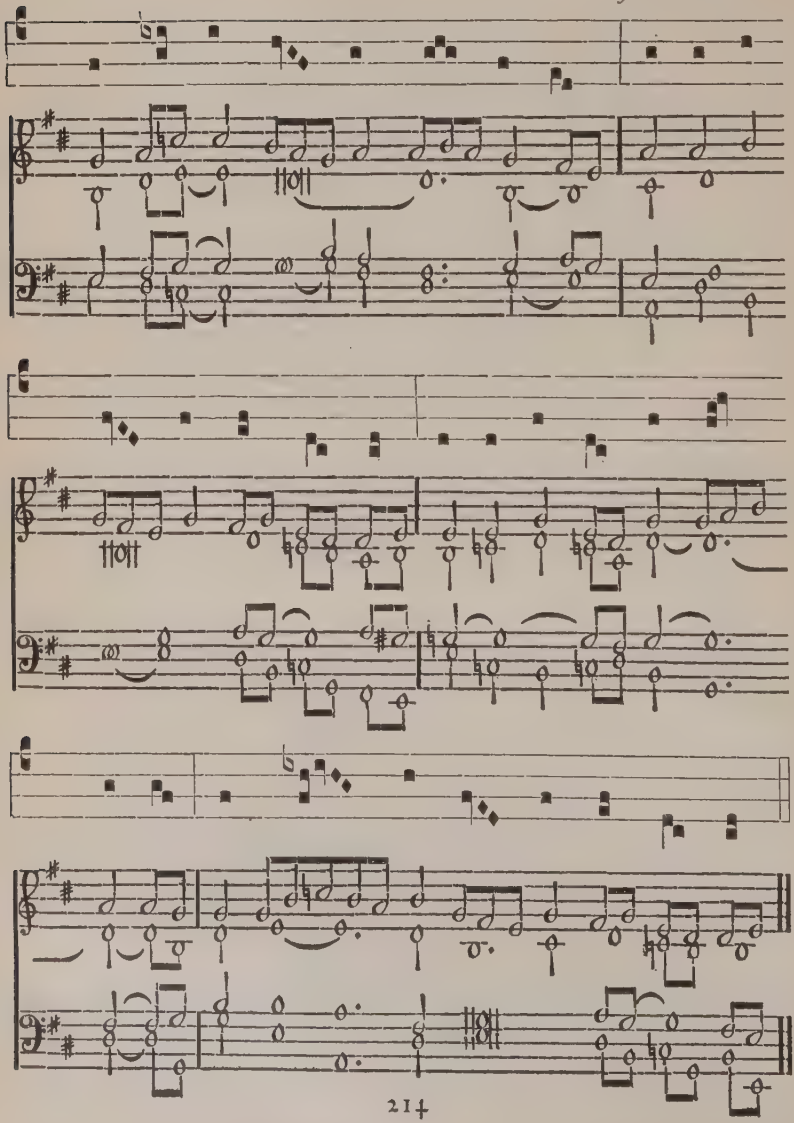
Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not from thee;
Thy stubborn soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

Oh let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.

O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us all we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,
To thee we humbly pray,
That fruits of mercy may appear
To bless this fasting-day.

85 (First Tune)

Sarum. Mode i
Set by Basil Harwood

85

Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (c. 530–609)
Trans. Anon. (1685)

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT

ABROAD the regal banners fly,
Now shines the cross's mystery;
Upon it Life did death endure,
And yet by death did life procure.

Pierced by a spear, to cleanse our hearts,
His side a sacred stream imparts;
Which issues in a double flood,
A stream of water and of blood.

That which the prophet-king of old
Hath in mysterious verse foretold
Is now accomplished, whilst we see
That God is reigning from the tree.

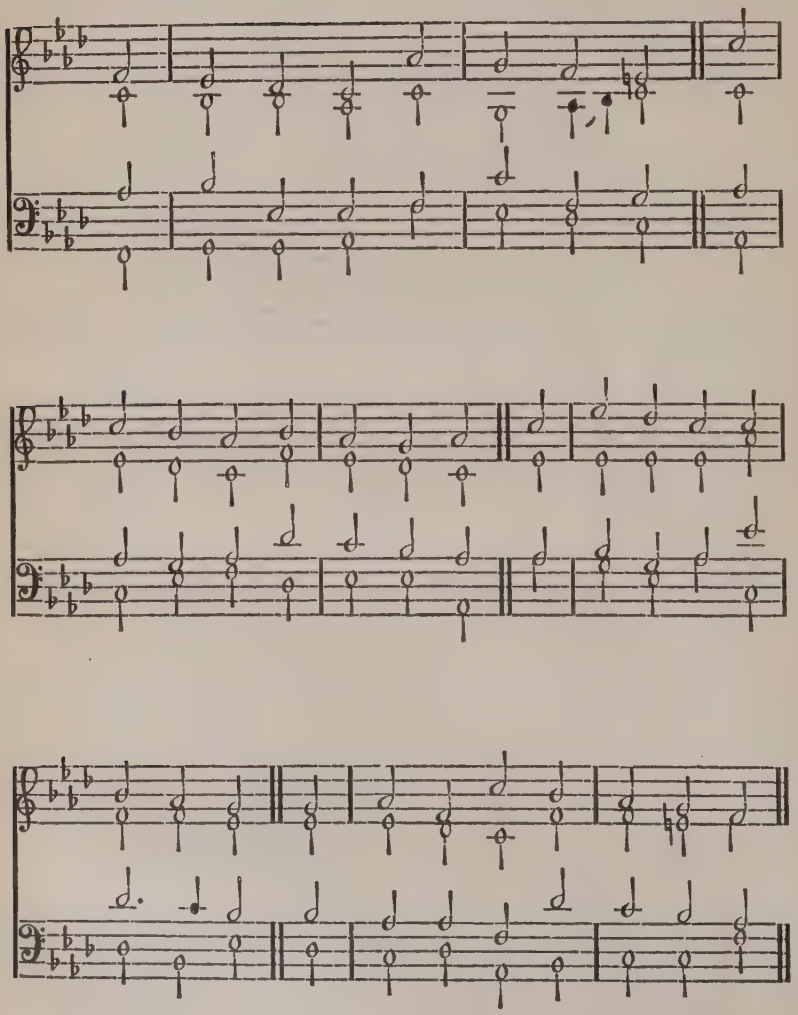
Blest tree, most sacred and divine,
Which dost in royal purple shine,
Supporting an Incarnate God,
And rendered holy by thy load.

Blest tree, whose happy branches bore
The wealth that did the world restore,
The balance which the price did weigh
That spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

Blest Trinity, life's source and spring,
May every soul thy praises sing!
Let those obtain a crown in heaven
To whom the cross hath conquest given.

85 (Second Tune)

St. Luke (L.M.) *Jeremiah Clark* (c. 1669–1707)



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Now shines the cross's mystery;
Upon it Life did death endure,
And yet by death did life procure.

Pierced by a spear, to cleanse our hearts,
His side a sacred stream imparts;
Which issues in a double flood,
A stream of water and of blood.

That which the prophet-king of old
Hath in mysterious verse foretold
Is now accomplished, whilst we see
That God is reigning from the tree.

Blest tree, most sacred and divine,
Which dost in royal purple shine,
Supporting an Incarnate God,
And rendered holy by thy load.

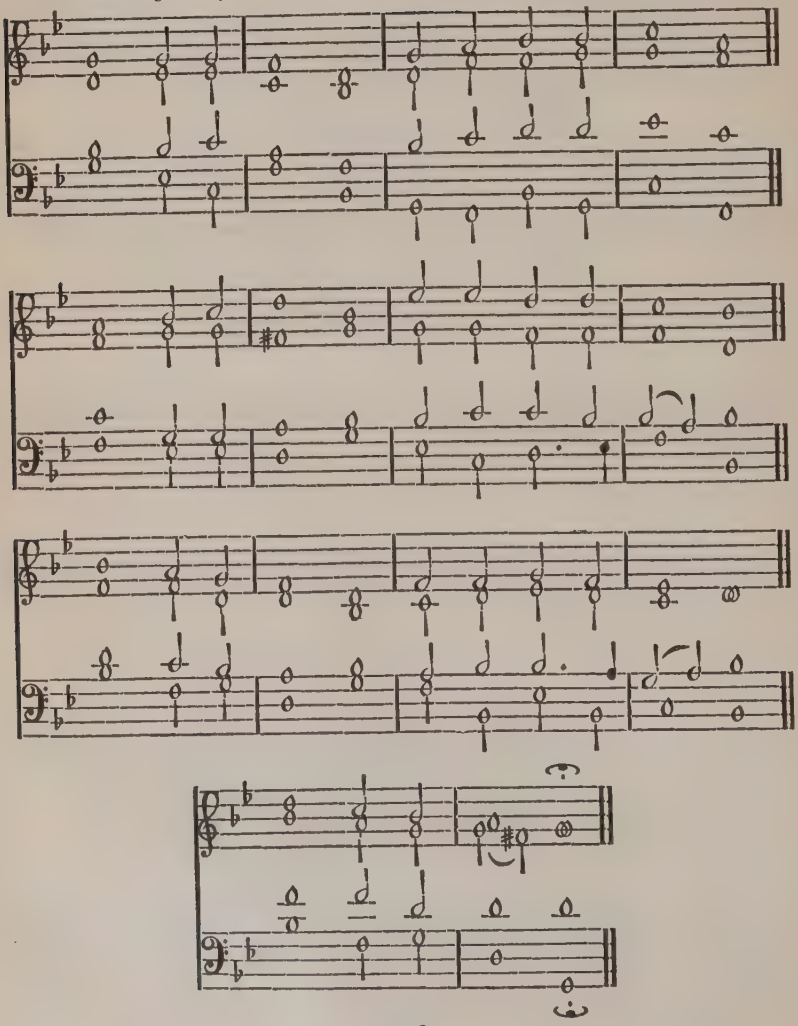
Blest tree, whose happy branches bore
The wealth that did the world restore,
The balance which the price did weigh
That spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

Blest Trinity, life's source and spring,
May every soul thy praises sing!
Let those obtain a crown in heaven
To whom the cross hath conquest given.

86

Original Melody
Johann Crüger (1598–1662)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge

HERZLIEBSTER JESU (I I I I. I I 5)



86

Johann Hermann (1630)
Trans. Yattendon Hymnal (1899)

HERZLIEBSTER JESU

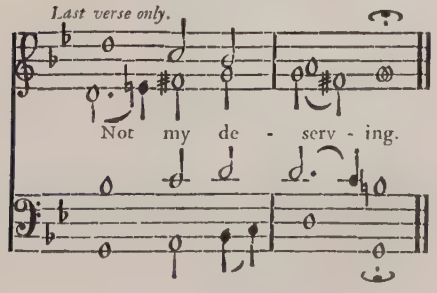
AH, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesu, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesu, I it was denied thee:
I crucified thee.

Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offer'd:
The slave hath sinnèd, and the Son hath suffer'd:
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

For me, kind Jesu, was thy Incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation:
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

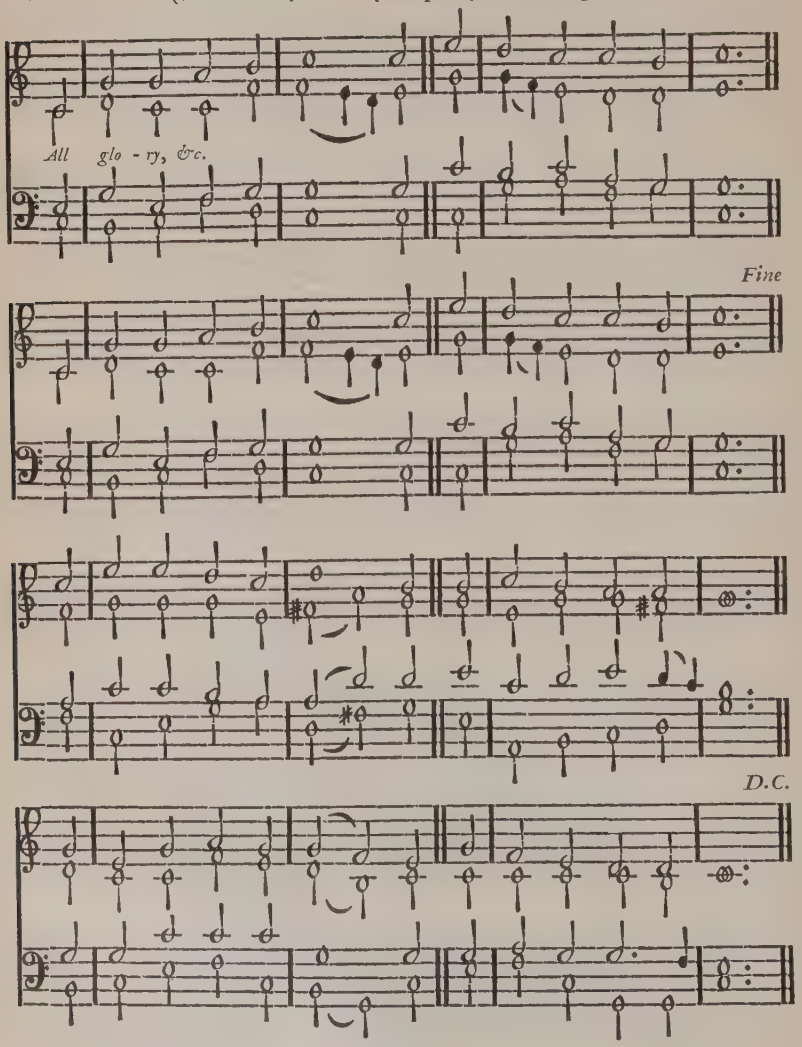
Therefore, kind Jesu, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.



87

ST. THEODULPH (76.76 D.)

William Byrd (c. 1542–1623)
(*Adapted from 'Sellenger's Round'*, 1580)



87

St. Theodulf of Orleans (*d.* 821)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

GLORIA, LAUS, ET HONOR

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the king of Israel,
Thou David's royal son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

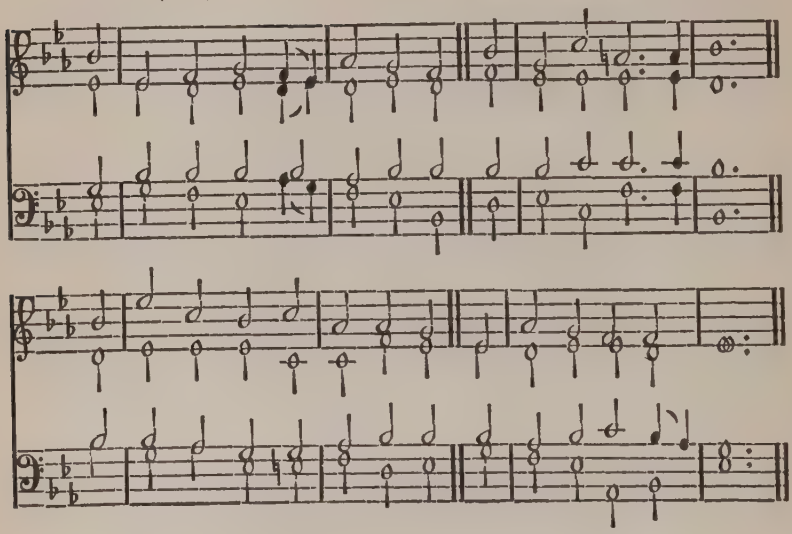
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

In hastening to thy passion
They raised their hymns of praise;
In reigning midst thy glory
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

88 (First Tune)

St. Bernard (c.m.) *John Richardson* (1816–1879)



Anon. (18*th cent.*)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878), *slightly altered*

Quicumque certum quaeritis

ALL ye who seek a certain cure
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress:

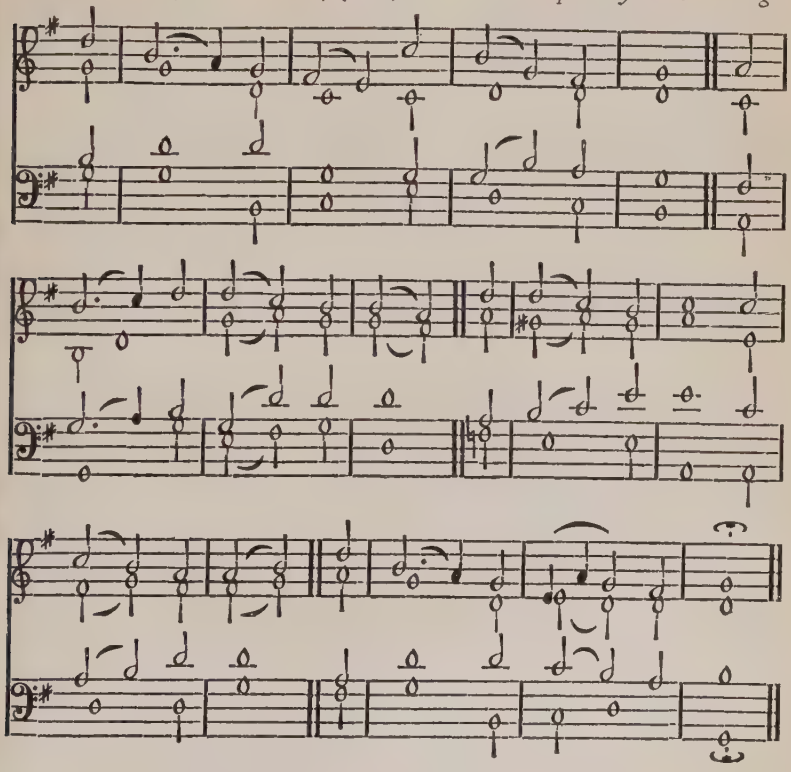
Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart;
Oh to that heart draw nigh.

Ye hear how kindly he invites;
Ye hear his words so blest;
'All ye that labour come to me,
And I will give you rest.'

88 (Second Tune)

Bishopthorpe (or St. Paul's) (c.m.)

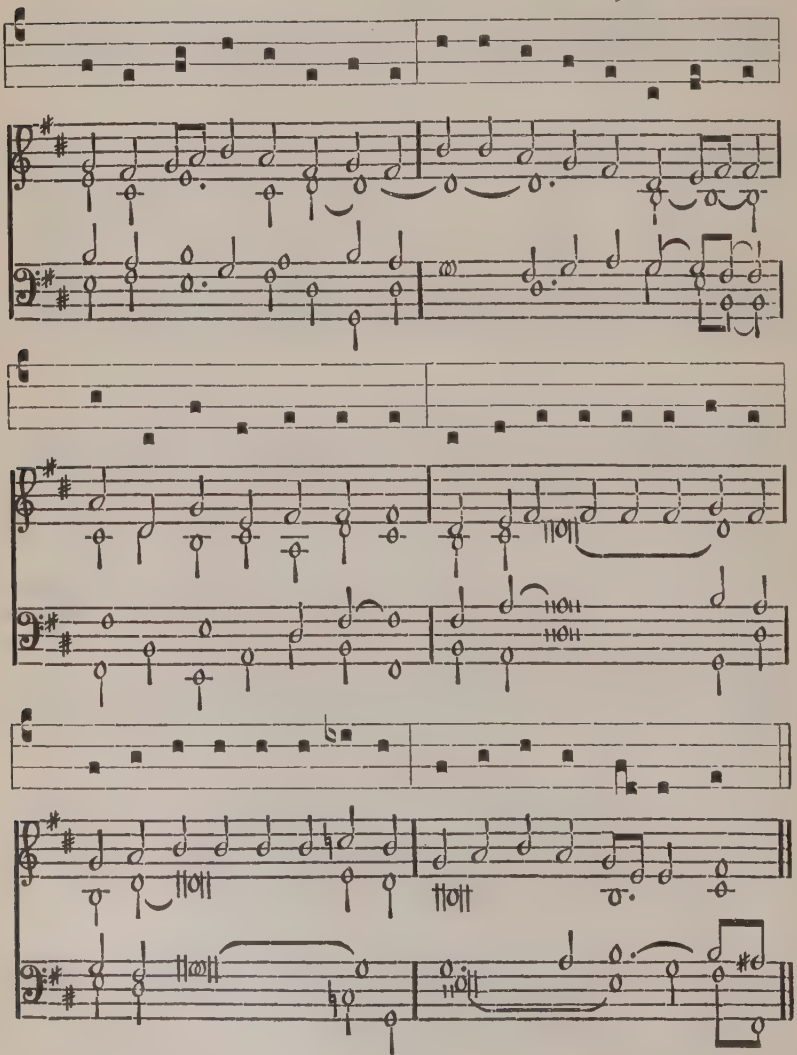
Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Mean parts by M. M. Bridges



O Jesus! joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words
To thee I lift my prayer.

Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from thee doth flow;
New grace, new hope inspire; a new
And better heart bestow.

89 (First Tune)

Mechlin. Mode iv
Set by Basil Harwood

89

Pope Innocent III? (*d.* 1216)
Trans. Richard Mant (1776–1848) *and others*

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

AT the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus at the last.
Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Now at length the sword hath passed.

Oh, that blessèd one, grief-laden,
Blessèd Mother, blessèd Maiden,
Mother of the all-holy One!
Oh, that silent, ceaseless mourning,
Oh, those dim eyes, never turning
From that wondrous, suffering Son!

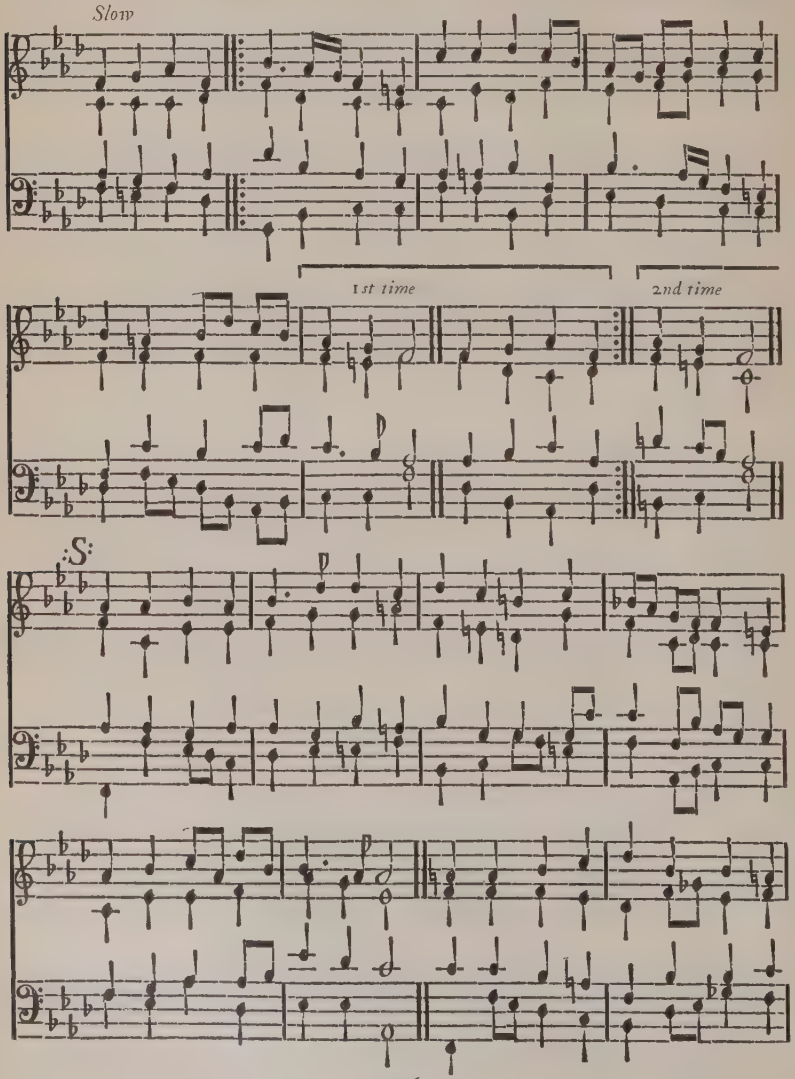
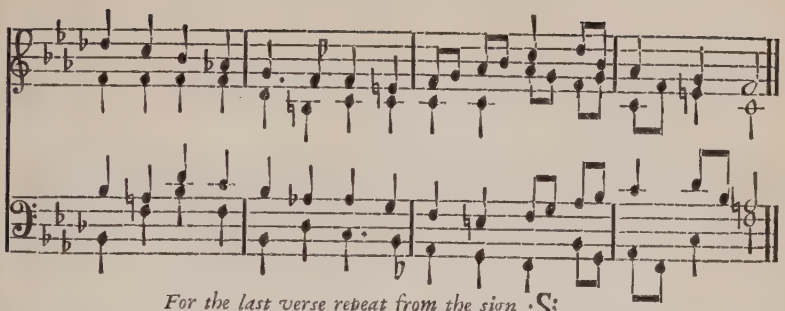
Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
In her trouble so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

In the passion of my Maker,
Be my sinful soul partaker,
May I bear with her my part;
Of his passion bear the token,
In a spirit bowed and broken
Bear his death within my heart.

Jesu, may thy cross defend me,
And thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by thy deathless grace:
When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to thee yearneth;
In thy Paradise a place.

89 (Second Tune)

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA (887.887)

Johann Philipp Kirnberger (1721–1783). *Harmonized by William Adair Pickard-Cambridge*



For the last verse repeat from the sign :S:

Pope Innocent III? (*d.* 1216)
Trans. Richard Mant (1776–1848) *and others*

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA

AT the Cross her station keeping,
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Through her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Now at length the sword hath passed.

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Blessèd Mother, blessèd Maiden,
Mother of the all-holy One!
Oh, that silent, ceaseless mourning,
Oh, those dim eyes, never turning
From that wondrous, suffering Son!

Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
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Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

In the passion of my Maker,
Be my sinful soul partaker,
May I bear with her my part;
Of his passion bear the token,
In a spirit bowed and broken
Bear his death within my heart.

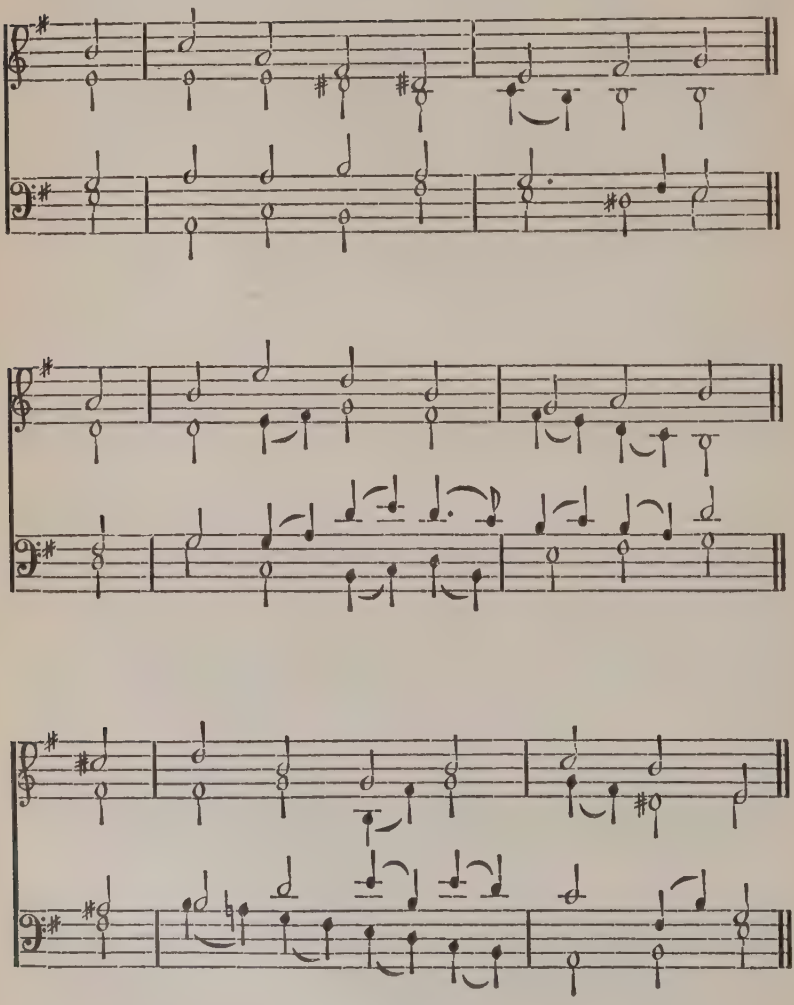
Jesu, may thy cross defend me,
And thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by thy deathless grace:
When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to thee yearneth
In thy Paradise a place.

90

WHEATLEY (888)

Basil Harwood (1859-)

Slow



90

Isaac Gregory Smith (1826–)

BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

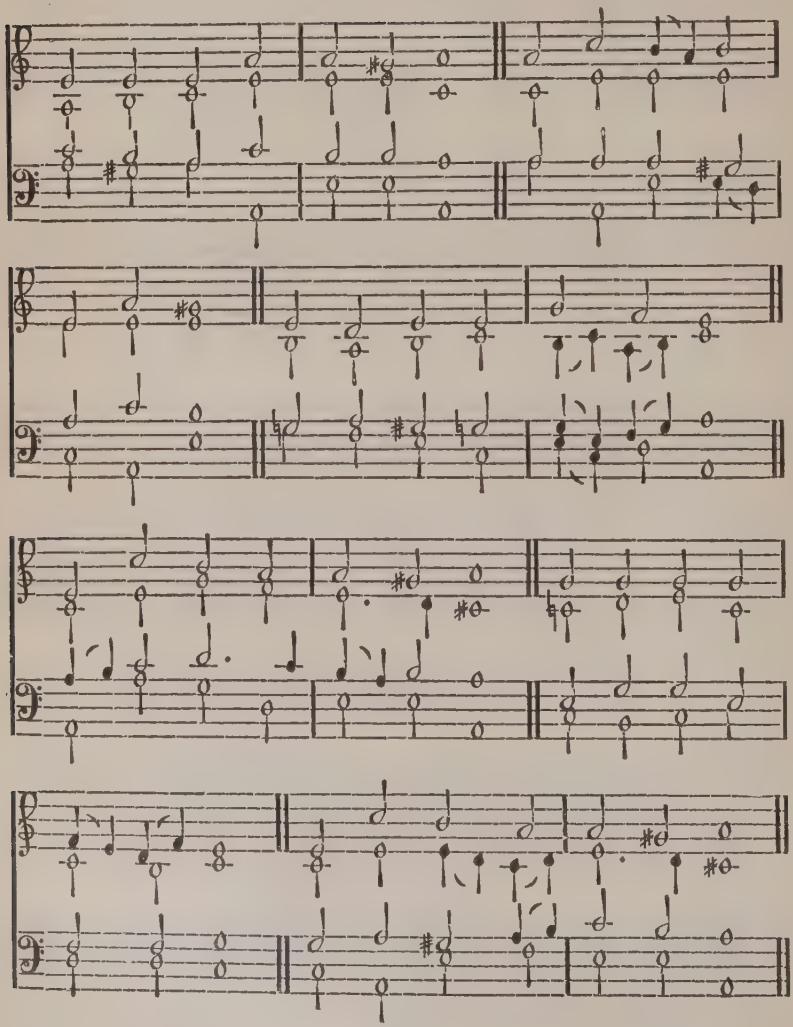
At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of him who all our sufferings bore.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest,
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

91

GETHSEMANE (77.77.77) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



91

James Montgomery (1771–1854)

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn from him to watch and pray.

See him at the judgement-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
See him meekly bearing all;
Love to man his soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

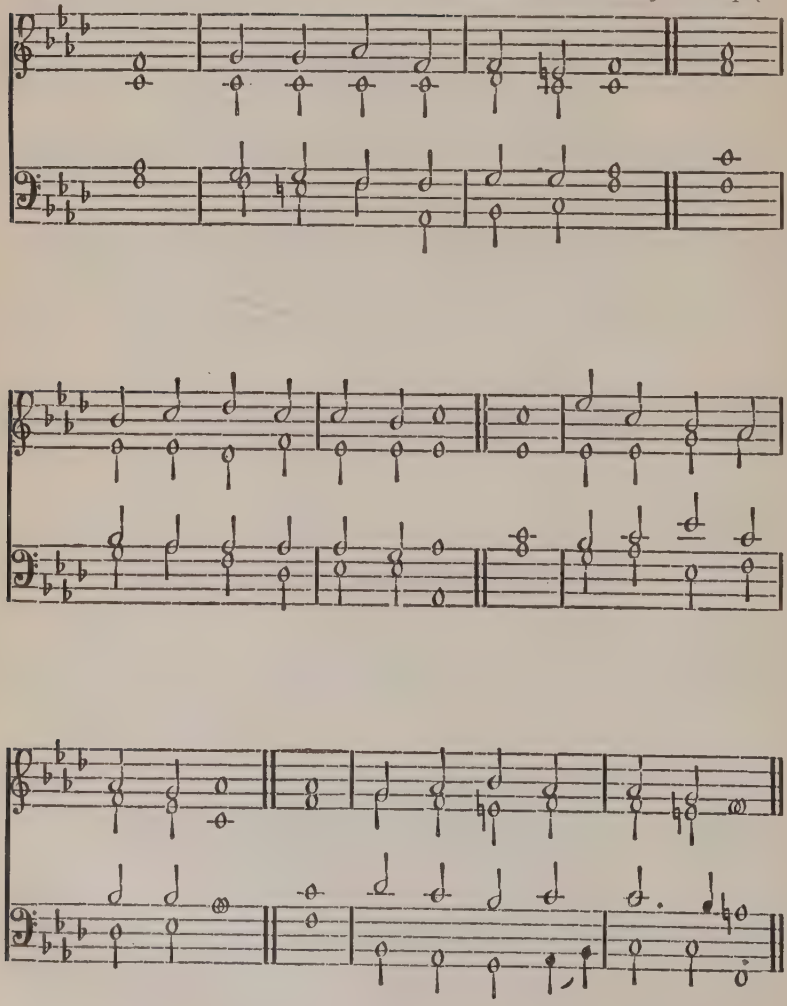
Calvary's mournful mountain view:
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursèd tree;
'It is finished', hear his cry;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
Angels kept their vigils there;
Who hath taken him away?
'Christ is risen!' he seeks the skies;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

92

John Playford (1623-c. 1686)
from Playford's Folio Psalter (1672)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

PLAYFORD (L.M.)



92

William Walsham How (1823–1897)

LORD Jesu, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon thy holy cross,
In love of thee, and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!

When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

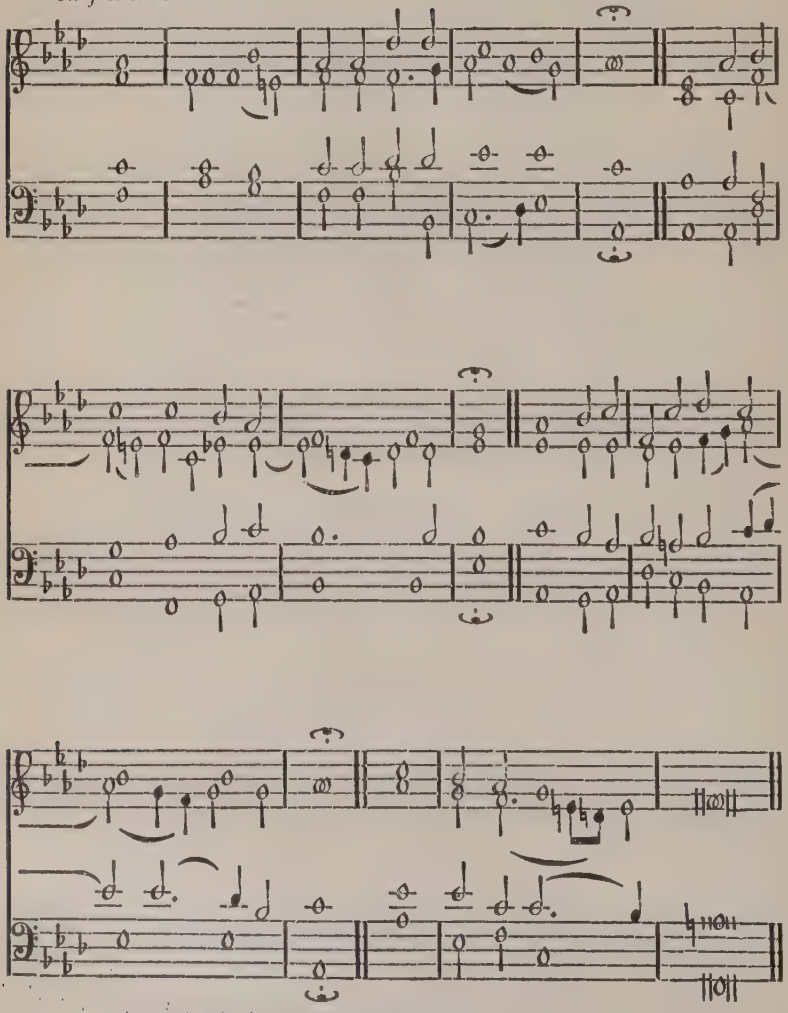
Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

93

GENEVAN PSALM 22 (1010. 105)

In free time

Louis Bourgeois (1549)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



93

Tattendon Hymnal (1899) *Psalm xxii*

MY God, my God, why dost thou me forsake?
All day I cry, by night no rest I take.
To my complaint wilt thou no answer make?
O God almighty.

On thee, O God, our fathers put their trust;
They called on thee, they found thee good and just;
Why hast thou me far from thy presence thrust?
O God almighty.

See thou, oh see, in misery profound,
In dark despair, by foes encompassed round,
In depth of care I lie, in sorrows drowned,
O God almighty.

Scorn not, scorn not my soul that hopes in thee:
Show me thy light, that I thy beauty see;
My terror kill, be gracious unto me,
O God almighty.

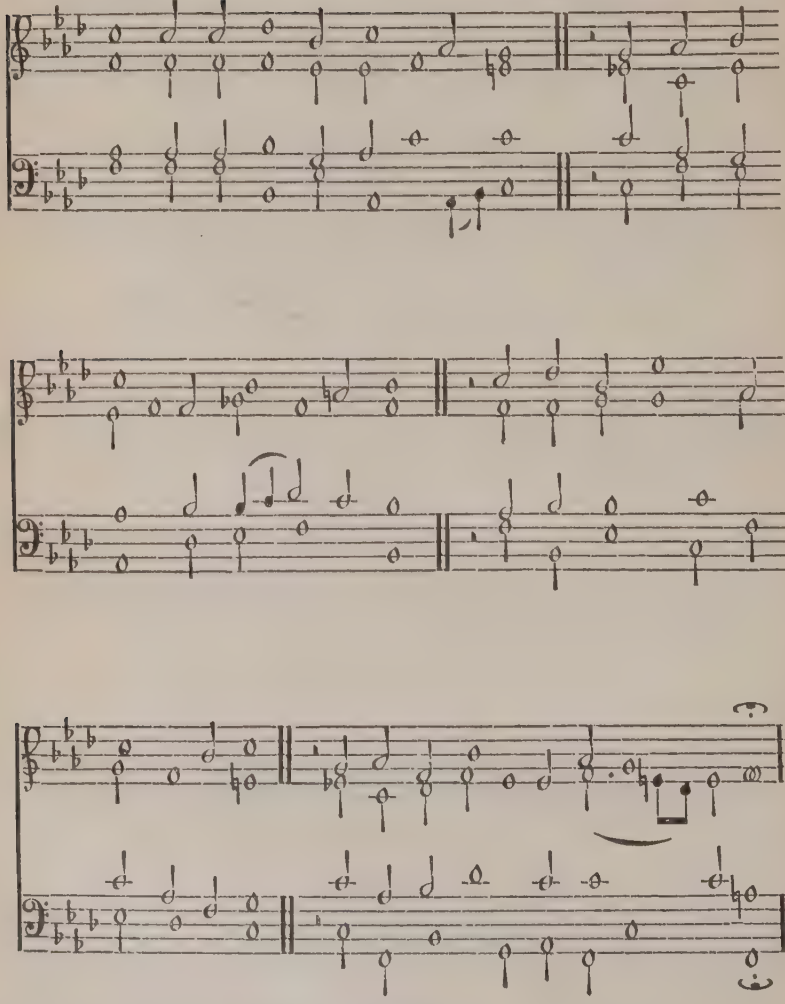
My God, my God, my prayer doth thee embrace:
Oh look on me, and by thy saving grace
Grant me to see the brightness of thy face,
O God almighty.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE LIBRARY

94

SONG 5 (L M.)
In free time

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
Mean parts by M. M. Bridges



94

Anon. (*15th cent.*)
and Yattendon Hymnal (1899)

O PRINCE of Peace, who man wast born
That thou might'st die to succour us,
My foolish tears do not thou scorn,
But be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

Forgive my fears, my wretched moan;
For me it was thou wroughtest thus;
Thou madest God and man at one:
So be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

For all thou wouldst make friend of foe,
Yet will my sin torment me thus:
My heavy guilt hath laid me low:
But be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

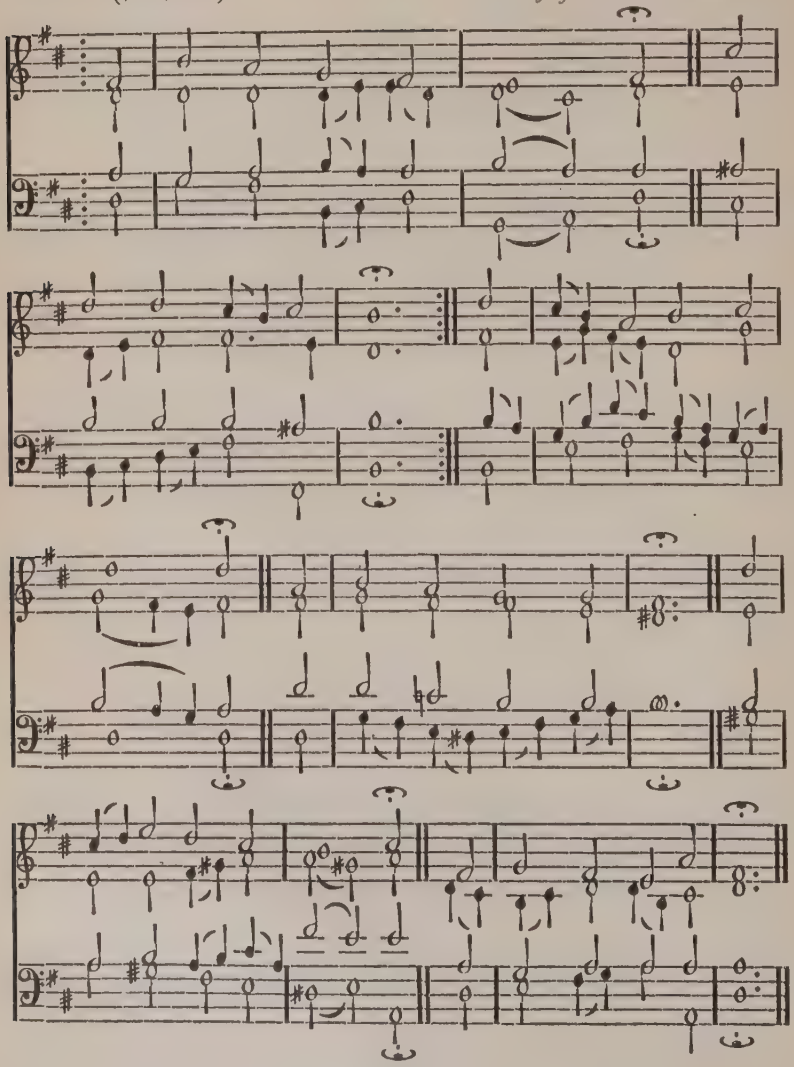
Give courage now to meet my strife;
Let me not lie in languor thus:
Raise me again to better life,
And be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

And when to die it is my day,
Thou, on the cross that diedst for us,
Leave me not then in that hard fray,
But be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

95

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden (76.76 D.)

Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612)
Set by Johann Sebastian Bach



95

Paulus Gerhardt (1607–1676)
Trans. Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden

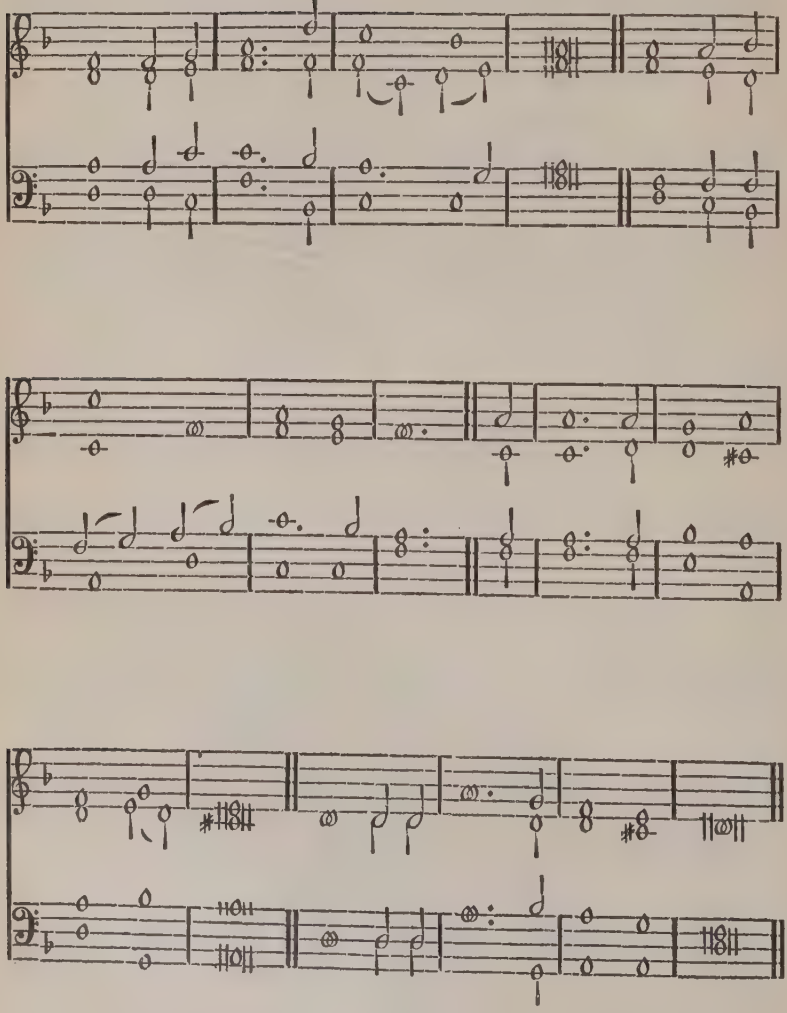
O SACRED head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving thee of life;
Oh agony and dying!
Oh love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
Turn thou thy face on me.

In this thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion;
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
And with thy presence blest.

96

ST. CROSS (L.M.) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



96

Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)

OH come and mourn with me awhile;
See, Mary calls us to her side;
Oh come and let us mourn with her:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently he hangs:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

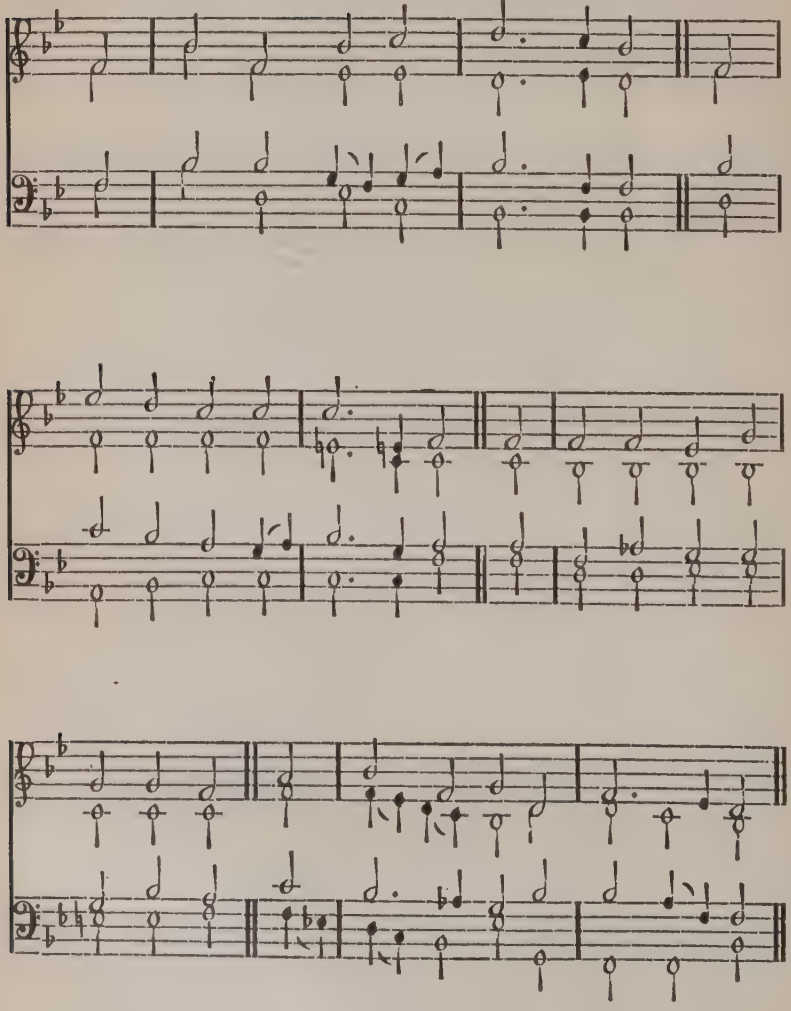
Seven times he spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
For he, our Love, is crucified.

97 (First Tune)

St. Drostane (L.M.) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



97

Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868)

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

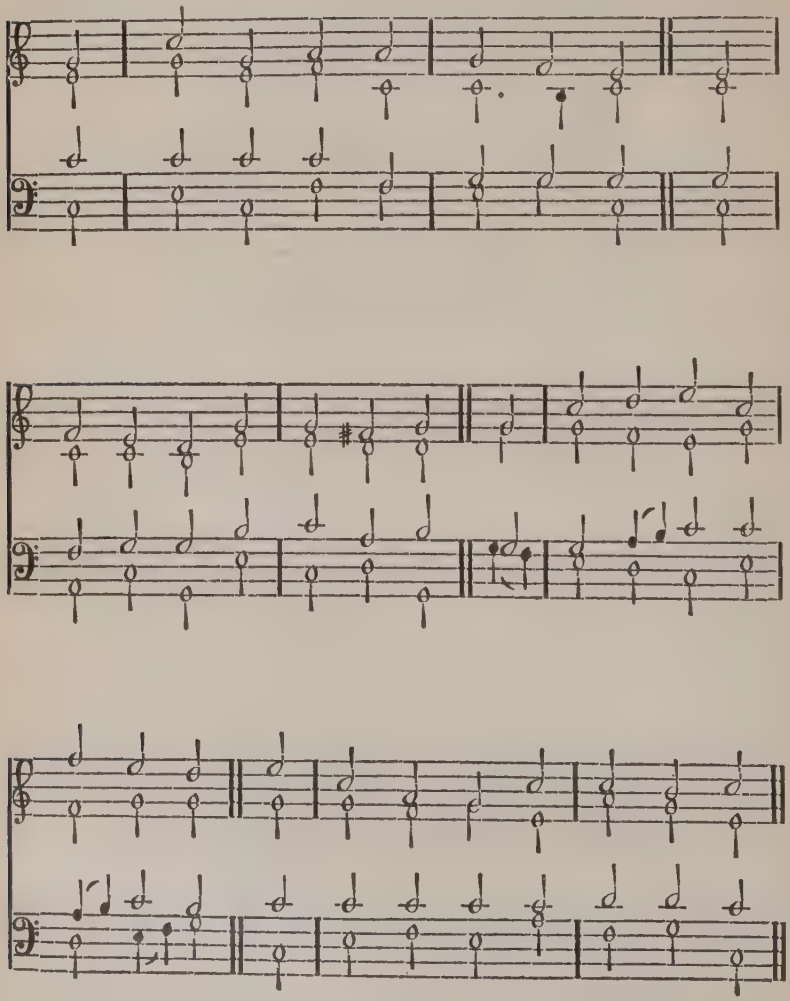
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

97 (Second Tune)

WINCHESTER NEW (L.M.)

? Crasselius (1667–1724)
Musikalisches Handbuch, Hamburg (1690)



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Expects his own anointed Son.

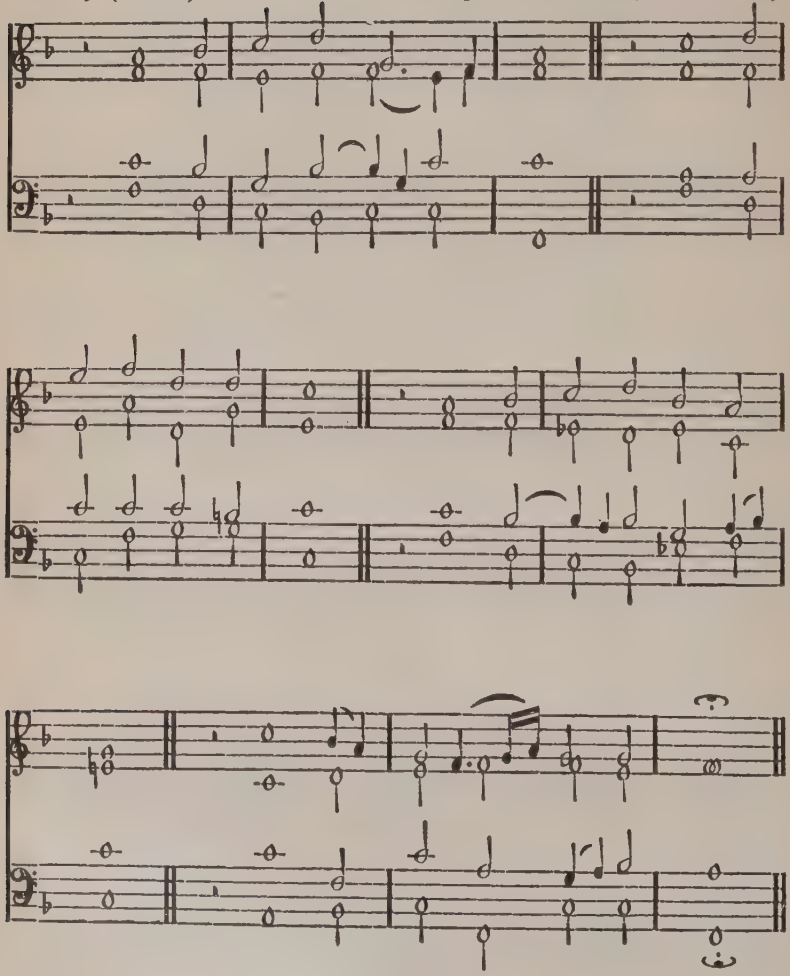
Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

98 (First Tune)

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)

Song 13 (77.77)

Mean parts by Frederick A. G. Ouseley



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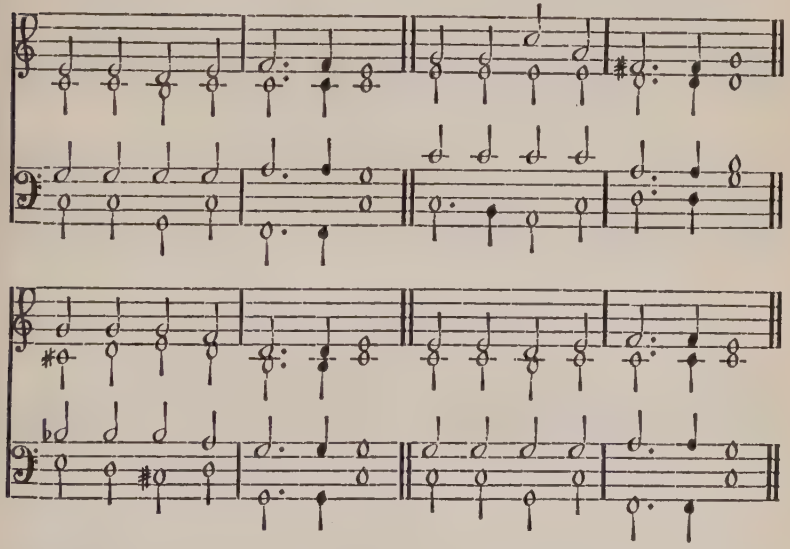
98 (Second Tune)

Redhead No. 47 (77.77) *Richard Redhead* (1820–1901)



Richard Mant (1776–1848)

SEE the destined day arise!
See, a willing sacrifice,
To redeem our fatal loss
Jesus hangs upon the cross!

Who but thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

Jesu, who but thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing thy life of woe?

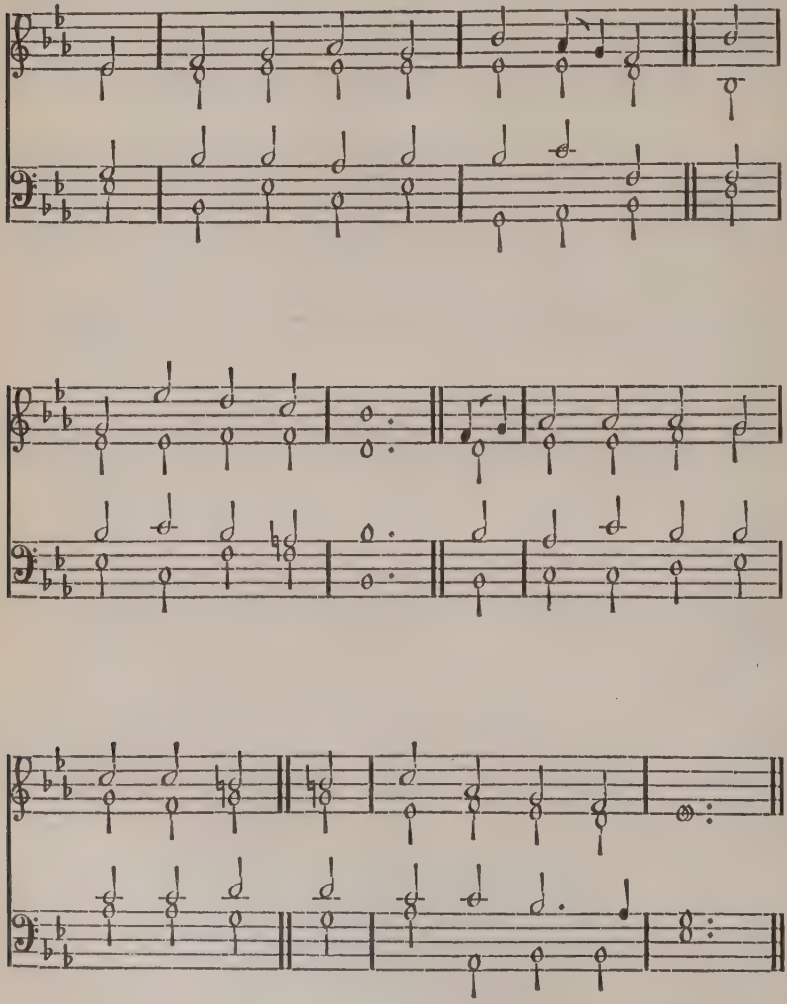
Thence poured forth the water flowed,
Mingled from thy side with blood,
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

99

HORSLEY (C.M.)

William Horsley (1774–1858)



99

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895)

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

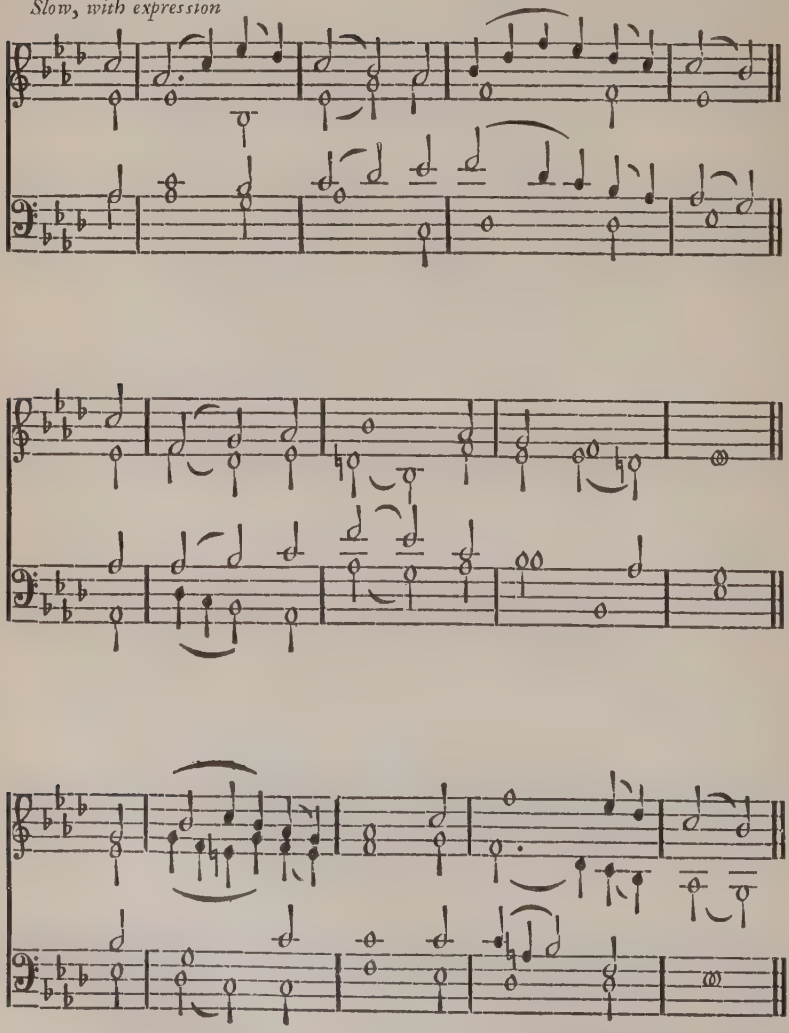
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

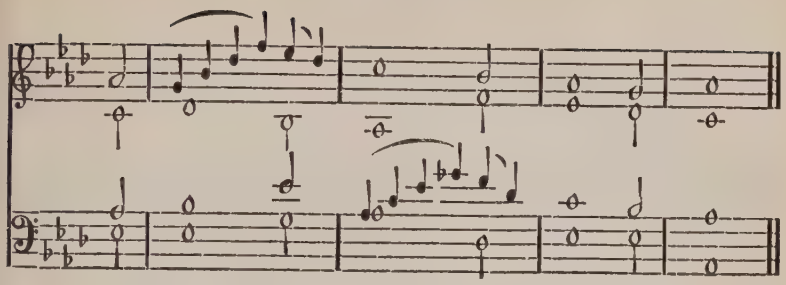
100

DOMINE, PROBASTI (L.M.) *Alfred Pettet* (c. 1785–c. 1845)

Slow, with expression



PASSION



Thomas Kelly (1769–1854)

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, 'God is Love;'
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

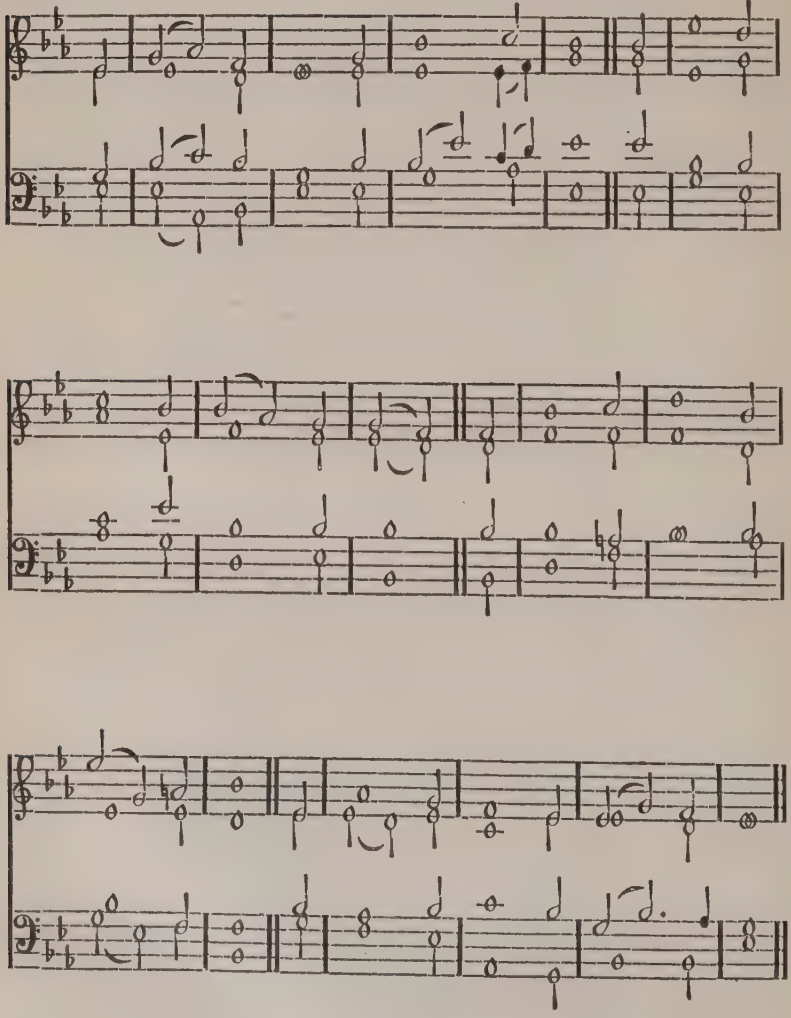
The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up,
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

101

ROCKINGHAM (L.M.) *Edward Miller* (1731–1807)



101

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

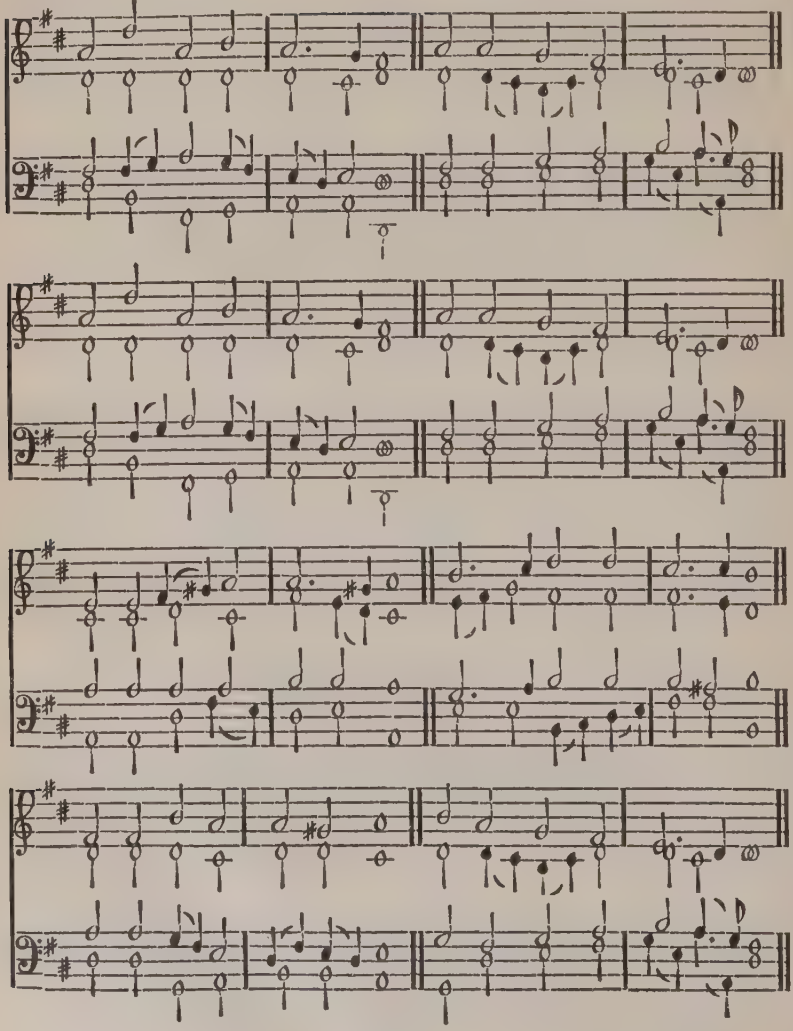
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

102

SALZBURG (77.77.D.)

Jakob Hintze (1622–1702)
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach

102

Anon.
Trans. Robert Campbell (1814–1868)

AD REGIAS AGNI DAPES

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercèd side;
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives the guests his blood for wine,
Gives his body for the feast,
Love the victim, Love the priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword:
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Christ, the Lamb whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread,
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

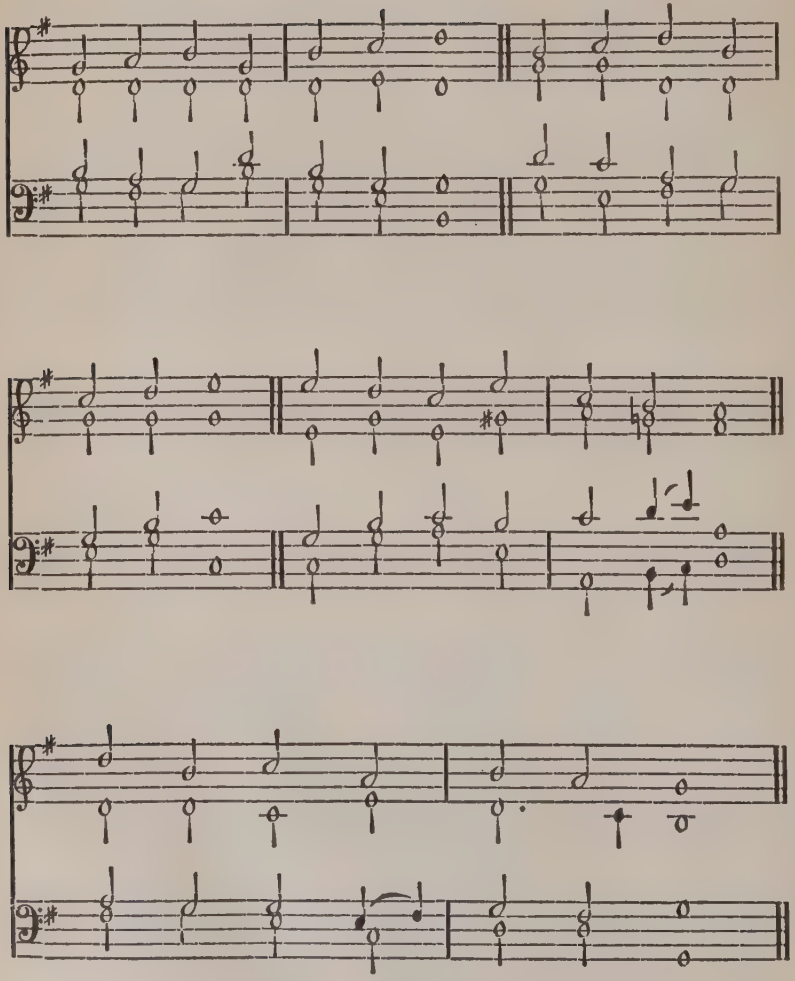
Mighty Victim from on high,
Powers of hell beneath thee lie;
Death is broken in the fight;
Thou hast brought us life and light.
Now thy banner thou dost wave,
Conquering Satan and the grave:
See the prince of darkness quelled;
Heaven's bright gates are open held.

Paschal triumph, Paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From sin's death do thou set free
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
Ever with the Spirit be.

103

Henry Lawes (1595–1662)
From Sandys' Paraphrase, 1636
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

AXMINSTER (77.77)



103

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

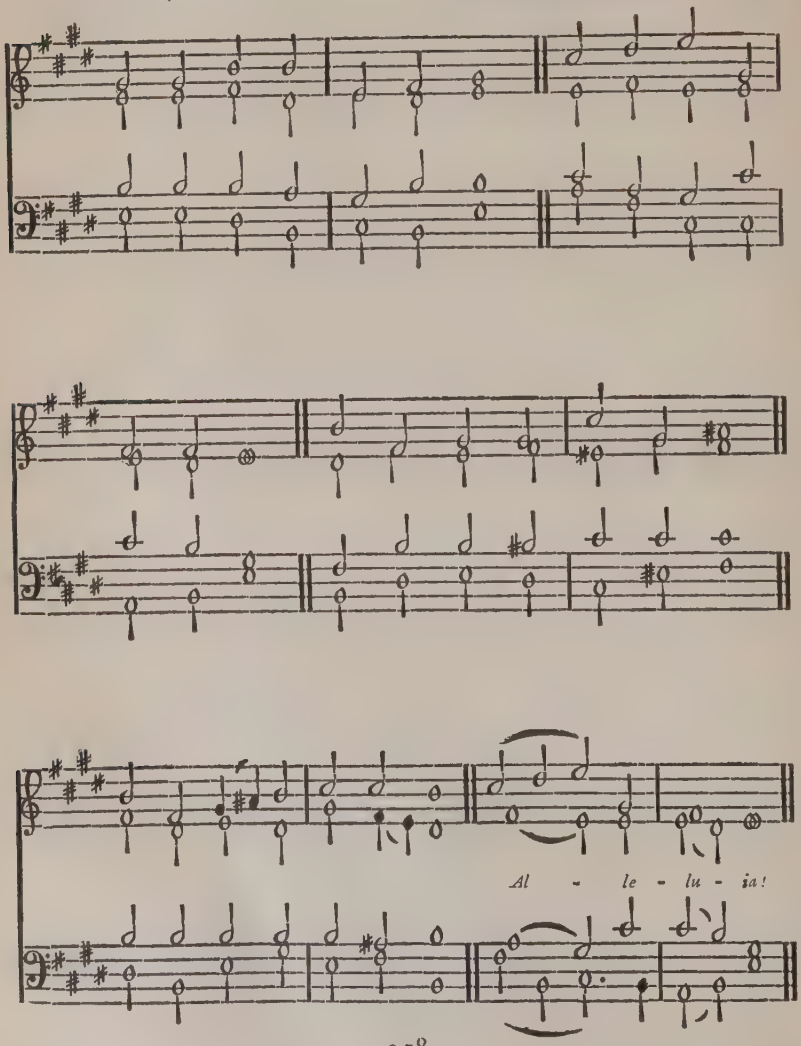
Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection thou!

104

WURTEMBURG (77.774) *Johann Rosenmüller* (1615–1686)



104

Michael Weisse (1480–1534)
Trans. Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)

CHRISTUS IST ERSTANDEN

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say

He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry.

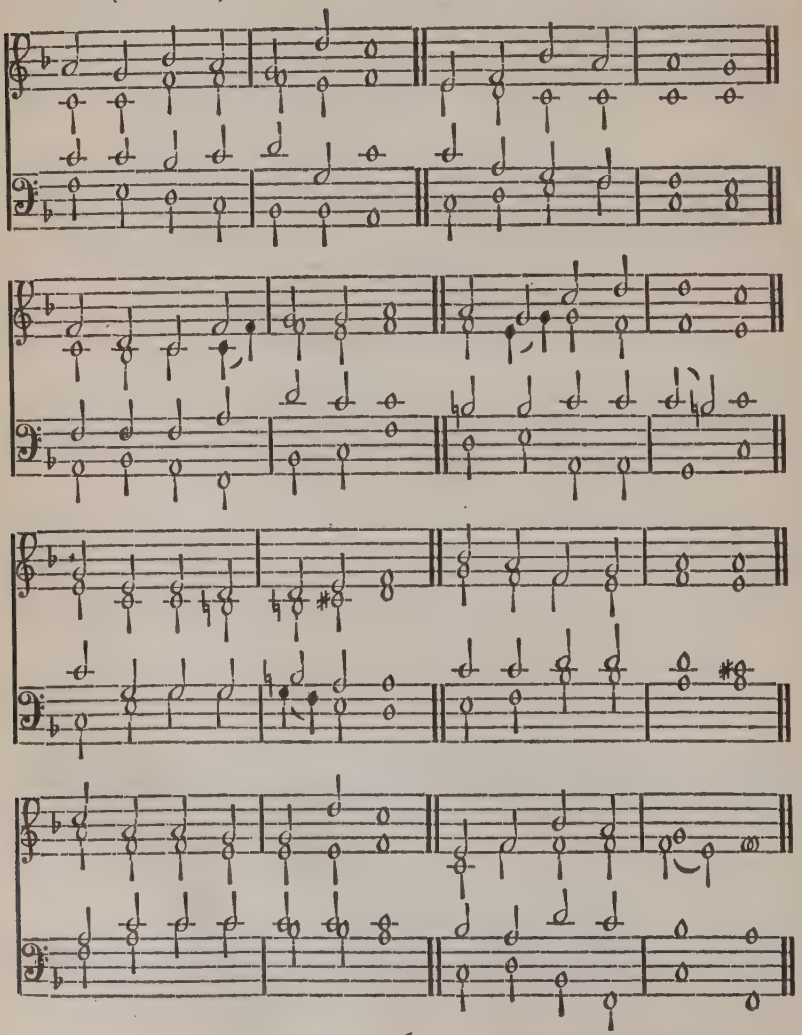
He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.

Now he bids us speak the word
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluia!

105

MARTYRS (76.76 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



105

St. John Damascene (c. 750)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Αἴσωμεν πάντες λαοί

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

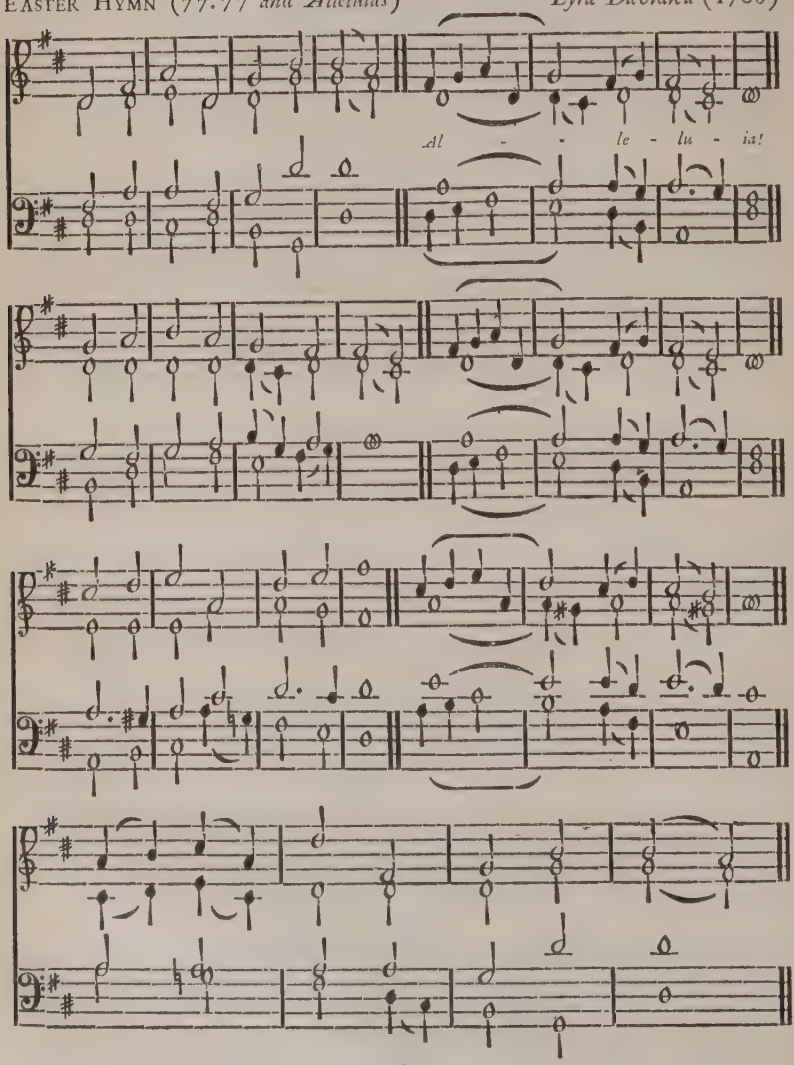
Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

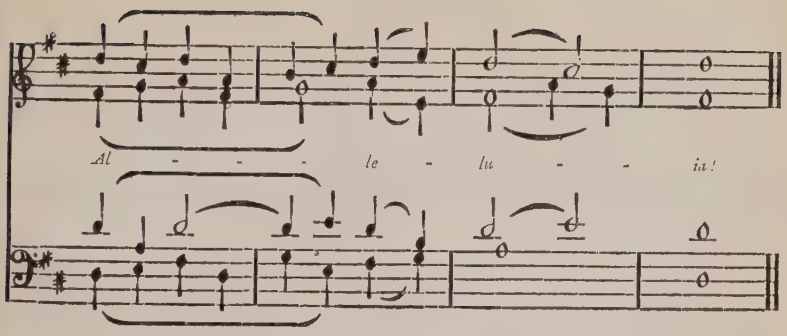
Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

106

EASTER HYMN (77.77 *and Alleluias*)

Modern form of melody in
Lyra Davidica (1708)





Anon. (*13th cent.?*)
Trans. Anon. (1708 *and* 1816) *and*
Charles Wesley (1740)

SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE

JESUS Christ is risen to day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once, upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly king,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

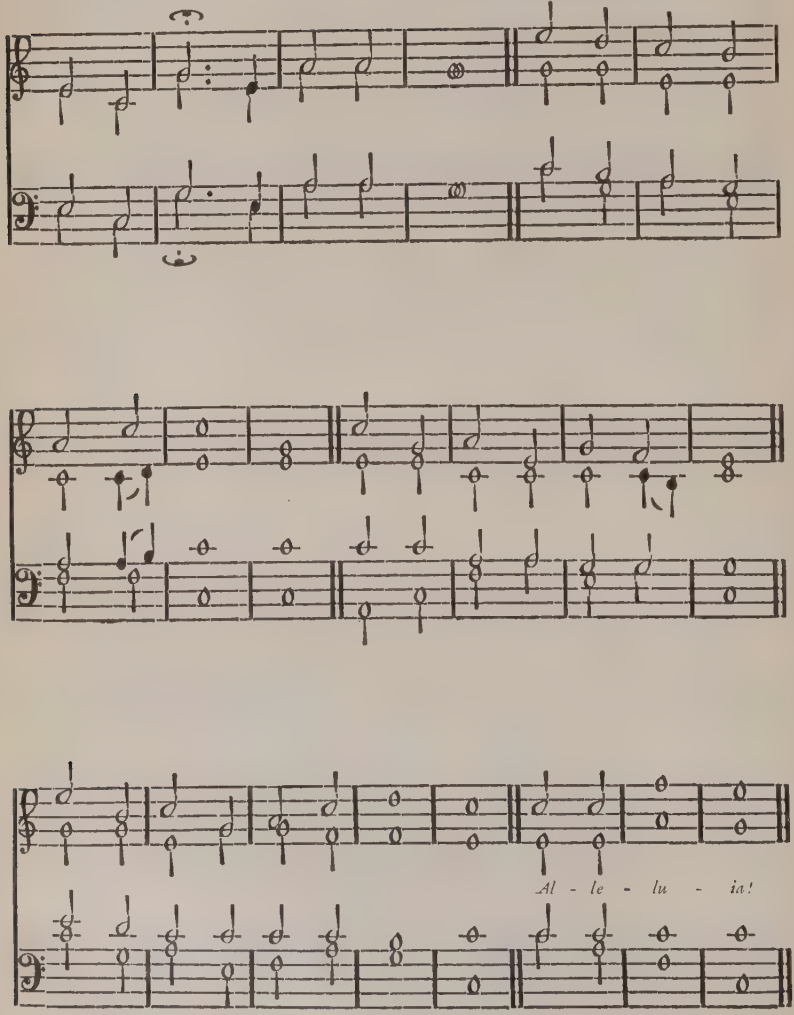
But the pain which he endured
Our salvation has procured;
Now above the sky he 's king,
Where the angels ever sing.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia!

107

ST. ALBINUS (78.784) *Henry John Gauntlett* (1805–1876)



107

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715–1769)
Trans. Frances Elizabeth Cox (1812–1897)

JESUS LEBT

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

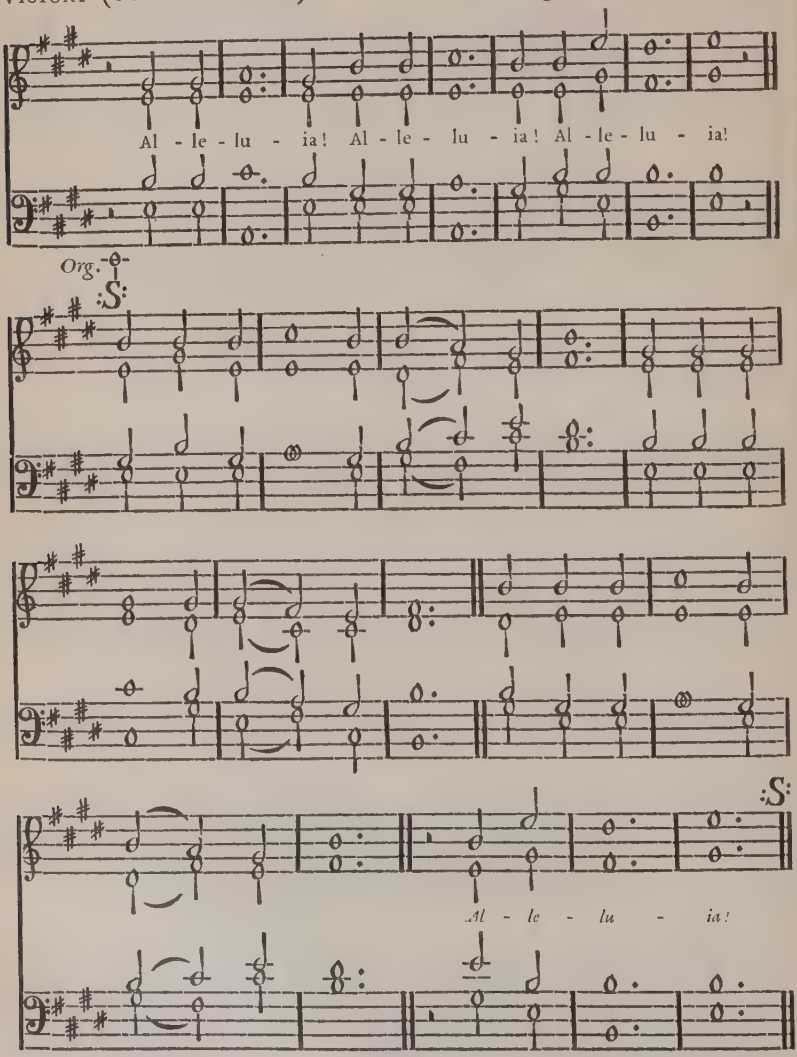
Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.

Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

108

VICTORY (888 *and Alleluias*)

Adapted from Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina (*d.* 1594)



108

Anon. (*18th cent.?*)
Trans. Francis Pott (1832–)

FINITA JAM SUNT PROELIA

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
Oh let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.

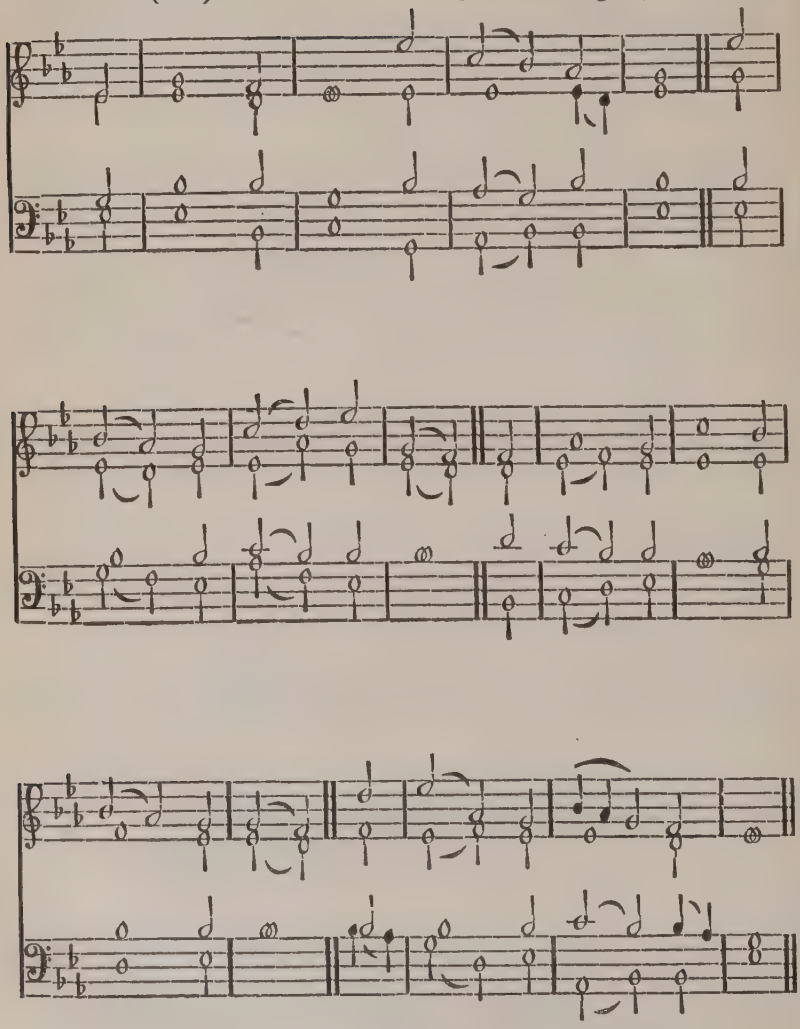
On the third morn he rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
Oh let us swell the joyful strain.

He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

109

MANCHESTER (C.M.) *Robert Wainwright* (1748–1782)



109

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)

YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs;
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain:

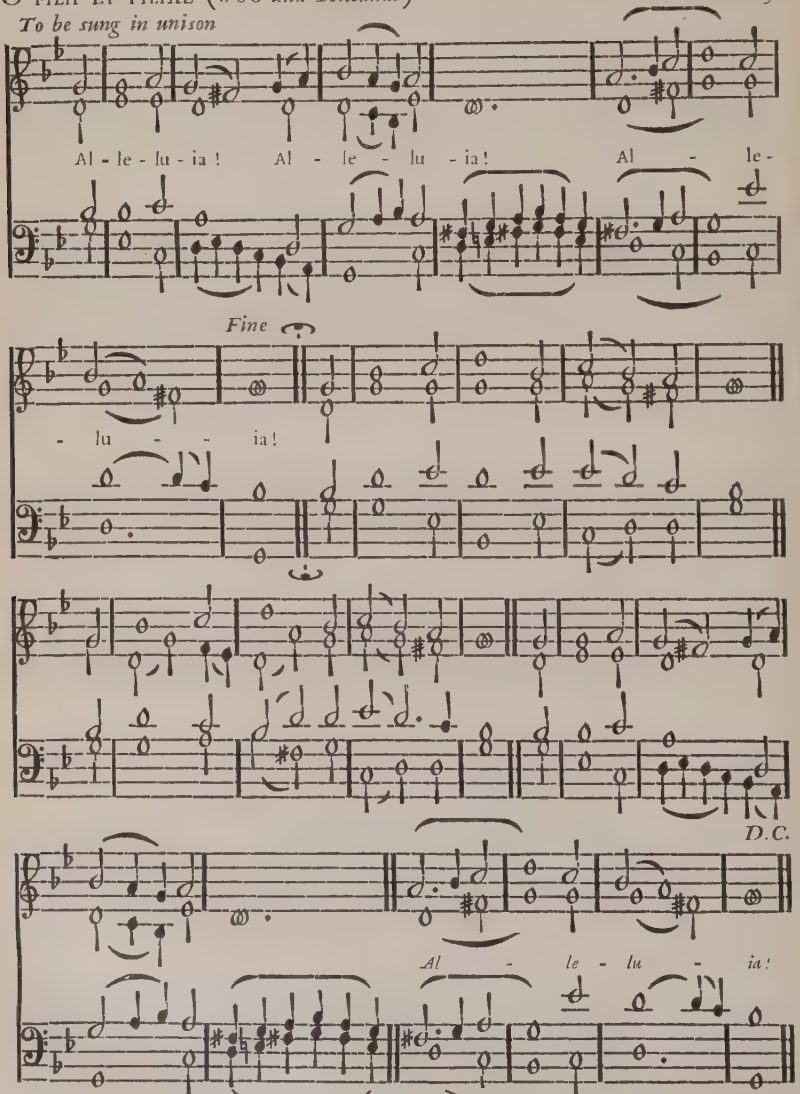
High o'er the angelic bands he rears
His once dishonoured head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

110

O FILII ET FILIAE (888 *and Alleluias*)

Modern form of Old French Melody

To be sung in unison



110

Anon. (*17th cent.*)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

O FILII ET FILIAE

YE sons and daughters of the King,
Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
To-day the grave hath lost its sting.

Alleluia!

On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
They went their buried Lord to seek.

Both Mary, as it came to pass,
And Mary Magdalene it was,
And Mary, wife of Cleophas.

An angel clad in white was he
That sate and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord is gone to Galilee.'

When John the apostle heard the fame,
He to the tomb with Peter came:
But in the way outran the same.

That night the apostles met in fear:
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'Peace be unto all here.'

When Thomas afterward had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.

'Thomas, behold my side,' saith he;
'My hands, my feet, my body see;
And doubt not, but believe in me.'

No longer Thomas then denied:
He saw the hands, the feet, the side;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.

Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been:
In life eternal they shall reign.

On this most holy day of days,
Be laud and jubilee and praise:
To God both hearts and voices raise.

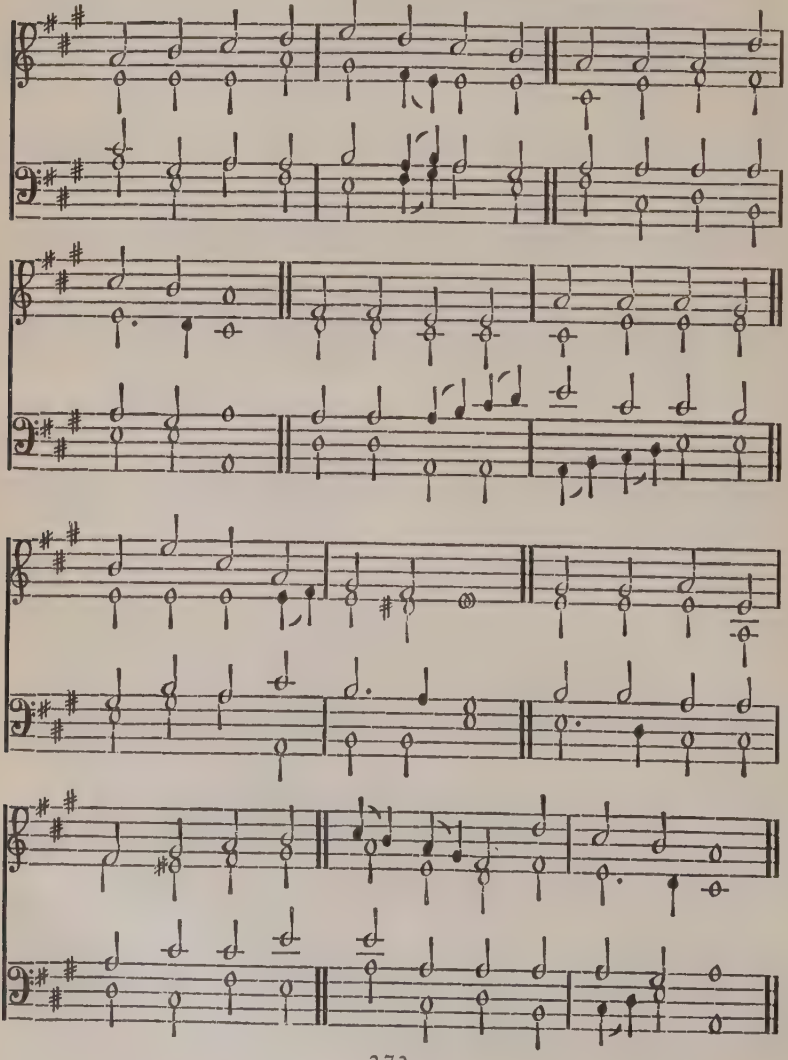
And we with holy Church unite,
As is both meet and just and right,
In glory to the King of light.

Alleluia!

ASCENSION

III (First Tune)

Alleluia dulce carmen (87.87.87) *Webbe's Church Music* (1791)



III

Job Hupton (1762–1849)
and John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

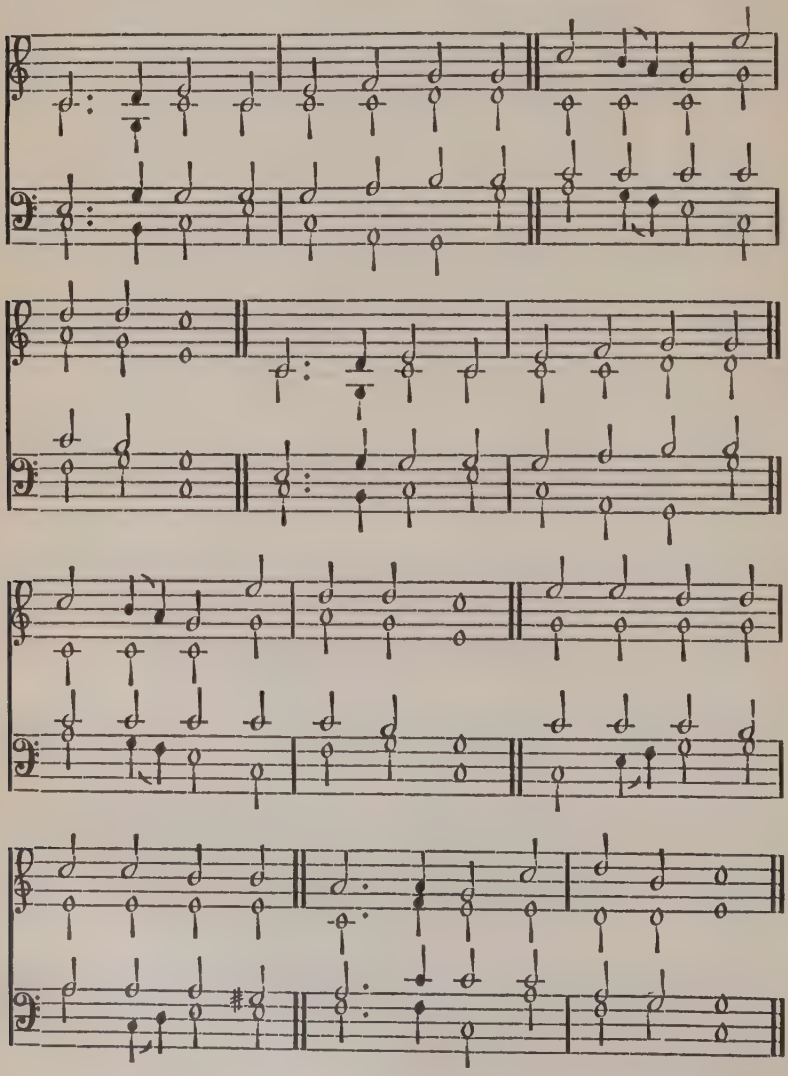
Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Forced the Lord of life to die,
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.

Now on these eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
With the ceaseless alleluyas
Which they raise, the sons of light;
Sion's people tell his praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day;
He the Lamb once slain is worthy,
Who was dead, and lives for ay.

III (Second Tune)

Unser Herrscher (87.87.87) *Joachim Neander* (1610–1680)



III

Job Hupton (1762–1849)
and John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

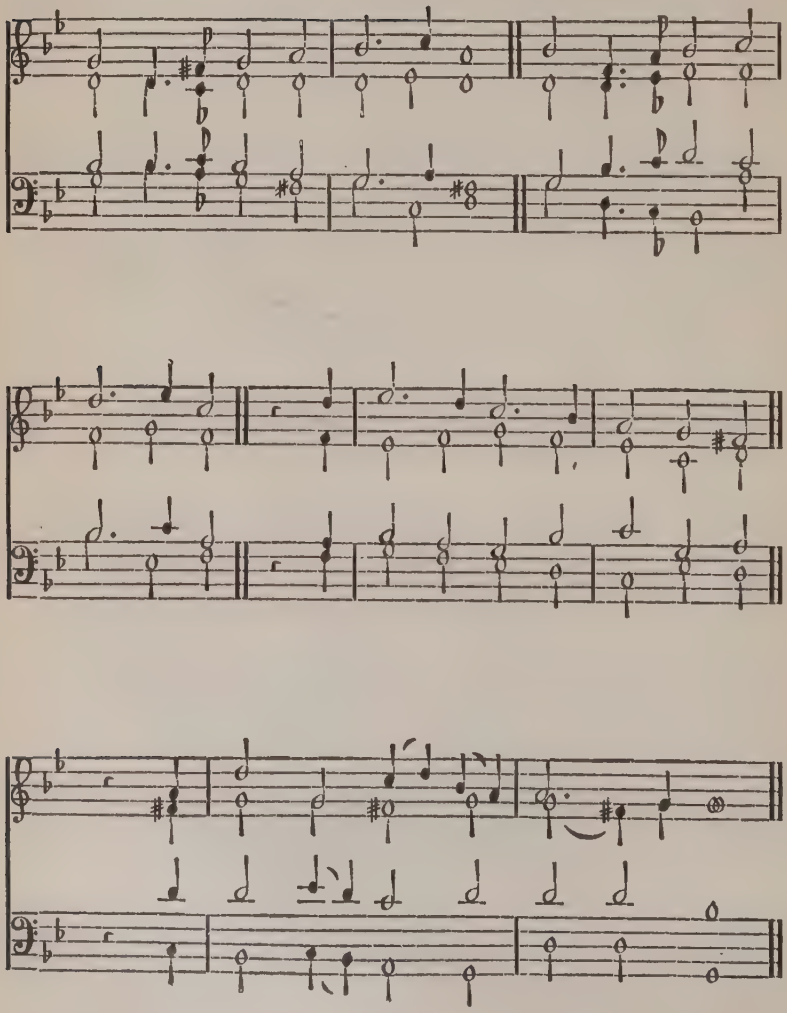
Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Forced the Lord of life to die,
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.

Now on these eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,
With the ceaseless alleluyas
Which they raise, the sons of light;
Sion's people tell his praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day;
He the Lamb once slain is worthy,
Who was dead, and lives for ay.

112

CANNONS (L.M.) *George Frederick Handel* (1685–1759)



112

Henry More (1614–1687)

GOD is ascended up on high
With merry noise of trumpet's sound,
And princely seated in the sky,
Rules over all the world around.

For suffering in human flesh
For all, he rich redemption wrought,
And will with lasting life refresh
His heritage so dearly bought.

In human flesh and shape he went,
Adornèd with his passion's scars,
Which in heaven's sight he did present
More glorious than the glittering stars.

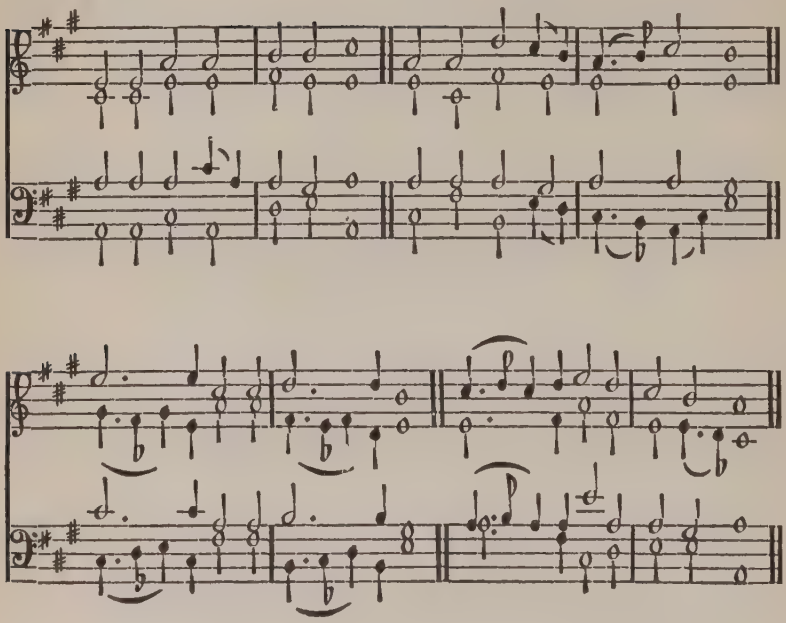
Lord, raise our sinking minds therefore
Up to our proper country dear,
And purify us evermore,
To fit us for those regions clear;

That when he shall return again
In clouds of glory as he went,
Our souls no foulness may retain,
But be found pure and innocent;

And so may mount to his bright hosts
On eagles' wings up to the sky,
And be conducted to the coasts
Of everlasting bliss and joy.

113

HARTS (77.77) *Benjamin Milgrove* (c. 1731–1810)



Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

HAIL the day that sees him rise
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven!

There the pompous triumph waits:
'Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!'

ASCENSION

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of glory in!

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

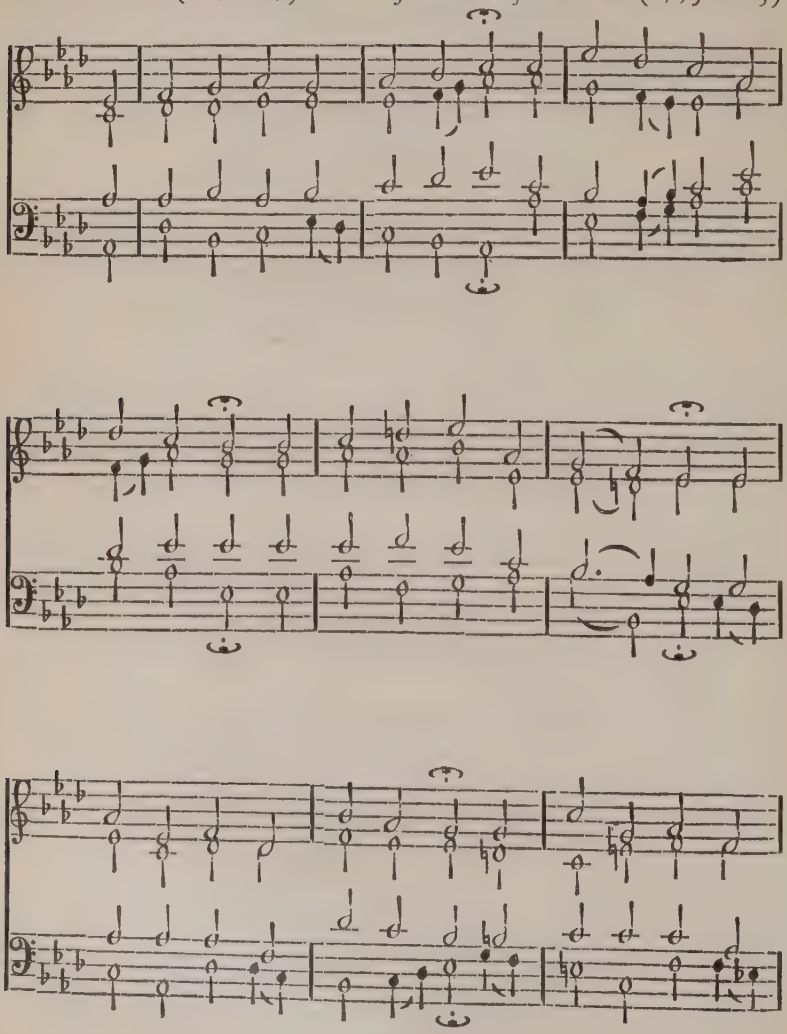
Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent, he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

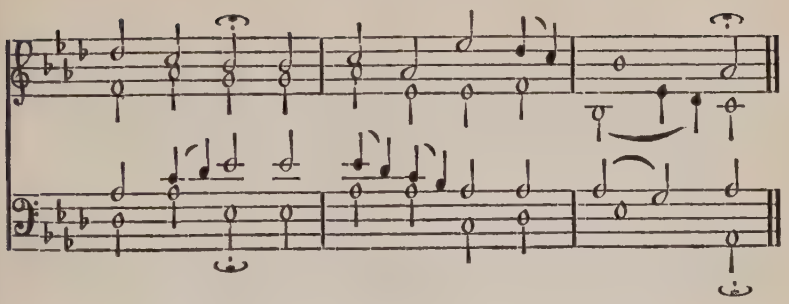
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee!

114

ASCENDIT DEUS (887. 887) *Johann Gottfried Schicht* (1753–1823)



ASCENSION



Arthur Tozer Russell (1806–1874)

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling;
The grave and hell are captive led,
Lo! he returns, our glorious head,
To his eternal dwelling.

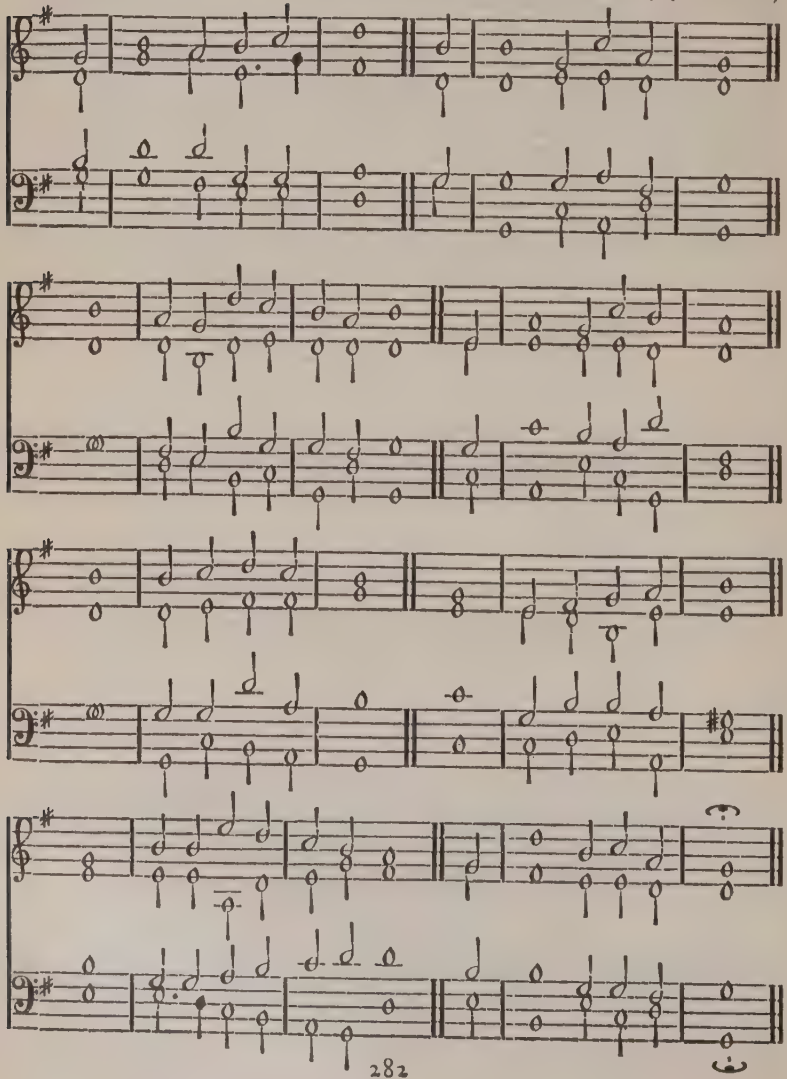
The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts adored;
Oh day of exultation!
O earth, adore thy glorious King,
His rising, his ascension sing,
With grateful adoration!

Our great High Priest hath gone before
Now on his church his grace to pour,
And still his love he giveth:
Oh may our hearts to him ascend,
May all within us upward tend
To him who ever liveth!

115

OLD 25TH (D.S.M.)
In free time

Este's Whole Booke of Psalmes (1592)
Harm. adapted from Edward Blancks (16th cent.)



115

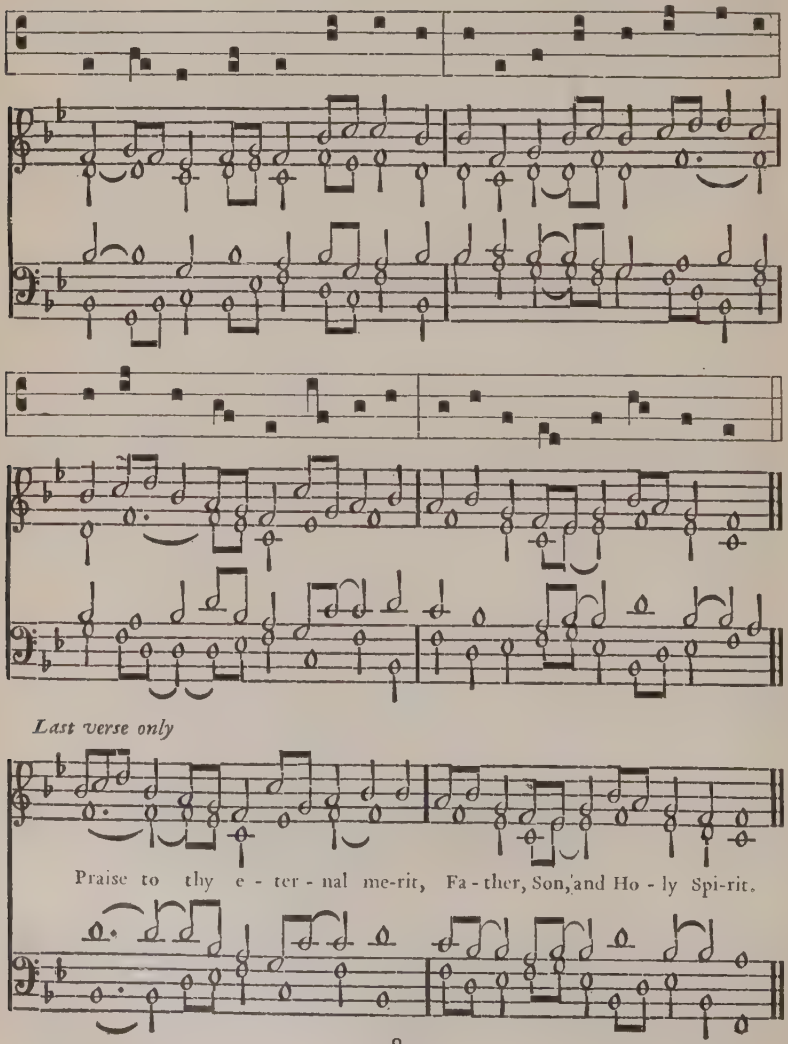
Emma Toke (1812–1872)

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train;
Oh, by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

116

Mechlin. *Mode viii*
Set by Basil Harwood

116

Anon. (*10th cent.?*)
Trans. John Cosin (1564–1672)

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;

Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight:

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace;

Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

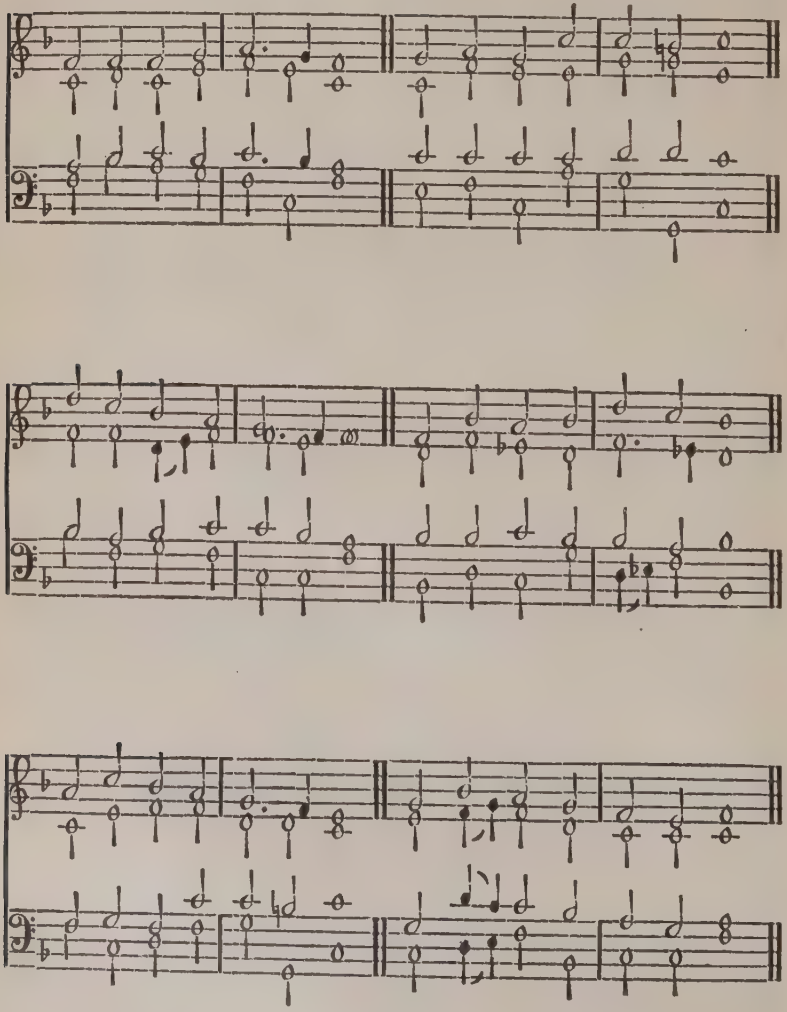
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One;

That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

117

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS (777. D.) *Samuel Webbe the elder* (1740–1816)



117

Pope Innocent III? (*d.* 1216)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

COME, thou holy Paraclete
And from thy celestial seat
Send thy light and brilliancy:
Father of the poor, draw near,
Giver of all gifts, be here:
Come, the soul's true radiancy:

Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,
Come in toil refreshingly:
Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

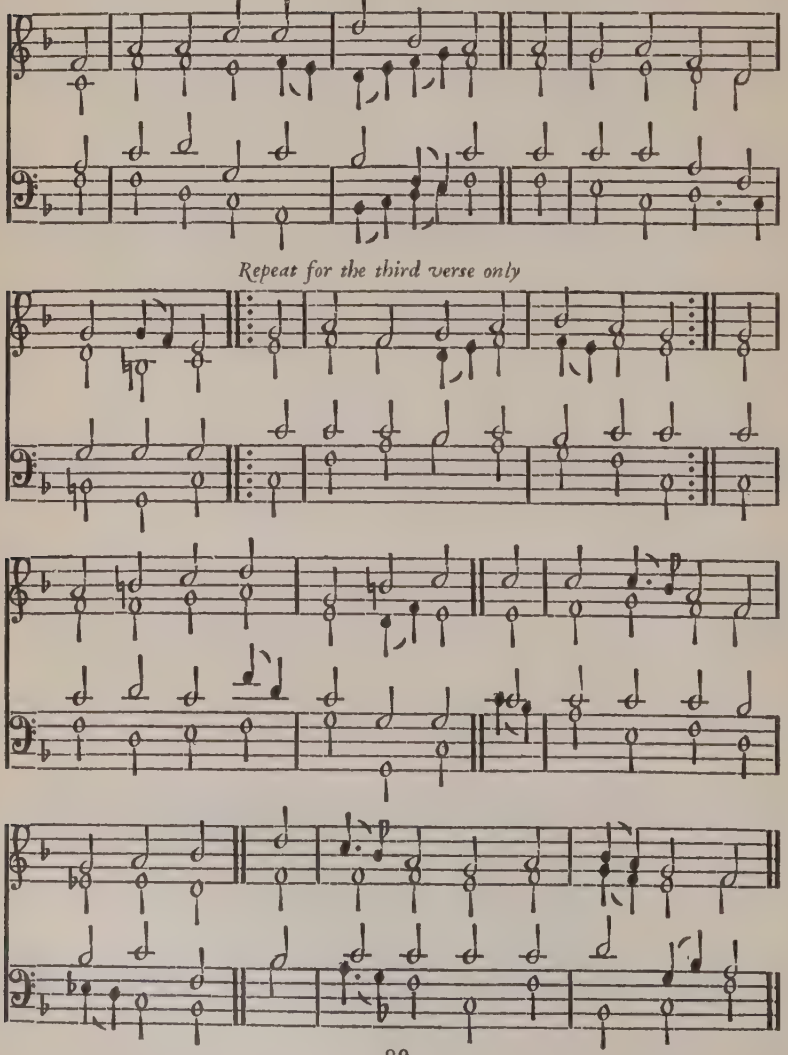
O thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of thy faithful company.
Where thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from thy Divinity.

What is soilèd, make thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify;
What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Strengthen what goes erringly.

Fill thy faithful, who confide
In thy power to guard and guide,
With thy sevenfold mystery:
Here thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

118

NEW JERSEY (88.88.88)

Starling Goodwin (18th cent.) in Thomas Williams' Psalmodia Evangelica (1789)

118

Pope Innocent III? (*d.* 1216)
Trans. John Dryden (1631–1700)

Veni, Creator Spiritus

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

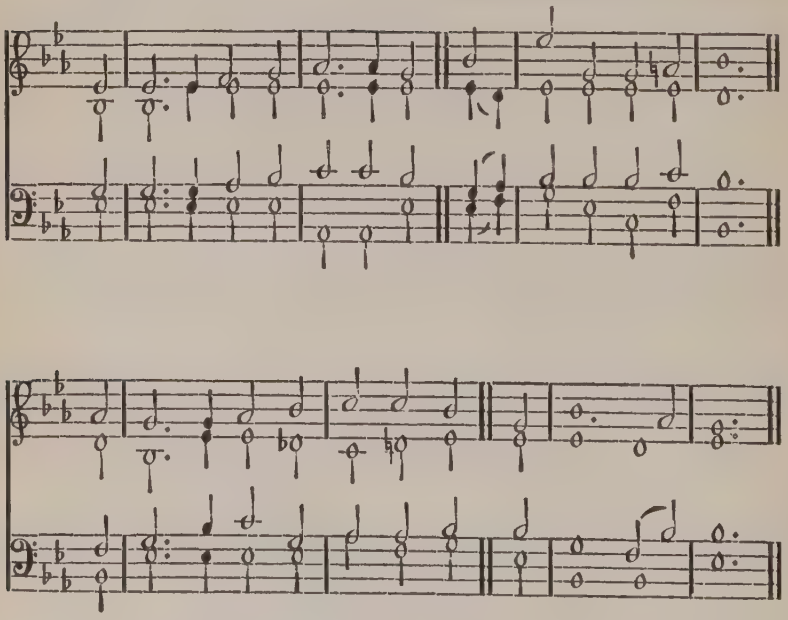
Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

119

ST. CUTHBERT (86. 84) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



119

Harriet Auber (1773–1862)

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

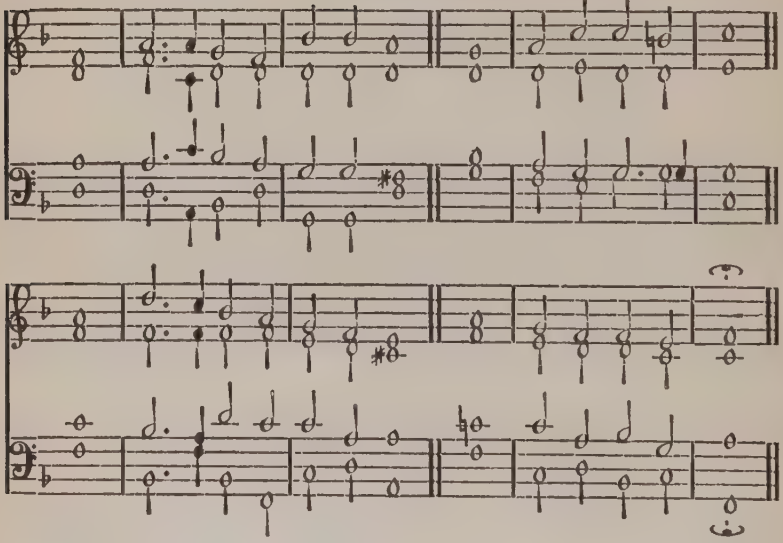
And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

120 (First Tune)

WINCHESTER OLD (C.M.)

Este's Whole Booke of Psalmes (1592)
Harm. adapted from George Kirby (*d.* 1634)



John Keble (1792–1866)

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

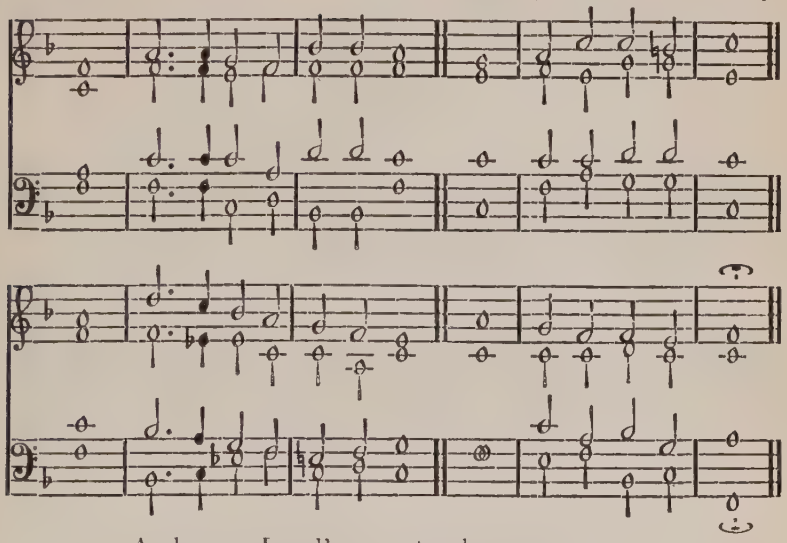
But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

120 (Second Tune)

Winchester Old (c.m.)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft



And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

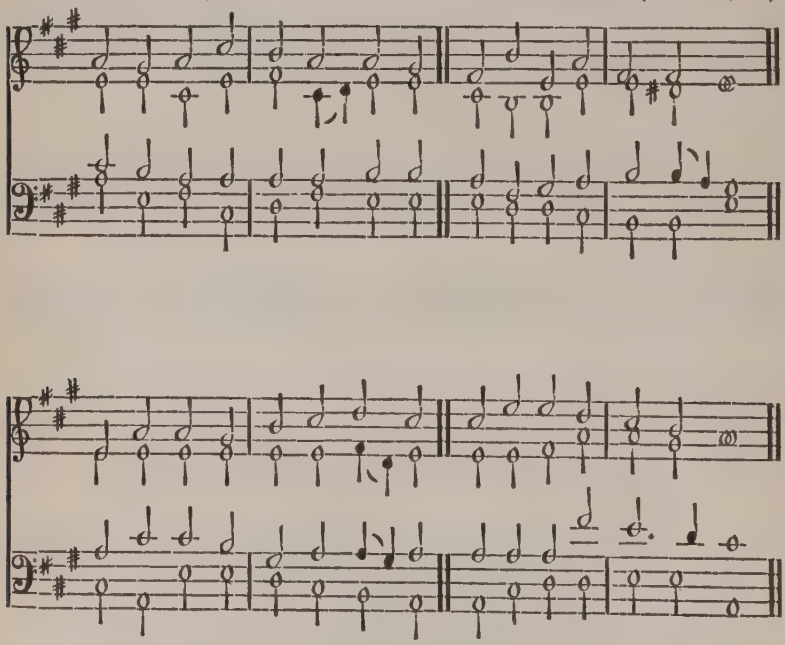
So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

121

REDHEAD No. 46 (87.87) *Richard Redhead* (1820–1901)



121

Richard Mant (1776–1848)

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn;

'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

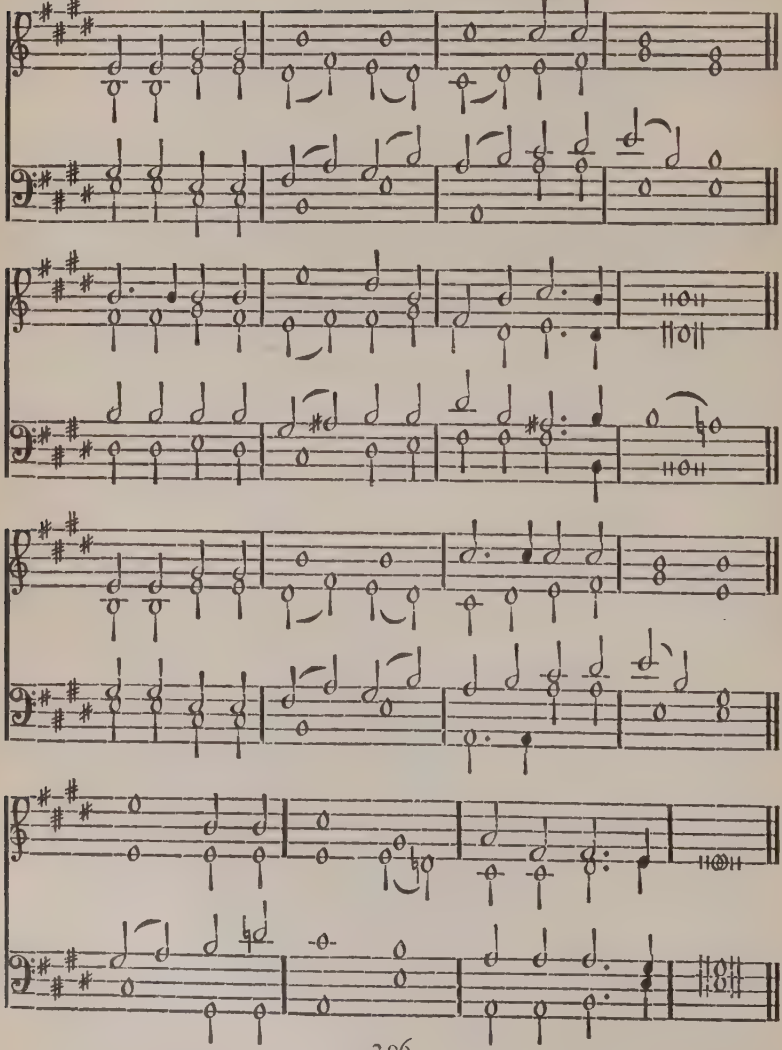
Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'

'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord.'

Thus thy glorious name confessing
We adopt thy angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy! blessing
Thee the Lord of Hosts most high!

122

NICAEA (1112, 1210) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



122

Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Book II

Hymns for Saints' Days, Sacraments, and Special Occasions

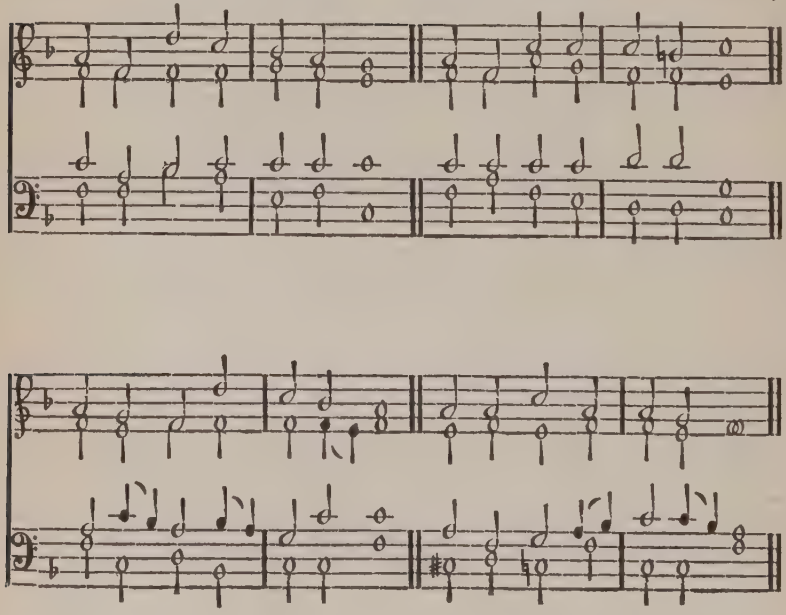
On the Sacrament

He was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

? Queen Elizabeth

123

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (77.77) *Henry John Gauntlett* (1805–1876)



123

Jean Baptiste de Santeüil (1630–1697)
Trans. Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

CAELESTIS AULAE PRINCIPES

CAPTAINS of the saintly band,
Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with Jesus dwell,
Judges of his Israel;

On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the Gospel light;
Sin and error flee away;
Truth is shining on our way.

Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

Earth, that long in sin and pain
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
Now to serve its God is free
In the law of liberty.

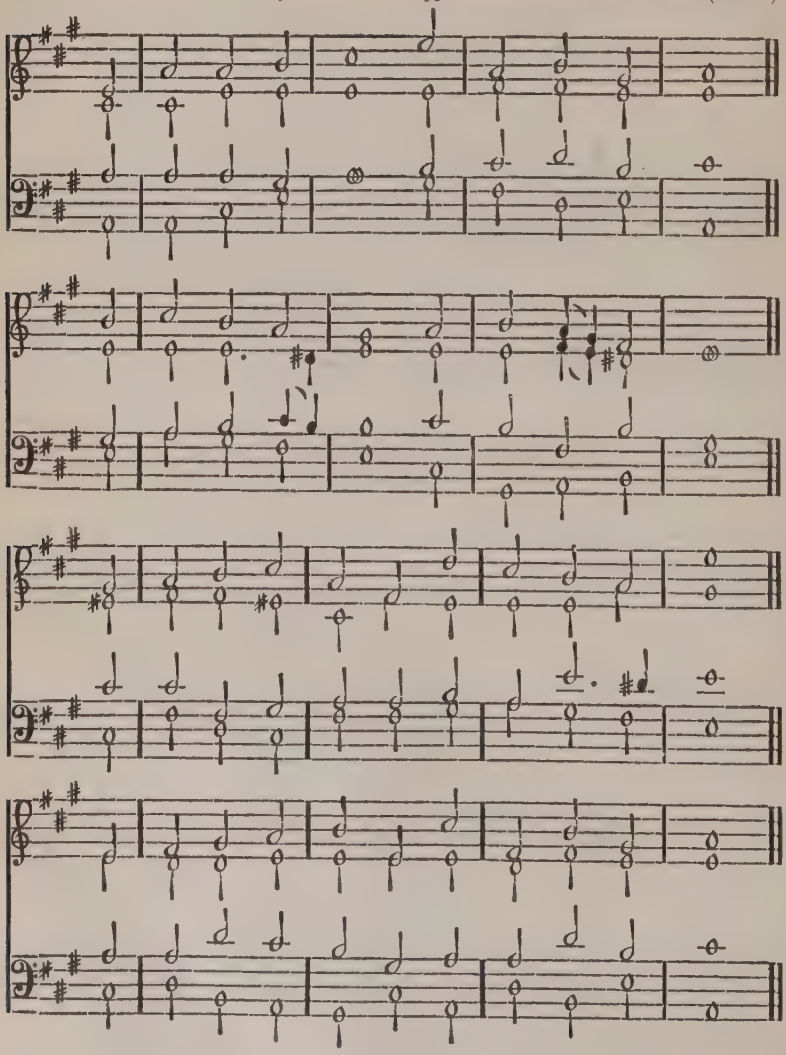
Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of God.

Glory to the Three in One
While eternal ages run,
Who from deepest shades of night
Called us to his glorious light.

124

HANOVER (55.55.65.65)

? William Croft (1678–1727)
Supplement to the New Version (1708)



124

Jean Baptiste de Santeüil (1630–1697)
Trans. Isaac Williams (1802–1865)

SUPREME, QUALES, ARBITER

DISPOSER supreme,
And judge of the earth,
Thou choosest for thine
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Entrusting thy riches
Which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of thy light,
And at thy decree
Are broken and gone;
Then brightly appeareth
The arm of thy might
As through the clouds breaking
The lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne
To do thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
All full of thy godhead,
While earth lieth still,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

They thunder—their sound
It is Christ the Lord!
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at thy word,
And on the ground lieth
The Canaanites' wall.

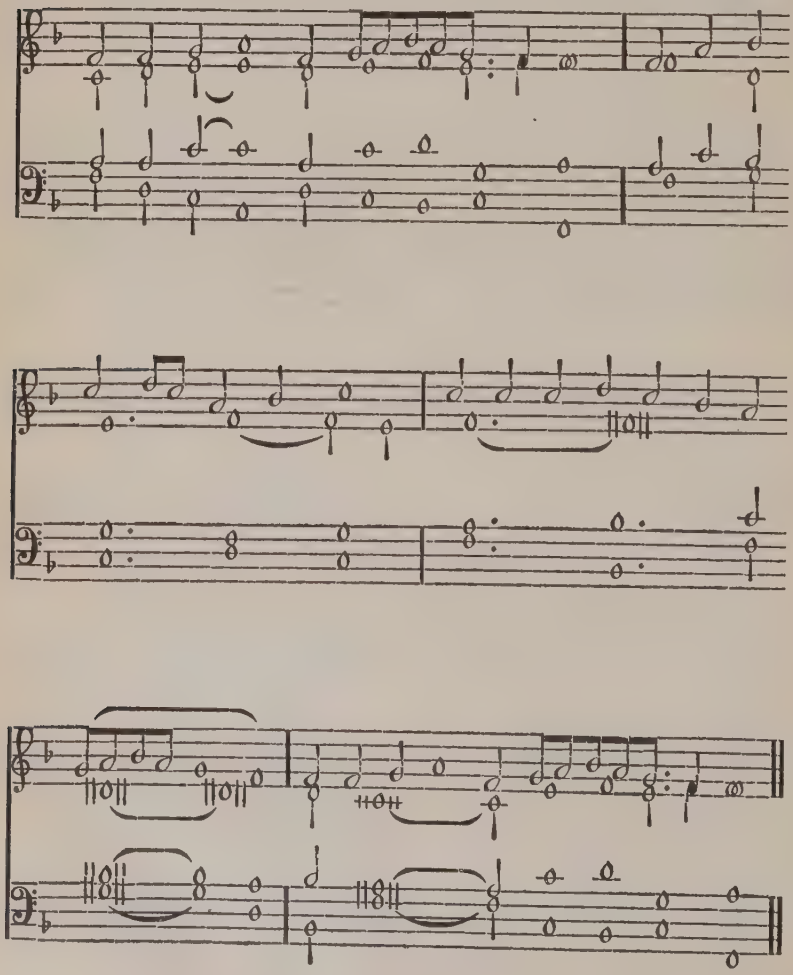
Oh, loud be thy trump,
And stirring the sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From sin's deadly sleep;
May lights which thou kindlest
In darkness around,
The dull soul awaken
Her vigils to keep!

All glory to thee,
Who art hid from sight,
Yet fillest with love
The vast infinite!
And revealed to our aid
As One and yet Three,
Dost call us from afar
Thy glory to see!

125 (First Tune)

Melody from Giovanni Guidetti (1532–1592)
'Directorium Chori' (1582)
Set by Basil Harwood

AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA (L.M.)
To be sung in unison in free time



125

St. Ambrose? (340–397)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1858)

AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA

THE eternal gifts of Christ the King,
The apostles' glorious deeds, we sing;
And while due hymns of praise we pay,
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

The church in these her princes boasts,
These victor chiefs of warrior hosts;
The soldiers of the heavenly hall,
The lights that rose on earth for all.

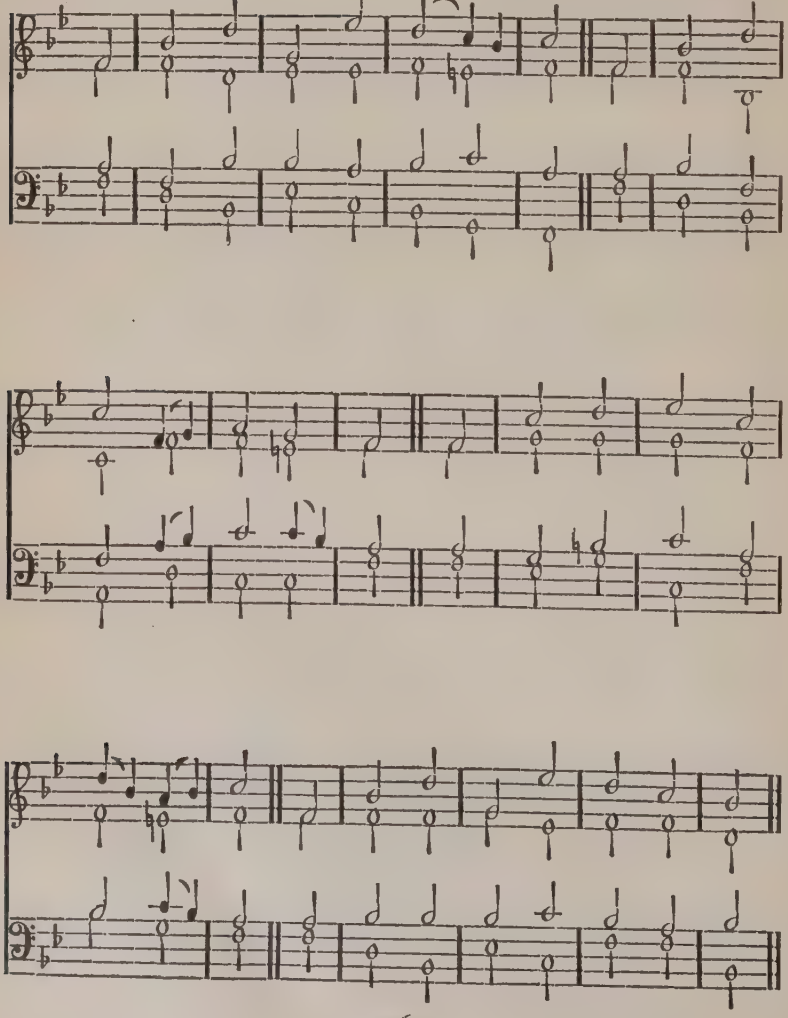
'Twas thus the yearning faith of saints,
The unconquered hope that never faints,
The love of Christ that knows not shame,
The prince of this world overcame.

In these the Father's glory shone;
In these the will of God the Son;
In these exults the Holy Ghost;
Through these rejoice the heavenly host.

Redeemer, hear us of thy love,
That, with this glorious band above,
Hereafter, of thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place.

125 (Second Tune)

BERKSHIRE (L.M.) *Charles Wesley* (1757–1834)



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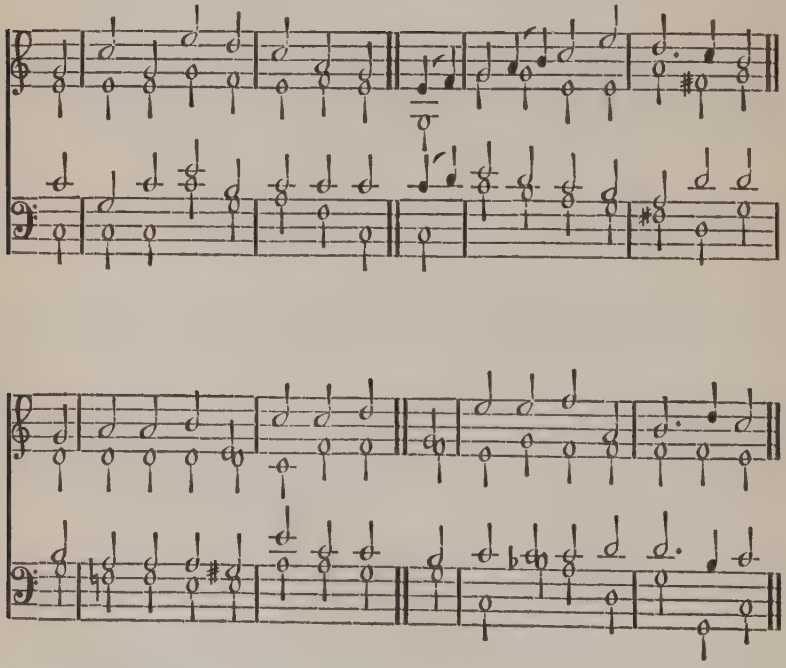
In these the will of God the Son;
In these exults the Holy Ghost;
Through these rejoice the heavenly host.

Redeemer, hear us of thy love,
That, with this glorious band above,
Hereafter, of thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place.

126

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT (L.M.) *James William Elliott* (1833–)



126

Rowland Hill (1744–1833)

EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
My wondering soul says, Who are they?

These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesu's blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest.

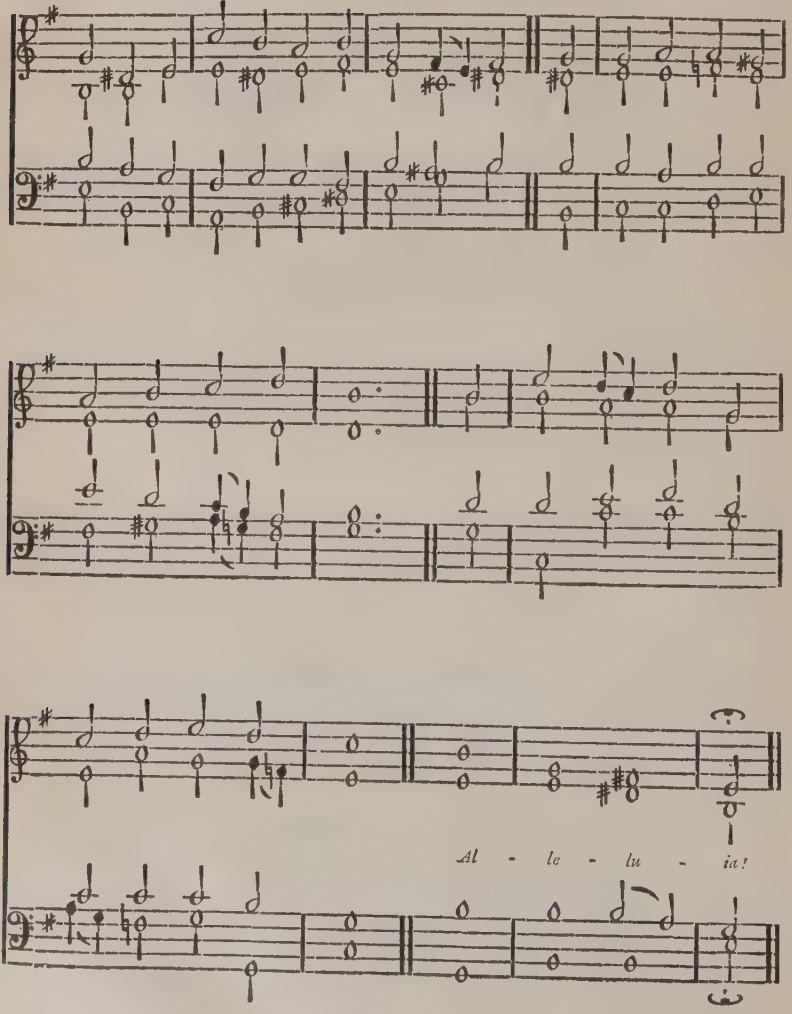
Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led,
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.

Unknown to mortal ears they sing
The secret glories of their king:
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise.

Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

127 (First Tune)

ATONEMENT (1010. 10. 4) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



127

William Walsham How (1823–1897)

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.

Oh may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Oh blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine:
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

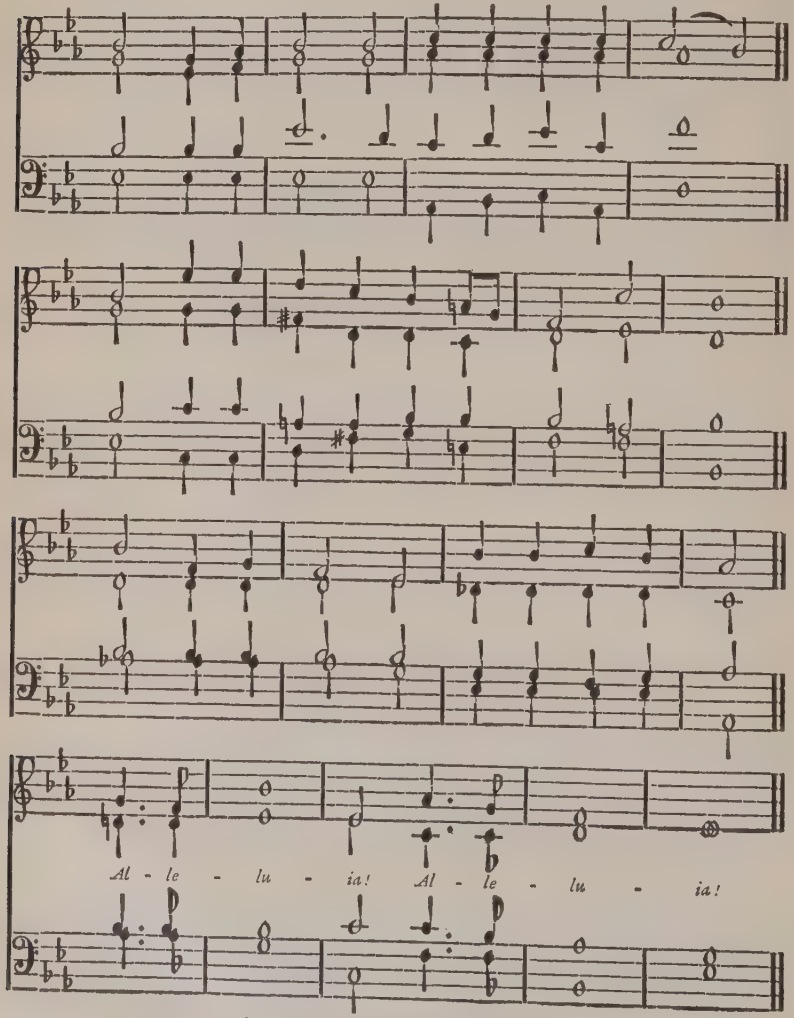
The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on his way.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Alleluia!

127 (Second Tune)

PRO OMNIBUS SANCTIS (10 10. 10. 4) *Joseph Barnby* (1838–1896)



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

127

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Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.

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From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
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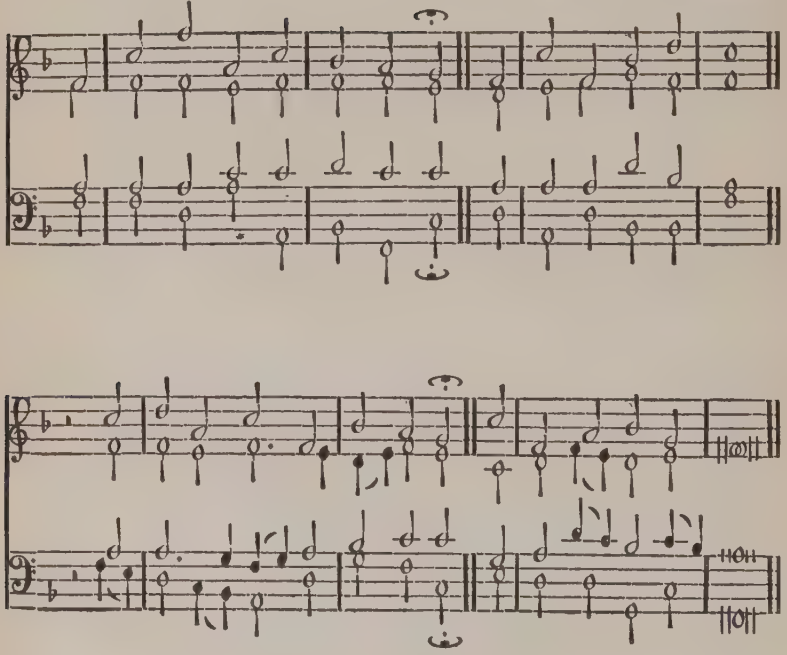
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Alleluia!

128

Traditional form of melody
adapted from Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge

ST. DAVID'S (C.M.)



128

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

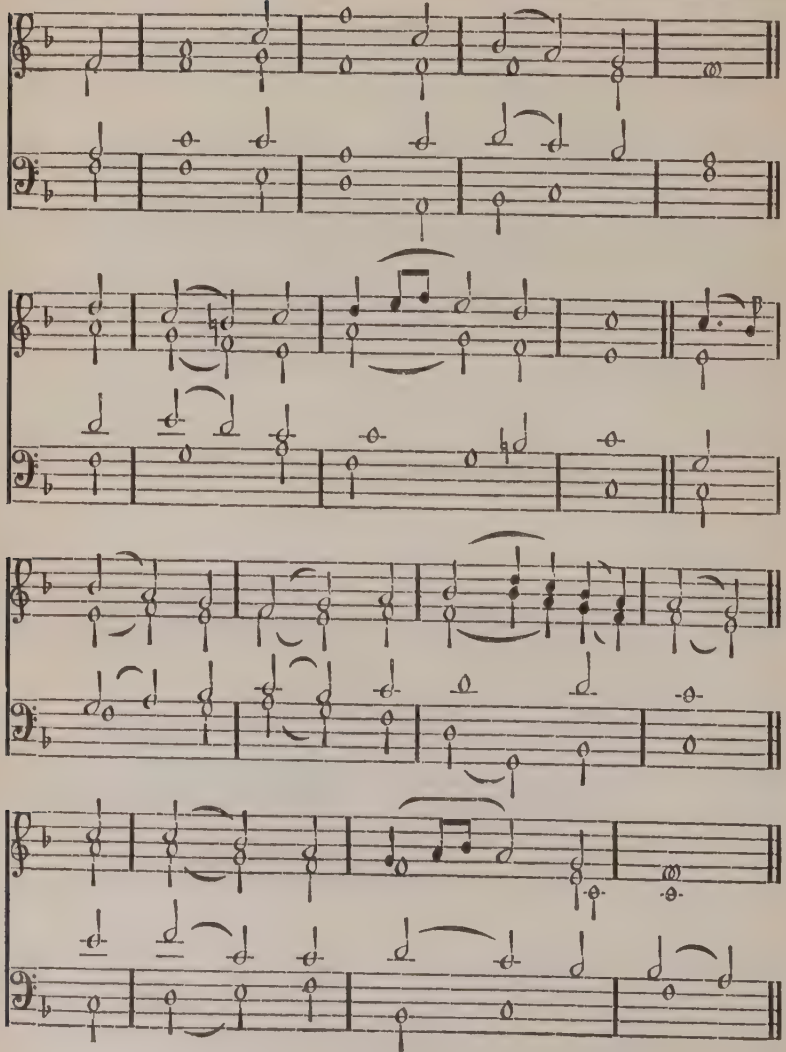
They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

129 (First Tune)

LIVERPOOL (C.M.)

Robert Wainwright (1748–1782)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



129

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *and others*

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

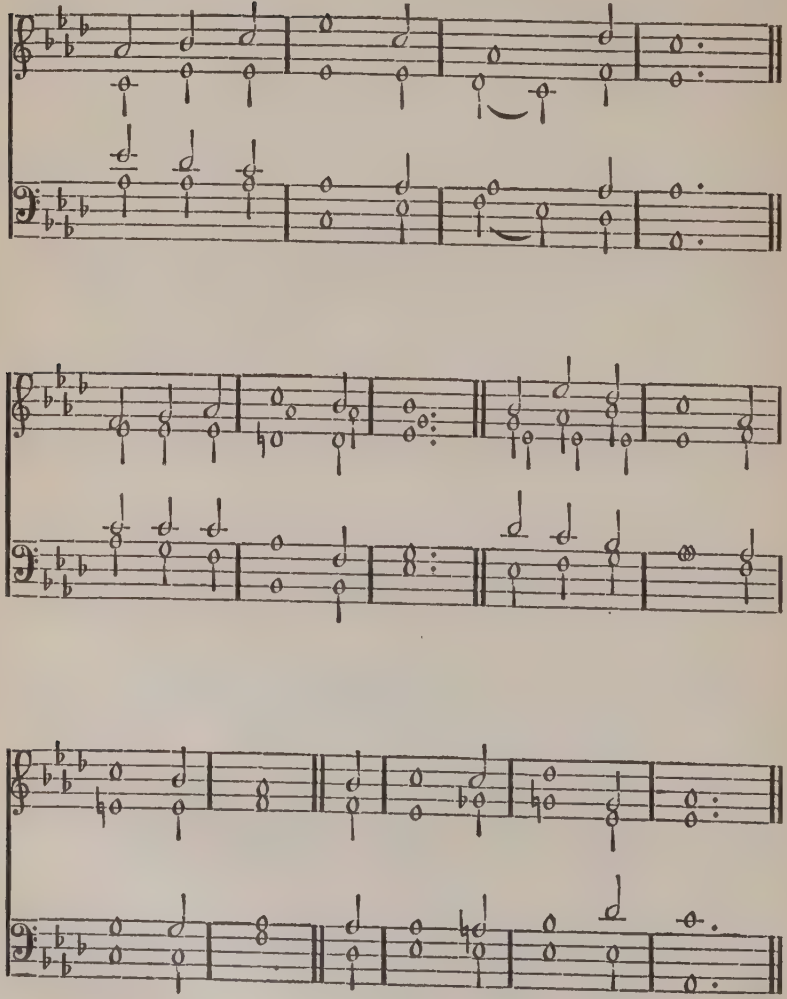
The Lamb, which dwells amid the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green he'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

129 (Second Tune)

Beatitudo (c.m.)

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)



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Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

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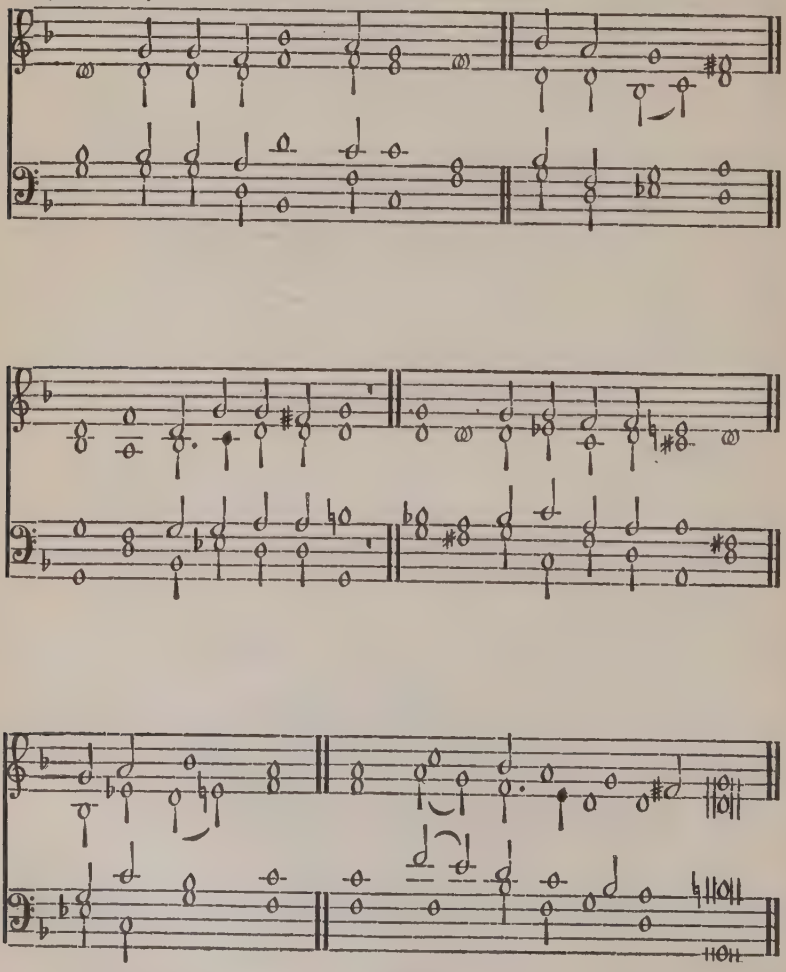
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

130

GENEVAN PSALM 61 (847. 847)

Genevan Psalter (1551)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge

In free time



130

Tattendon Hymnal (1899)

LOVE, unto thine own who camest
Condescending,
Whom thine own receivèd not:
Light, that shinedst in the darkness,
But the darkness
Thy splendour perceivèd not:

Oh blessed were they who saw thee,
Who were chosen
First saints of thy saving word:
Blessed they who have not seen thee,
Yet believing
Are callèd by thee, O Lord.

Like stars in the night appearing,
Some are shining,
Leaders high of man's desire:
Saints are some, in silent temples
Ever burning,
Bright lamps of Love's living fire.

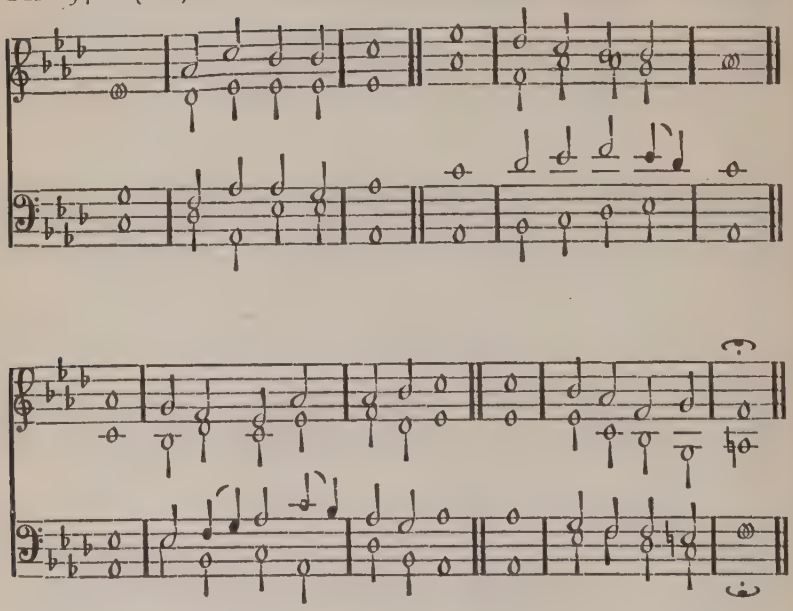
Thou hidest them, Love almighty,
In thy presence
From this world's provoking wrongs:
Sheltered in thy quiet haven
Thou dost keep them
From strife of ungodly tongues.

Love, unto thine own who camest,
May thy servants
Thy great love receive aright:
Grant, oh grant that out of darkness
All creation
May come to thy marvellous light.

131 (First Tune)

OLD 134TH (S.M.)

Este's Whole Booke of Psalmes (1592)
Harm. adapted from John Dowland (1563–1626)



Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

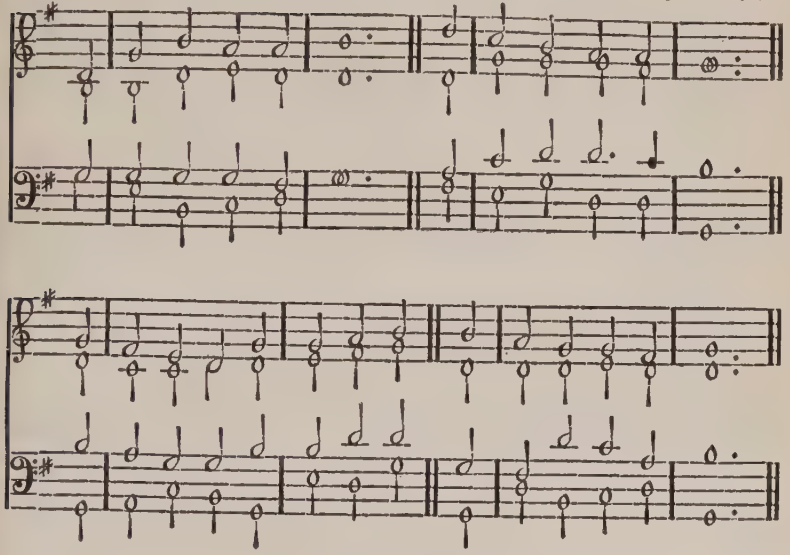
OH what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:

131 (Second Tune)

St. Michael (s.m.)

Modern version of Old 134th



Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

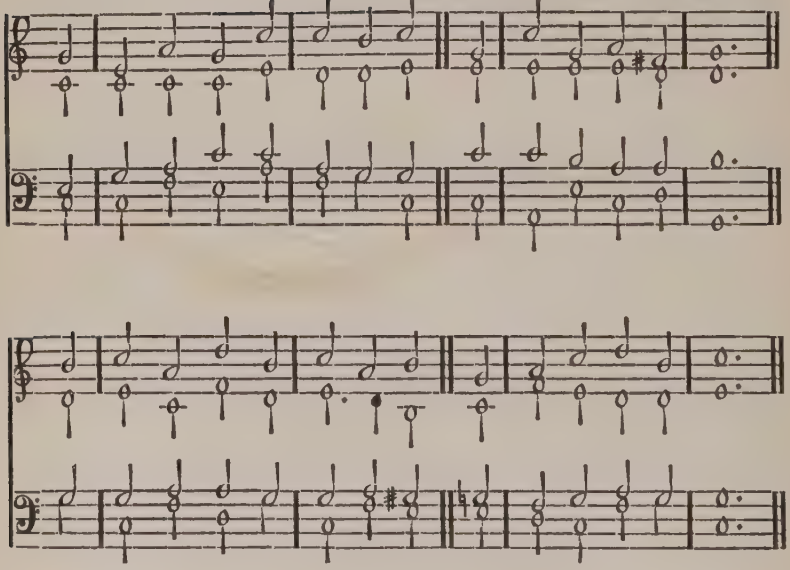
Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

Enough if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

132 (First Tune)

'*Mr. Denby*' *in Barber's Psalm Tunes* (1687)
founded on Henry Lawes' 136*th Psalm*
in Sandys' Paraphrase (1636)

St. Anne (c.m.)



Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
  And called on him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
  Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
  On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
  And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
  The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
  Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
  Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train.

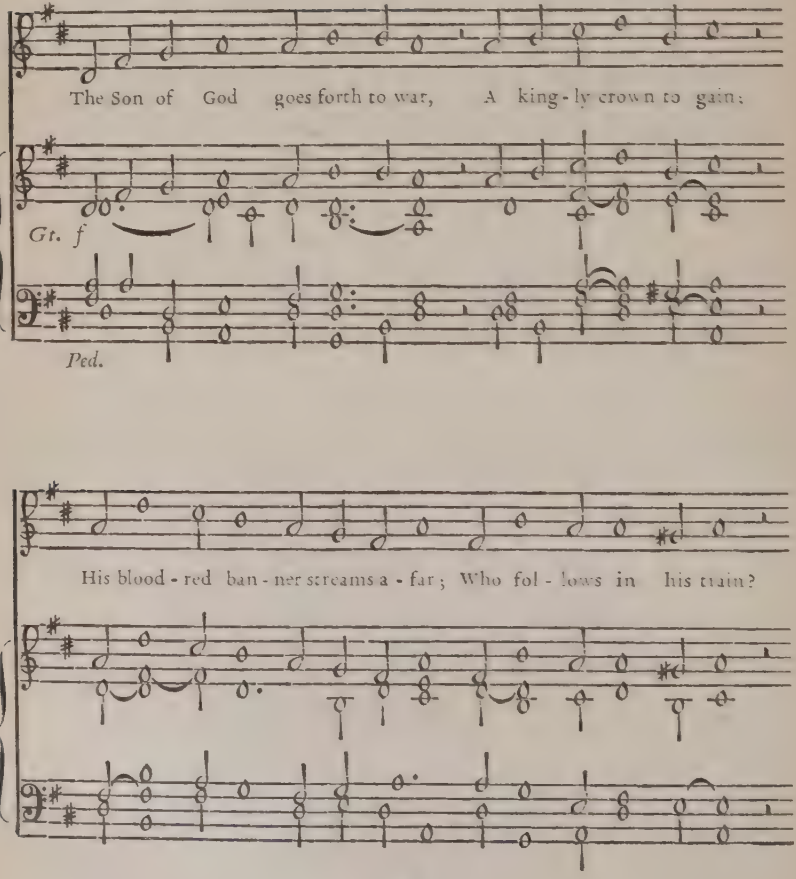
132 (Second Tune)

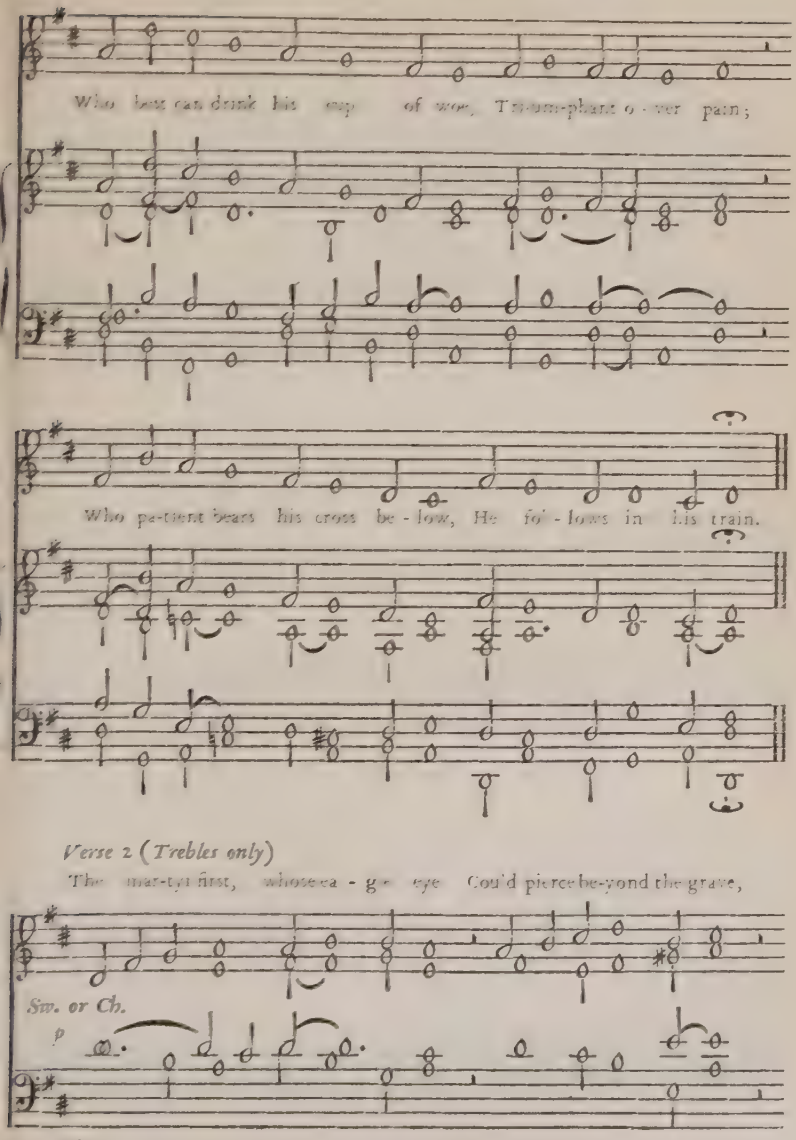
Day's Psalter (1562)
Harm. by Basil Harwood

Old 81st (D.C.M.)

Verse 1, Unison

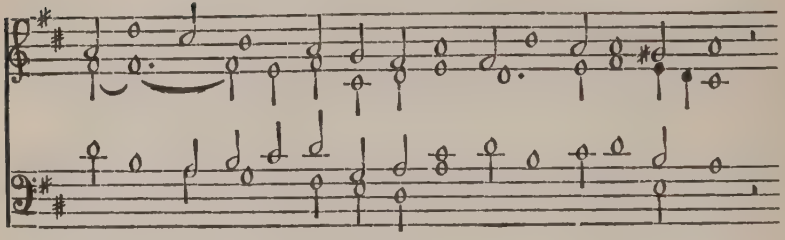
Boldly and in free time



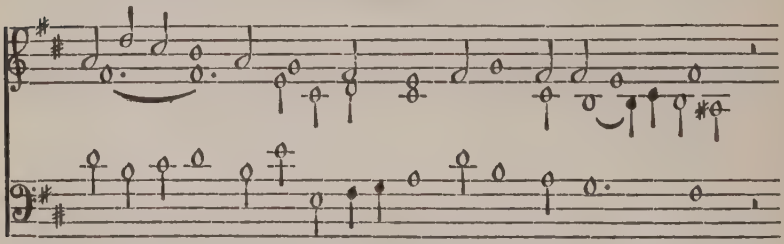

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o - ver pain;
Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in his train.
Verse 2 (Trebles only)
The mar-tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
Sw. or Ch.
p
Man.

132 (Second Tune) *continued*

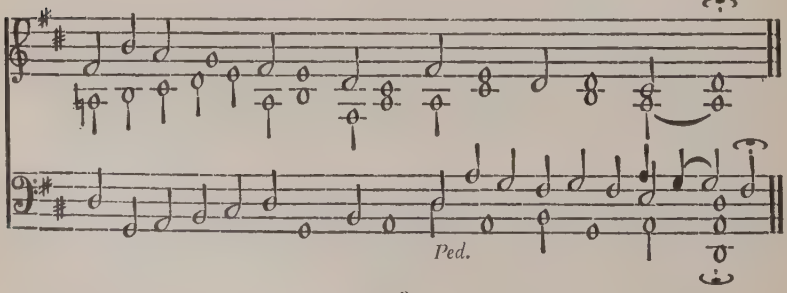
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on him to save.



Like him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,

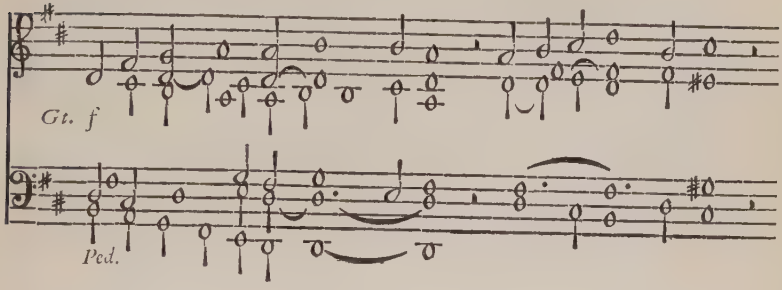


He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?

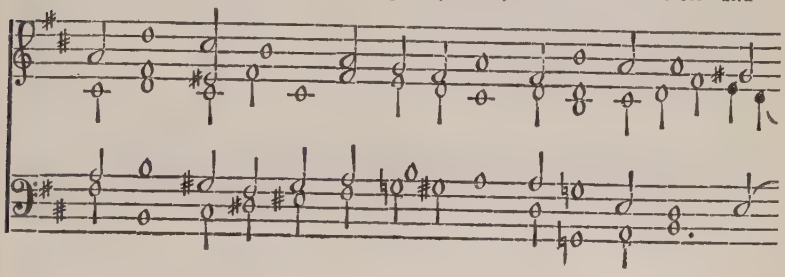


Verse 3 (Men only)

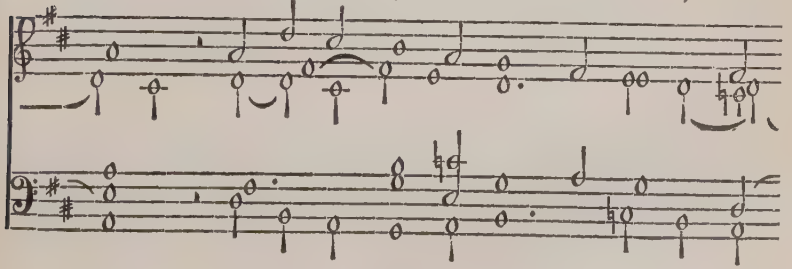
A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spi - rit came;



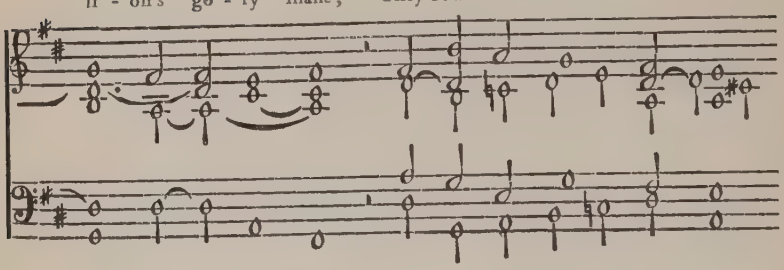
Twelve va - liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and

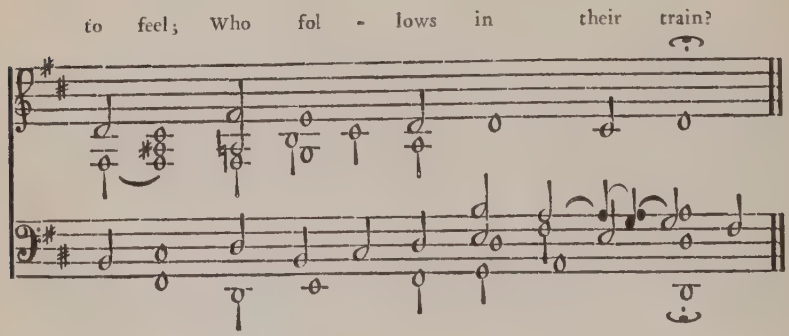


flame. They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The



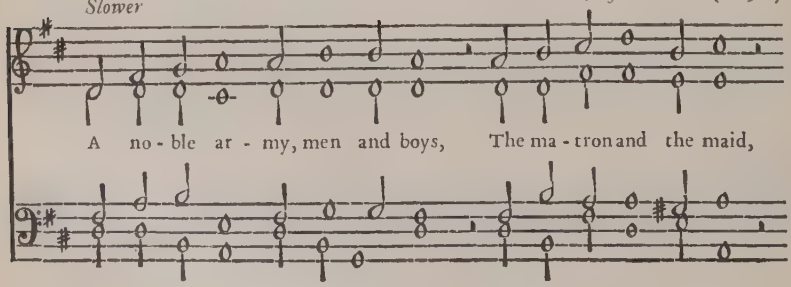
132 (Second Tune) *continued*

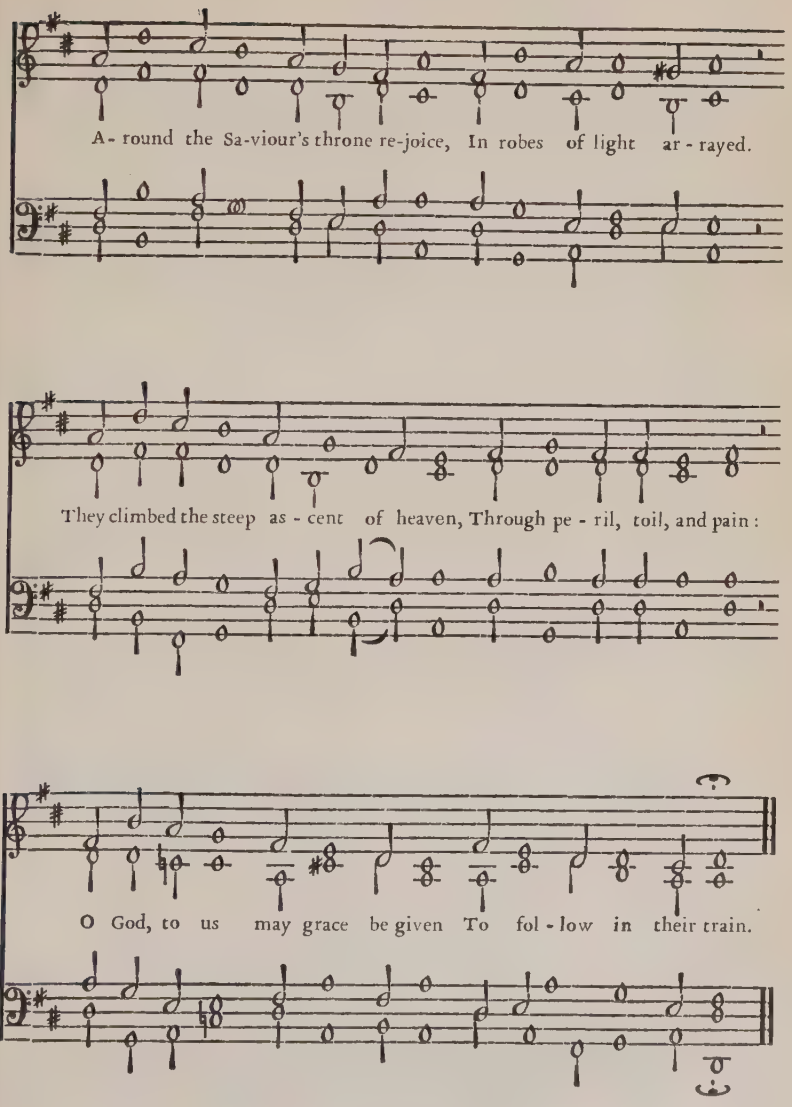




Adapted and slightly altered from Richard Allison's setting in Este's Whole Booke of Psalmes (1592)

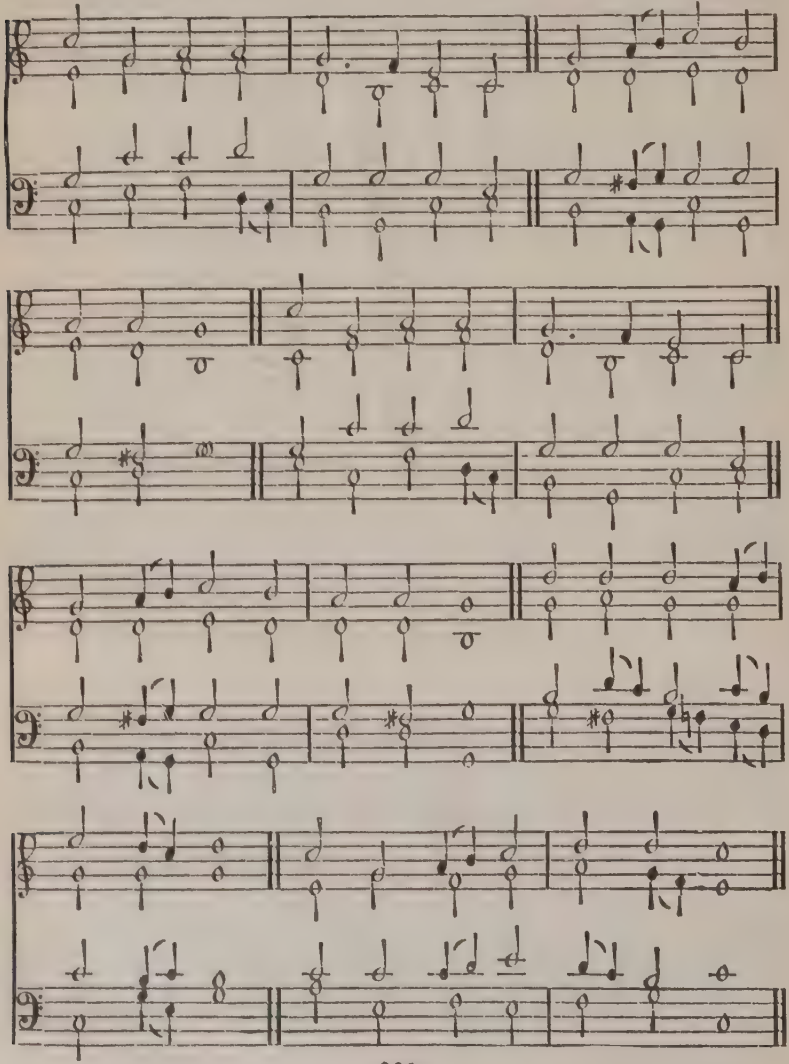
Verse 4, *Harmony Slower*




A - round the Sa-viour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.
They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven, Through pe - ril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train.

133

ALL SAINTS (87. 87. 77) *Darmstadt Gesangbuch* (1698)



133

Heinrich Theobald Schenk (1656–1727)
Trans. Frances Elizabeth Cox (1841)

WER SIND DIE VOR GOTTES THRONE

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia, hark! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly king.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand;
Whence came all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

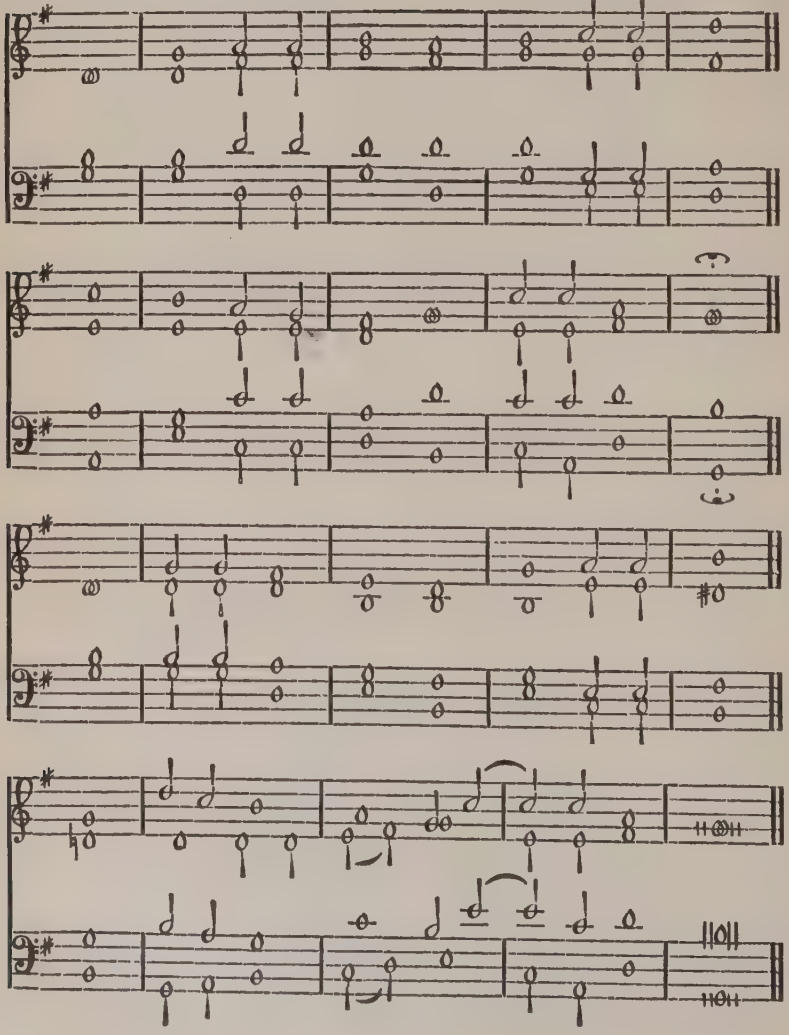
These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at his command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

134

SCOTCH PSALM 67 (1010. 1010)

Scotch Psalter (1615)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



134

Tattendon Hymnal (1899)

ALL praise be to God, whom all things obey,
From angels and men, for ever and ay:
Who sendeth on earth the powers of his throne,
His providence good and love to make known.

His angels are they of countenance fair,
The arm of his strength, his hand of kind care:
His message of peace to us they reveal:
His wisdom most high they seal or unseal.

'Twas they of their art taught David to sing,
And faith evermore hath knelt at his spring:
Through them the world doth with music abound,
Of viols and reeds and horns of rich sound.

By martyrs of old they stood in the flame,
And bade them not flinch, but call on God's name:
Through torment, through shame, through darkness of death,
They led without fear the sires of our faith.

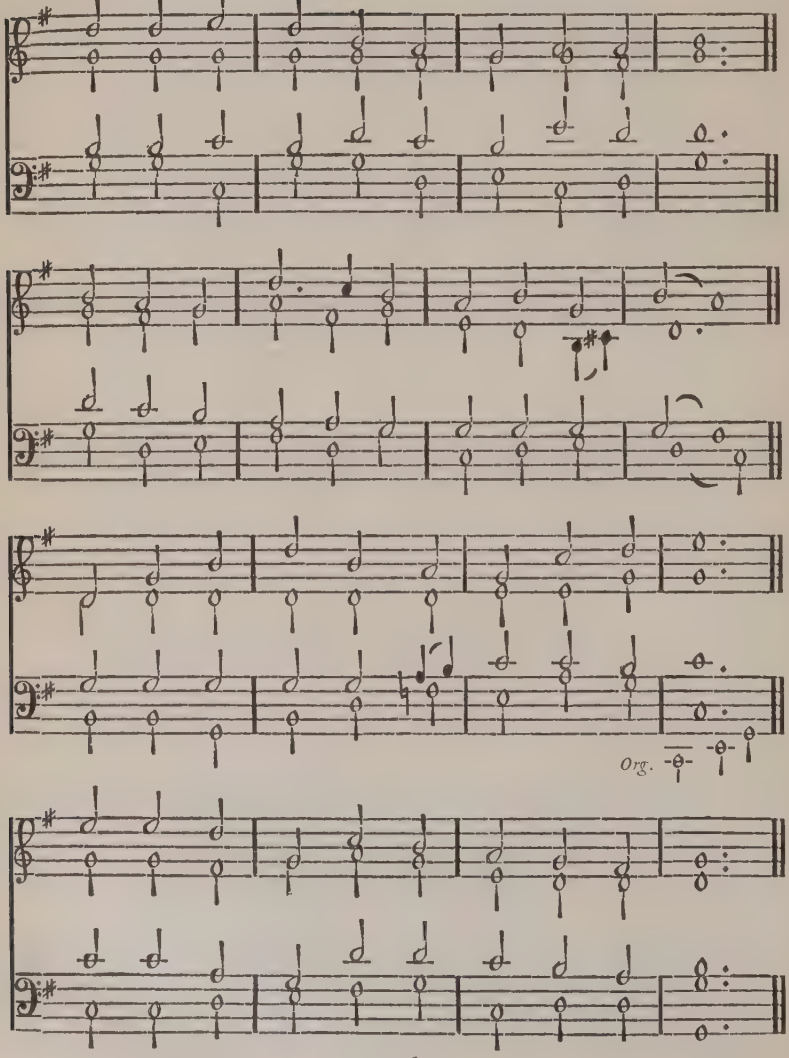
They stand with the few, they fight for the free,
God's reign to advance o'er land and o'er sea:
And when the brave die, or fall in the fight,
Their spirits they bear to rest in God's sight.

For patience and toil a crown they prepare,
They found for the meek a kingdom full fair:
No famine nor plague 'gainst them doth prevail,
Their bread cannot lack, their cruse cannot fail.

We pray thee, who art thine angels' reward,
Thy flock to defend forget not, O Lord!
But prosper their aid, that us they may bring
To see the true face of Jesus, our King.

135

TRISAGION (10 10. 10 10) *Henry Smart* (1813–1879)



135

St. Joseph the Hymnographer (d. 883)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Φωστῆρες τῆς ἀΰλου

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light,
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the tris-agion ever and ay;

These are thy counsellors; these dost thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest thy throne;
These are thy ministers; these dost thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

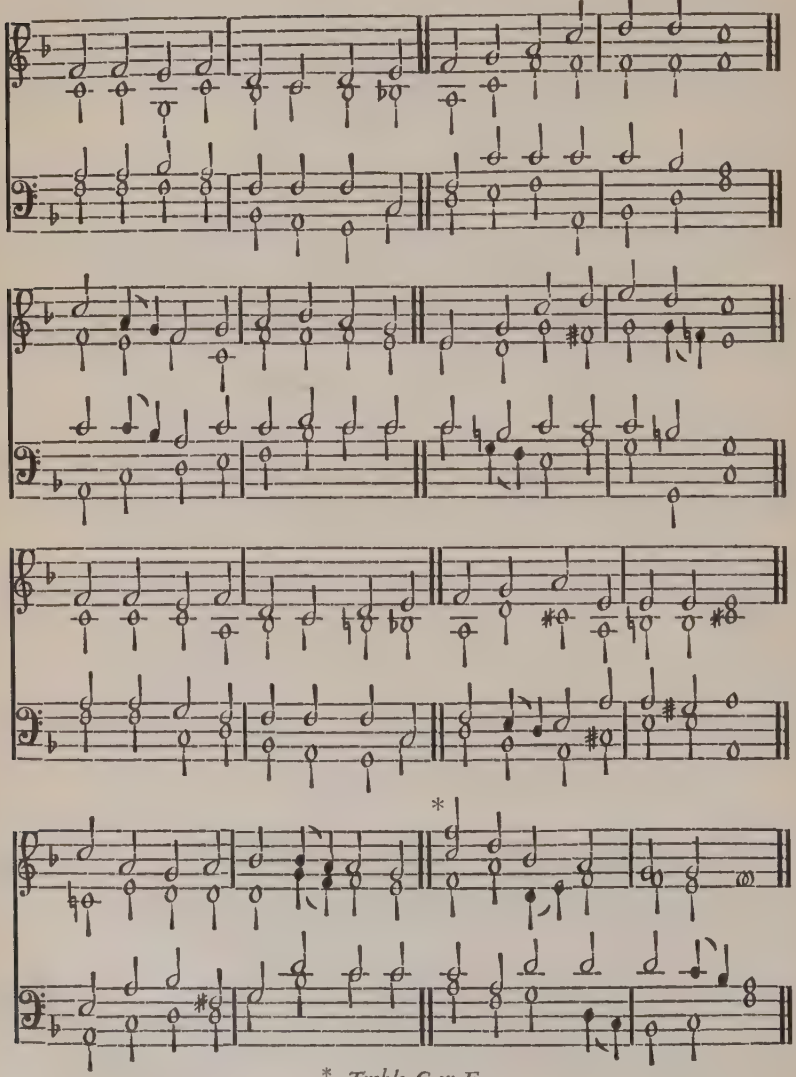
Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.

These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers;
Where with the living ones, mystical Four,
Cherubin, Seraphin, bow and adore.

Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

136

ALLELUIA (87. 87 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



* *Treble C or F.*

136

William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898)

ALLELUIA, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluia, his the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

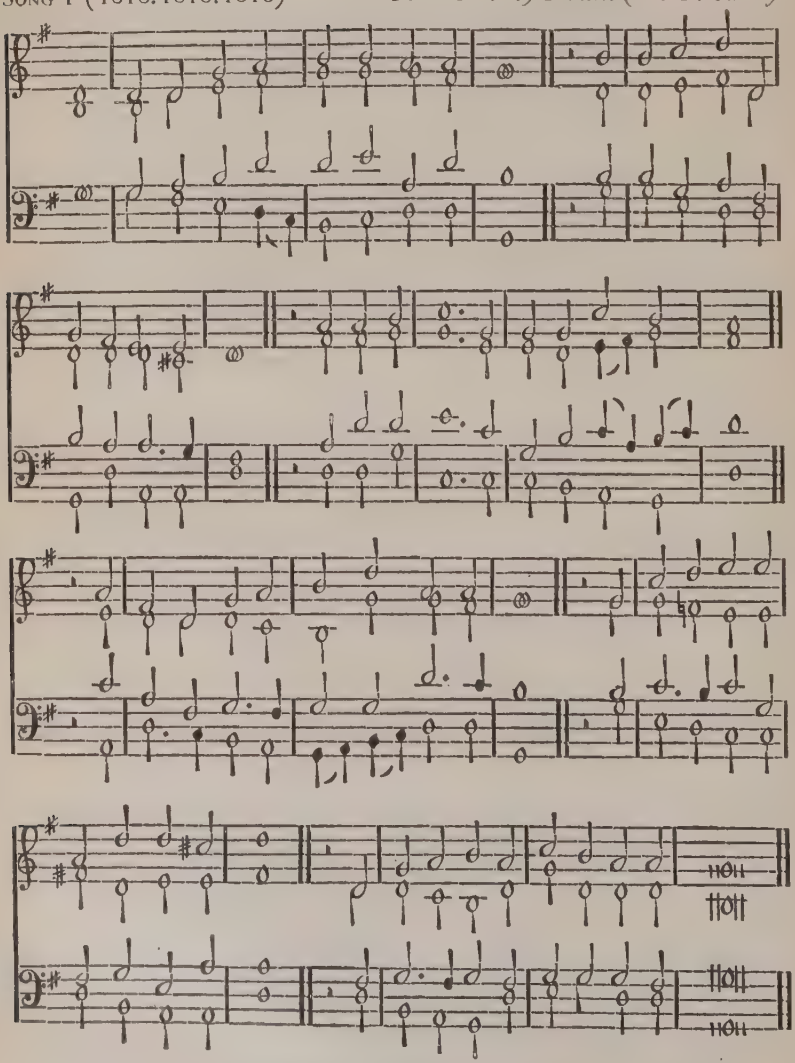
Alleluia, not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia, he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how;
Though the cloud from sight received him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore'?

Alleluia, Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day;
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both priest and victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

137 (First Tune)

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
Mean Parts by Frederick A. G. Ouseley

Song 1 (1010. 1010. 1010)

[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

137

William Bright (1824–1901)

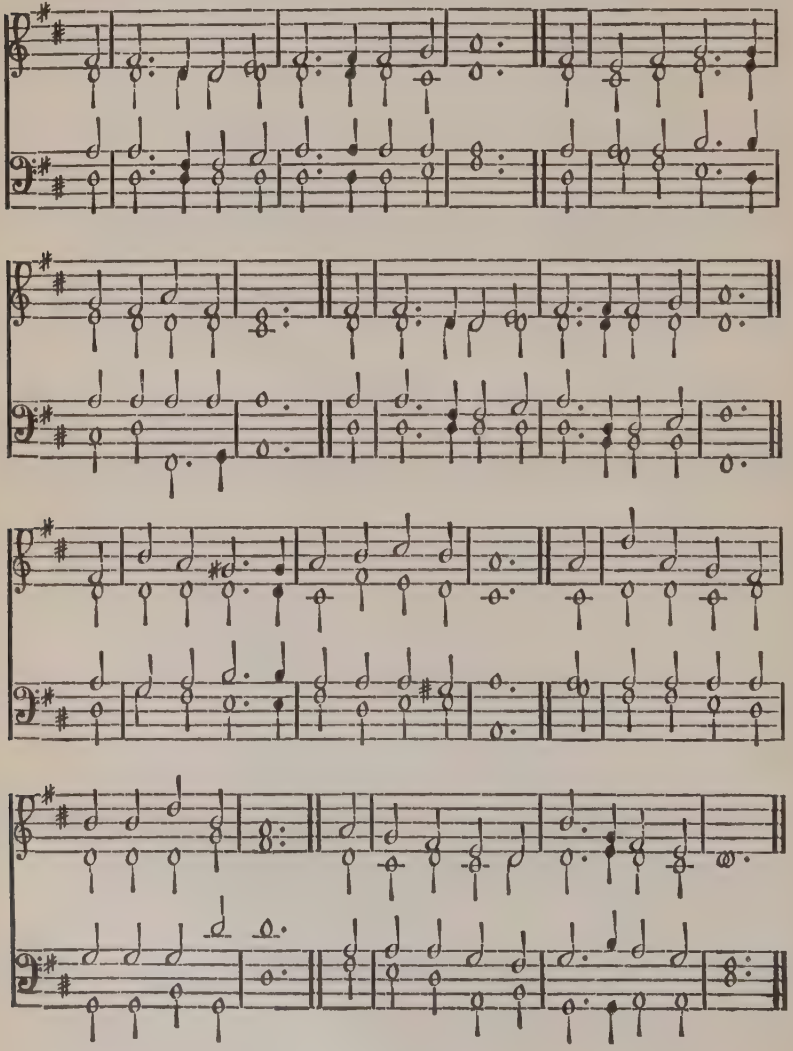
AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to thee
That only offering perfect in thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on his anointed face,
And only look on us as found in him;
Look not on our misusings of thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the passion of thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
Oh fold them closer to thy mercy's breast,
Oh do thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; oh draw us to thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with thee.

137 (Second Tune)

UNDE ET MEMORES (1010.1010.1010) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)

137

William Bright (1824–1901)

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And having with us him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to thee
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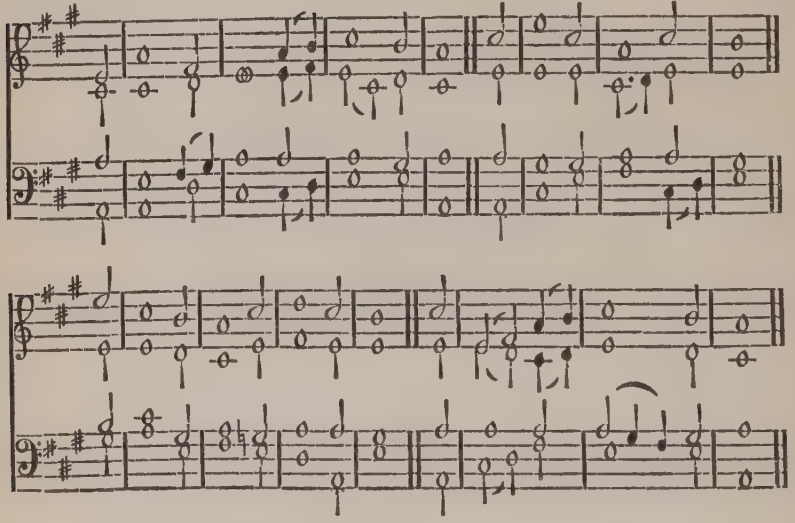
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
Oh fold them closer to thy mercy's breast,
Oh do thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; oh draw us to thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with thee.

138 (First Tune)

MARTYRDOM (C.M.) *Hugh Wilson* (1764–1824)



Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady (1696) *Psalm xlii*

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

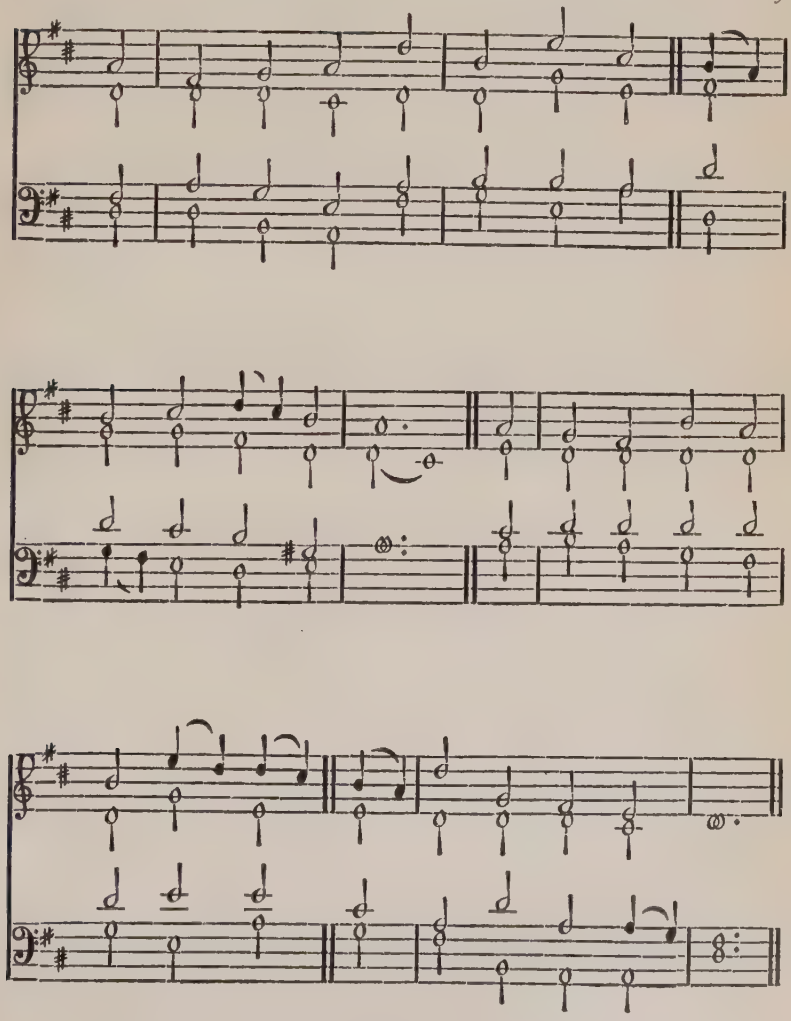
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

(*Before Communion*)

138 (Second Tune)

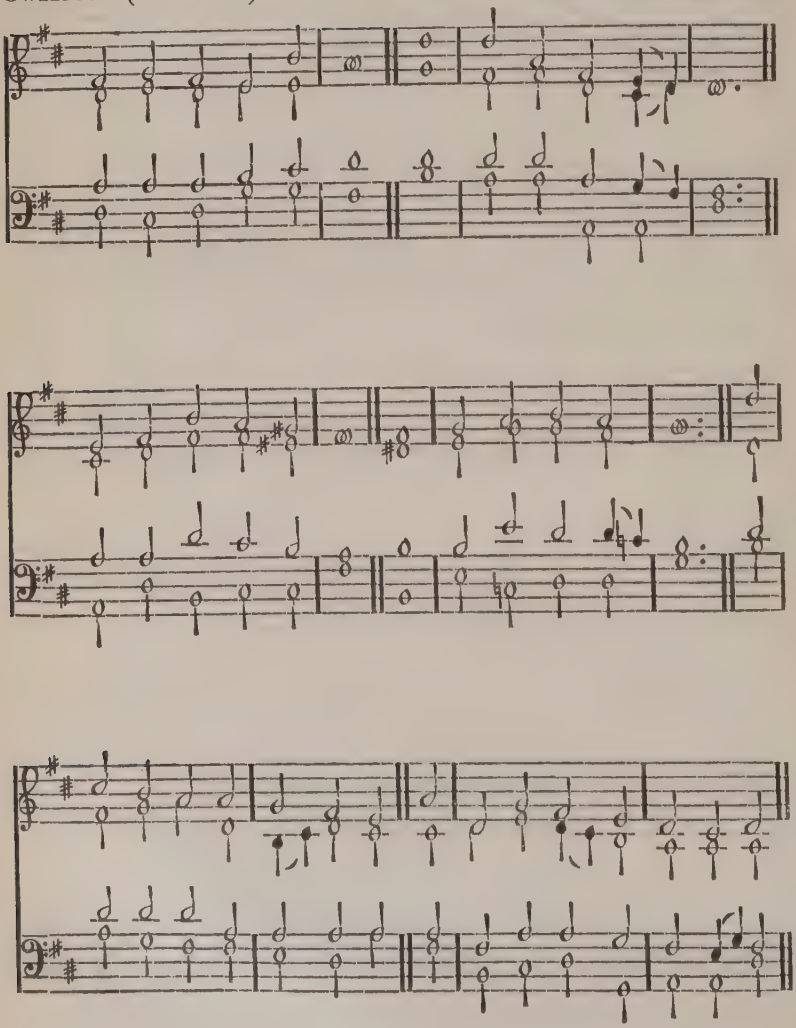
CHICHESTER NEW (C.M.)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



139

GWEEDORE (66.66.88) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



139

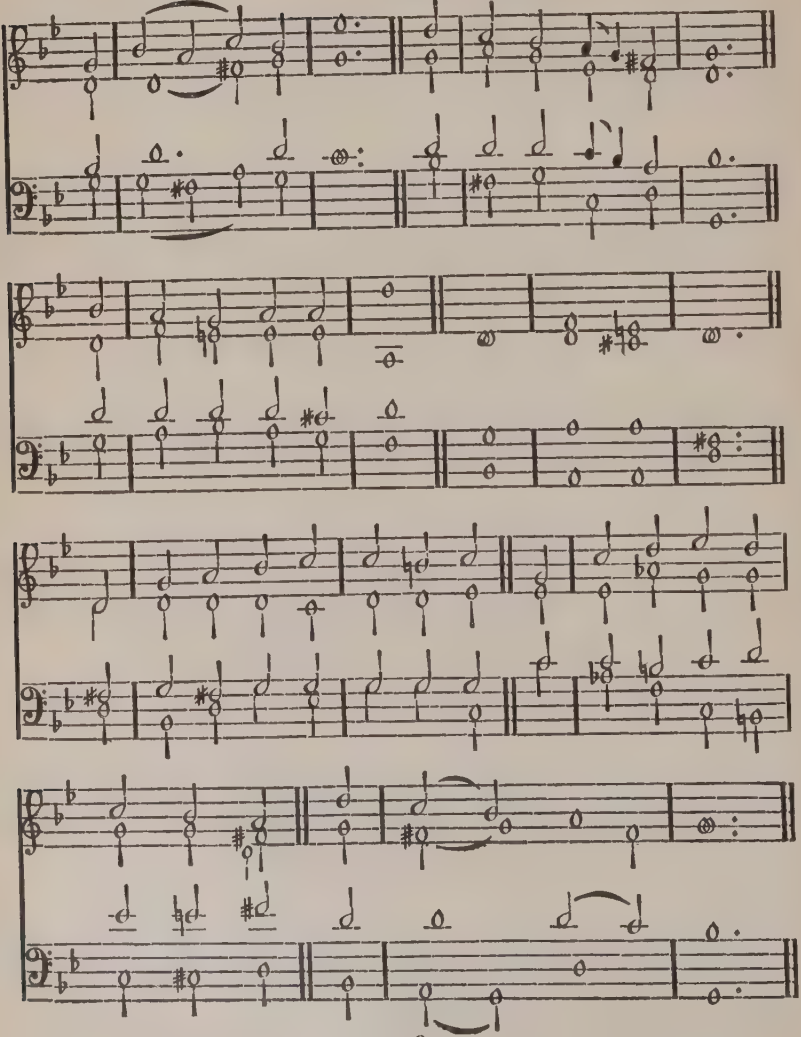
Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread
Furnished with mystic wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fullness prove,
And, strengthened by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

140

WIGAN (4664.884) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



140

Matthew Bridges (1800–1893)

'BEHOLD the Lamb!'
O thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That thou hast died:
Thee for my Saviour let me take,
Thee, thee alone my refuge make,
Thy piercèd side.

'Behold the Lamb!'
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me pure and clean;
Uphold me through life's changeful scene,
Till all be past.

'Behold the Lamb!'
All hail, eternal Word!
Thou universal Lord,
Purge out our leaven:
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,
Manna from heaven.

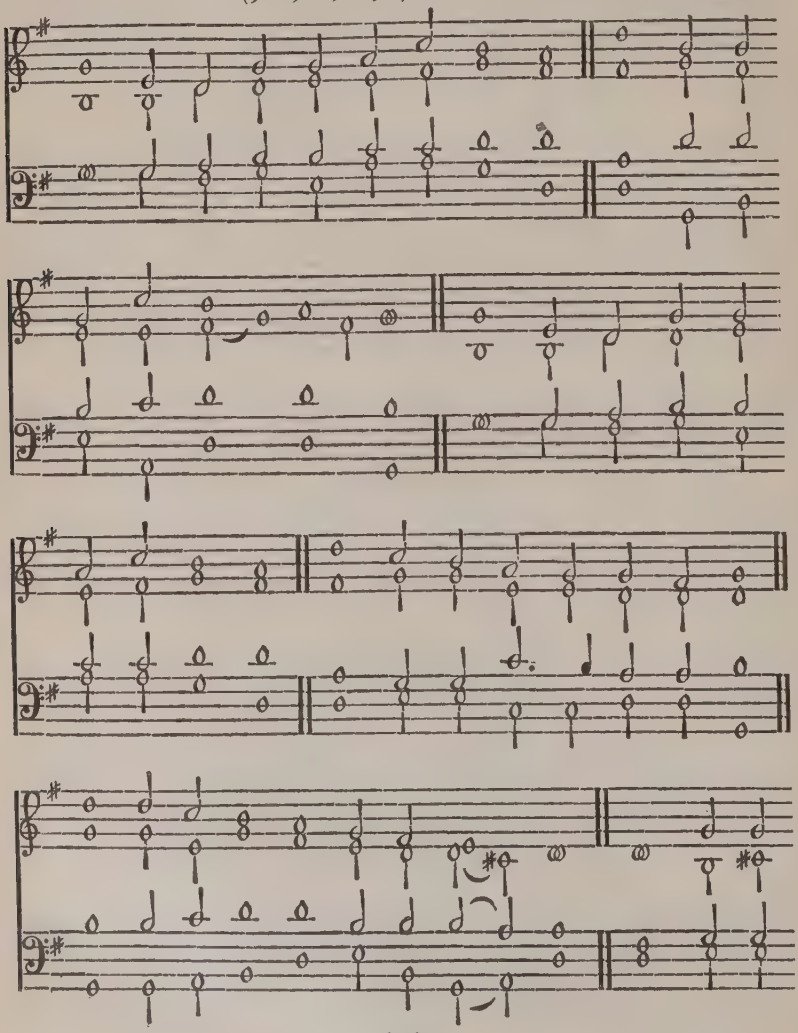
'Behold the Lamb!'
Saints, wrapped in blissful rest,
Souls, waiting to be blest—
O Lord, how long?
Thou Church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,
Still in this vale of woe and tears
Swell the full song.

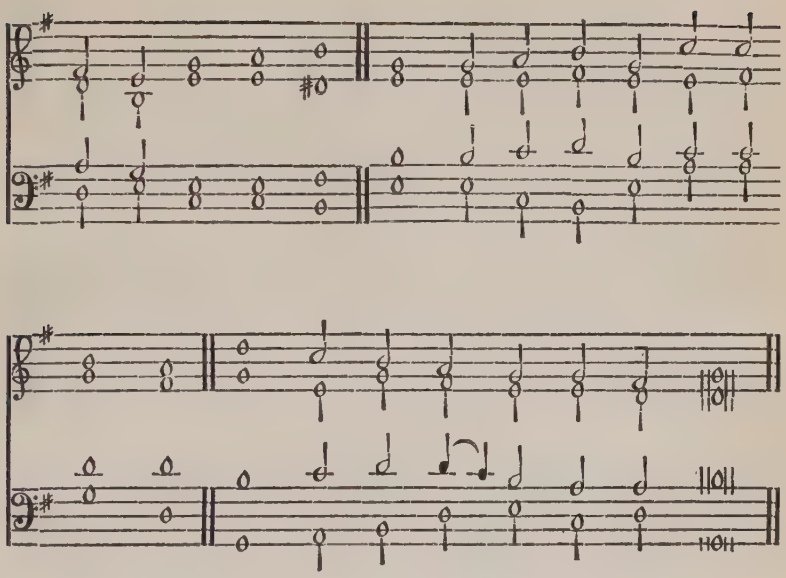
'Behold the Lamb!'
Worthy is he alone,
Upon the iris throne
Of God above:
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All light, all love!

141 (First Tune)

Genevan Psalm 118 (98.98.98.98)

Genevan Psalter (1550)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



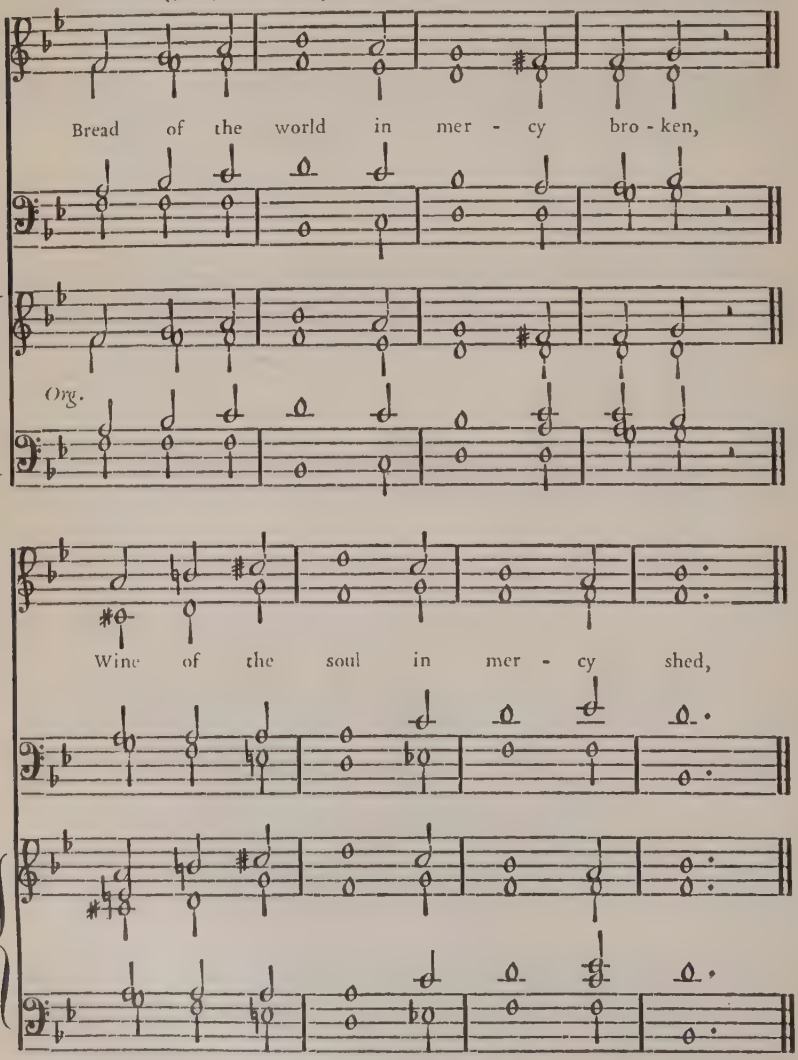


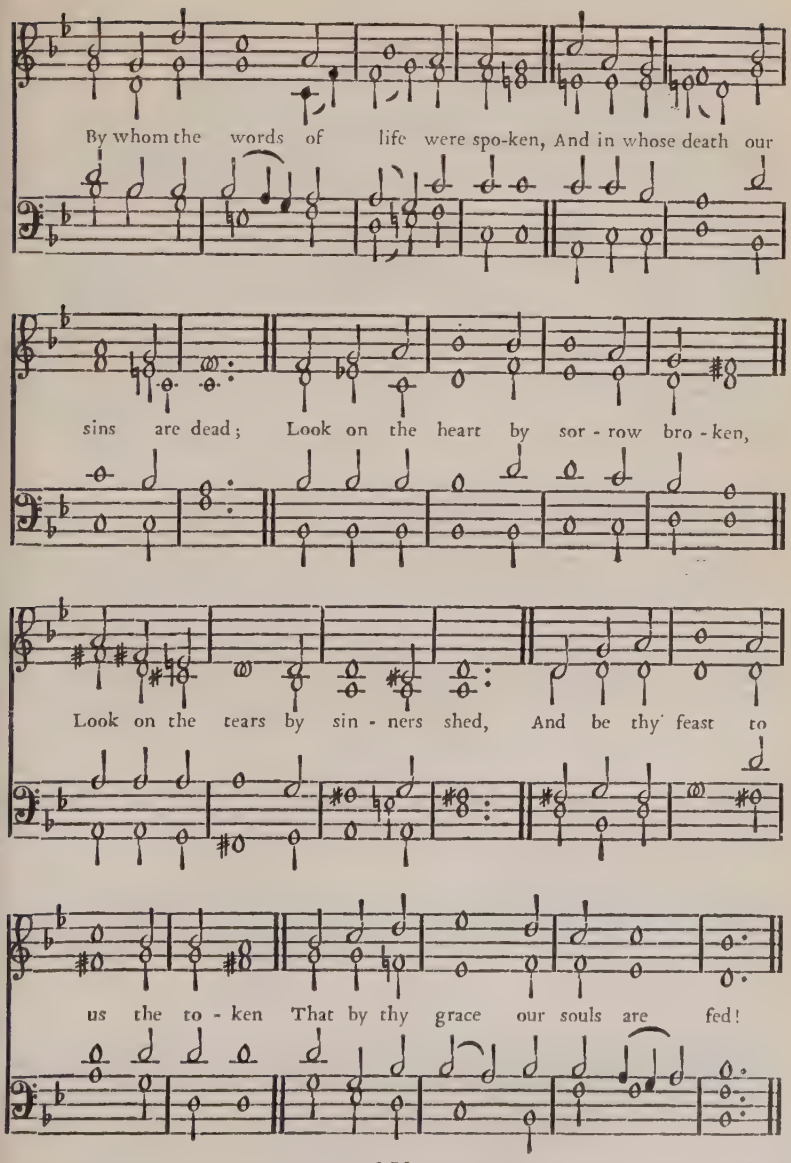
Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

141 (Second Tune)

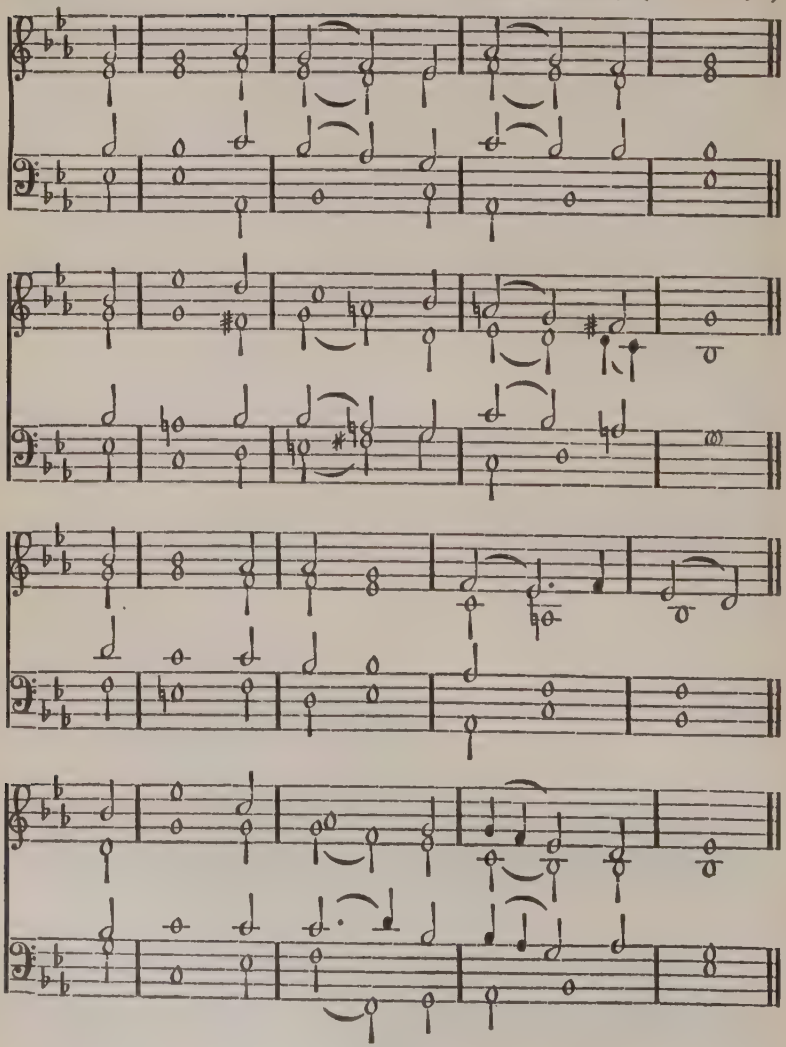
GLASTONBURY (98. 98. 98. 98) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)




By whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in whose death our
sins are dead; Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken,
Look on the tears by sin - ners shed, And be thy feast to
us the to - ken That by thy grace our souls are fed!

142

BRISTOL (L.M.) *Samuel Wesley* (1766–1837)



142

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

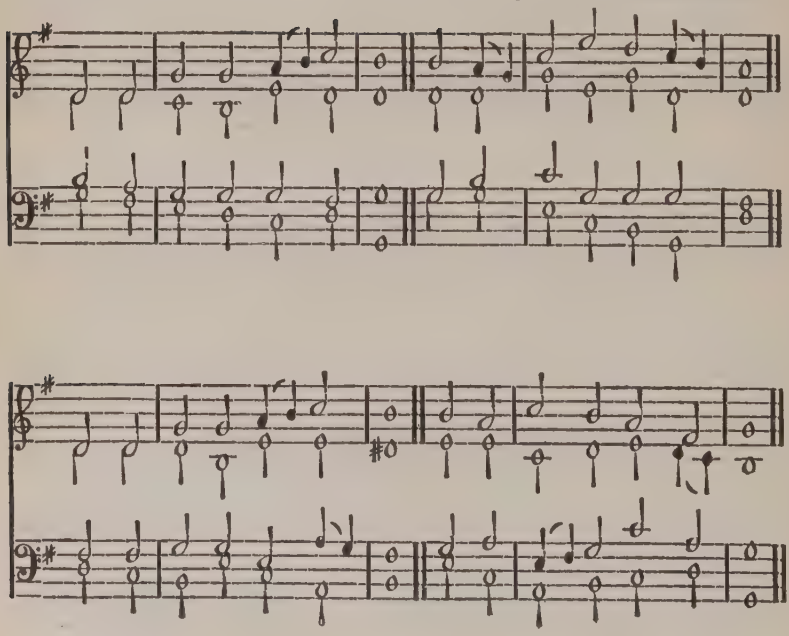
Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

143

Edward John Hopkins (1818–1901)
Founded on Orlando Gibbons' anthem
'God is gone up with a merry noise'

OUNDLE (77.77)



143

George Herbert (1593–1633)

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

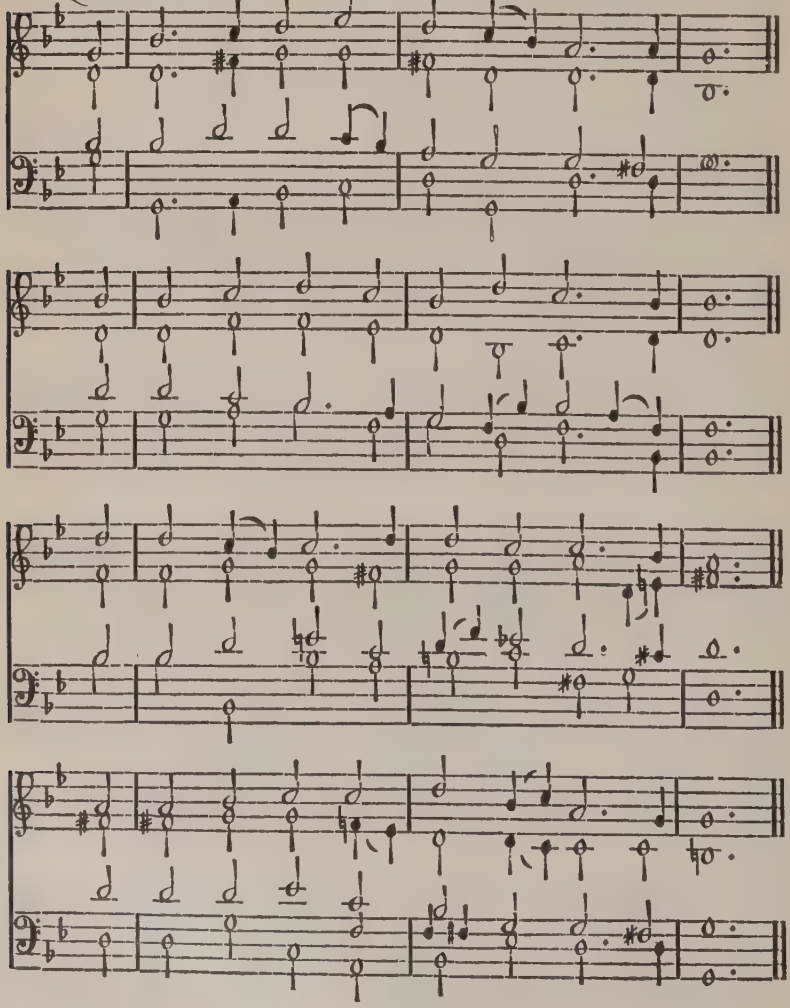
Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

144 (First Tune)

RELIANCE (10 10, 10 10) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)

Quite slow



144

Anon.
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

SANCTI, VENITE, CHRISTI CORPUS SUMITE

DRAW nigh, and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured,
Saved by that body, hallowed by that blood,
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.

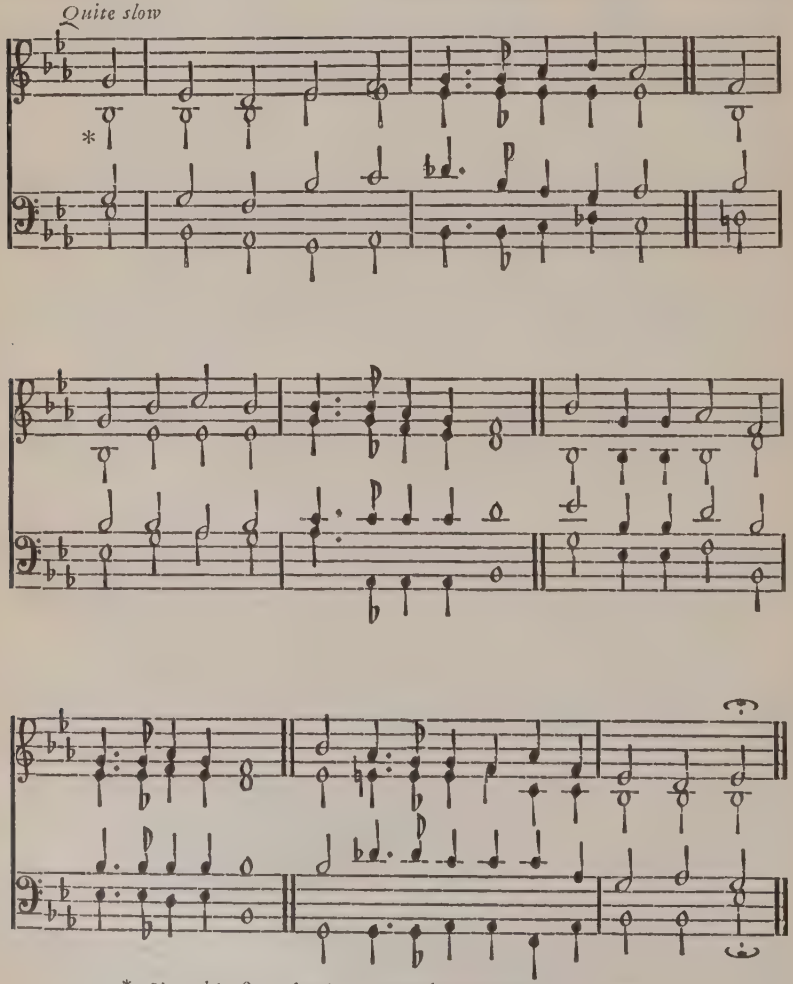
Salvation's giver, Christ the only Son,
By that his cross and blood the victory won:
Offered was he for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and himself the priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,
That, in a type, celestial mysteries told:
He, Ransomer from death and Light from shade,
Giveth his holy grace his saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
He that in this world rules his saints, and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole:
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.
Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

144 (Second Tune)

REFUGE (1010.1010) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)

* *Sing this first chord as a crotchet in verses* 2, 4, *and* 5.

144

Anon.
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

SANCTI, VENITE, CHRISTI CORPUS SUMITE

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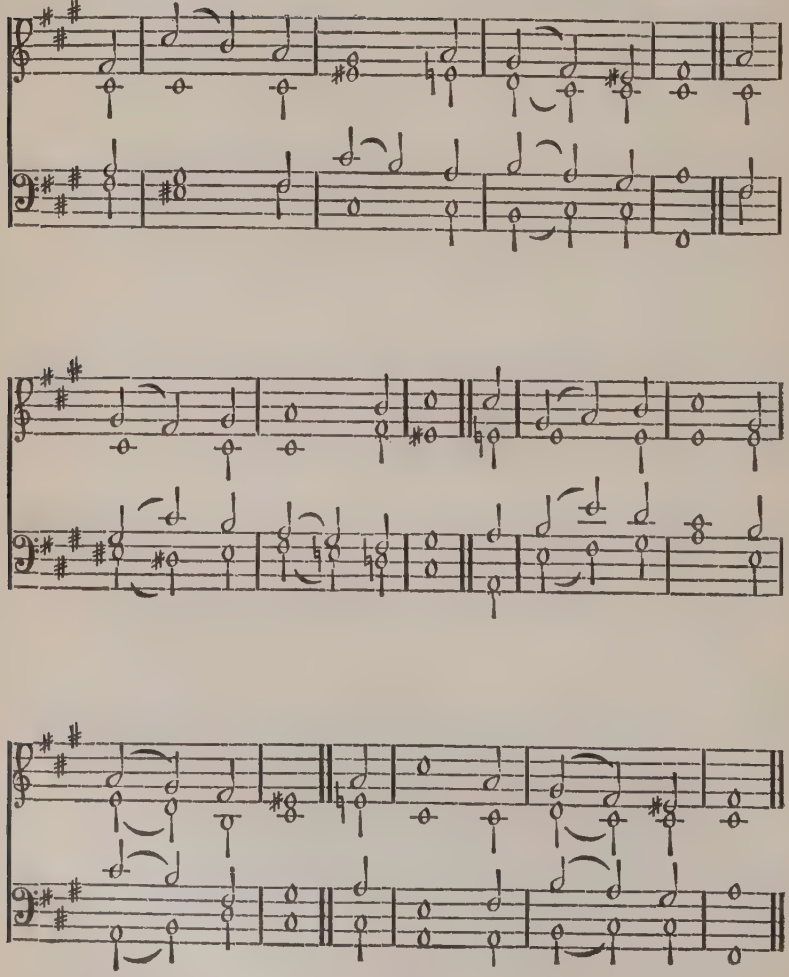
With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole;
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.
Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

145

CROWLE (C.M.)

Melody from James Green's Book of Psalm Tunes (1724)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins



145

Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That thou should'st come to me;
Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

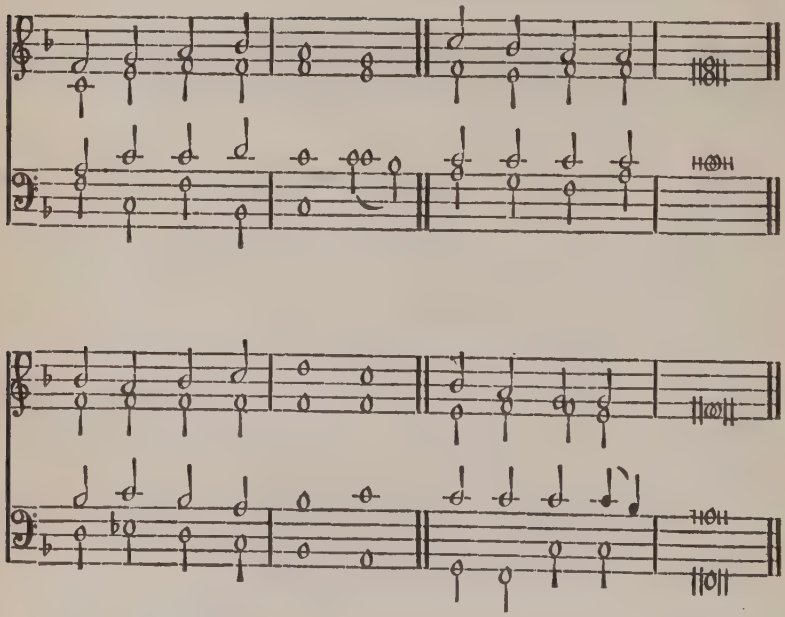
I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say thee nay,
Thee, who didst give thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

Oh come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

(*Before Communion*)

146

PROVIDENCE (65.65) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



146

Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)

JESU, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For thine endless glory
And thy royal state.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

Jesu, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

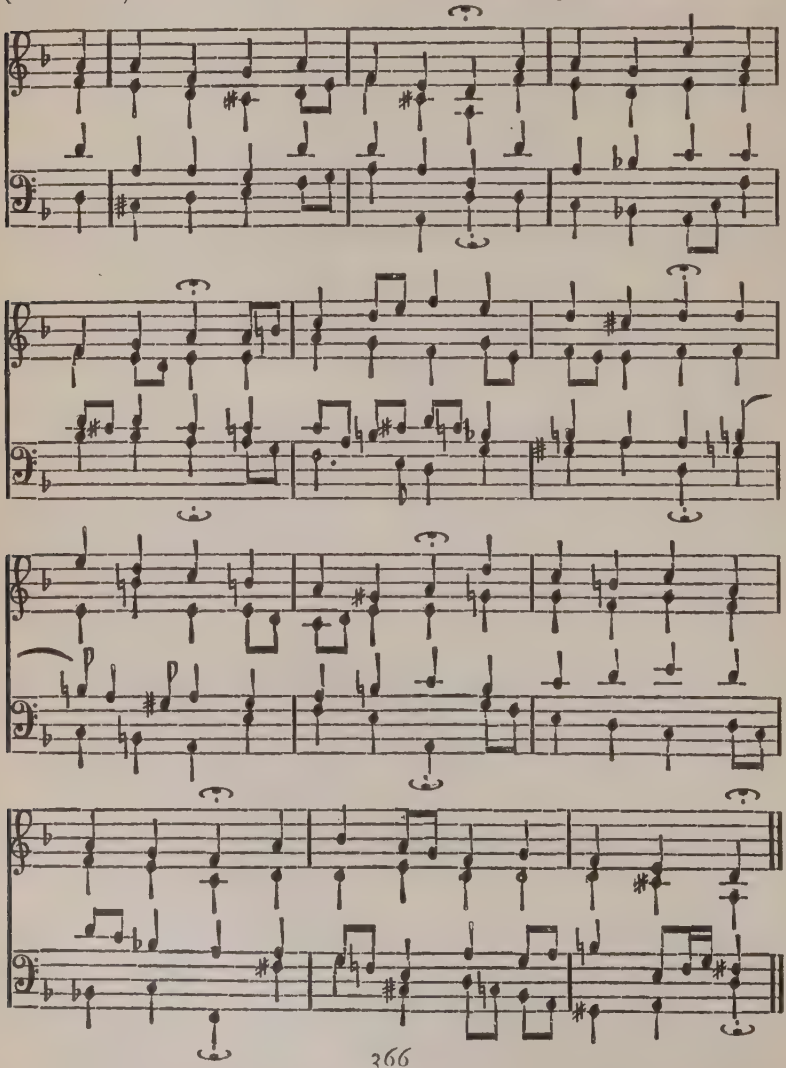
Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

(*After Communion*)

147

VATER UNSER IM HIMMELREICH
(88.88.88)

? Martin Luther (1483–1546)
In Köphyl's Strasburg Gesangbuch (1537)
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach



147

John Wesley (1703–1791)

LO, God is here! let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

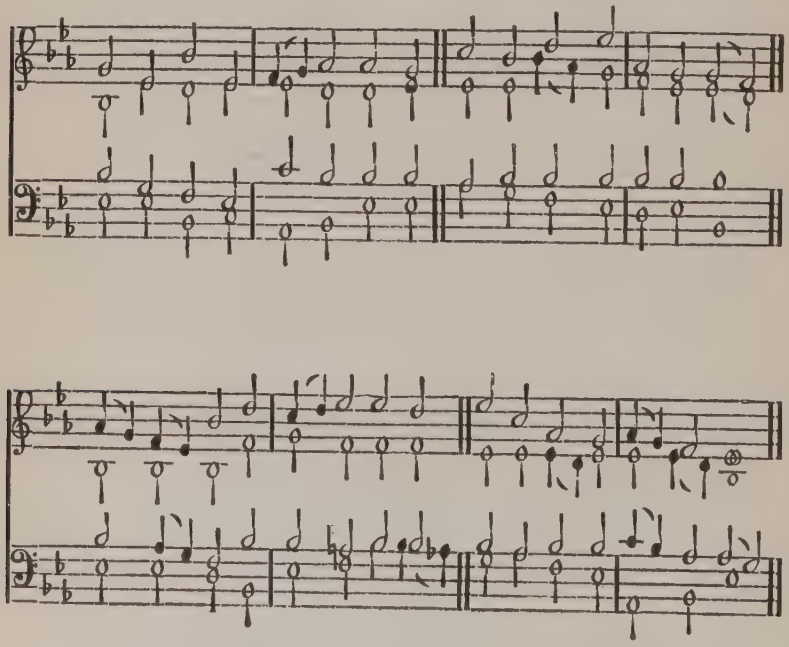
Lo, God is here! him day and night
The united quires of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
Oh take, oh seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God; thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

148 (First Tune)

Halton Holgate (87. 87) *William Boyce* (1710–1779)



148

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

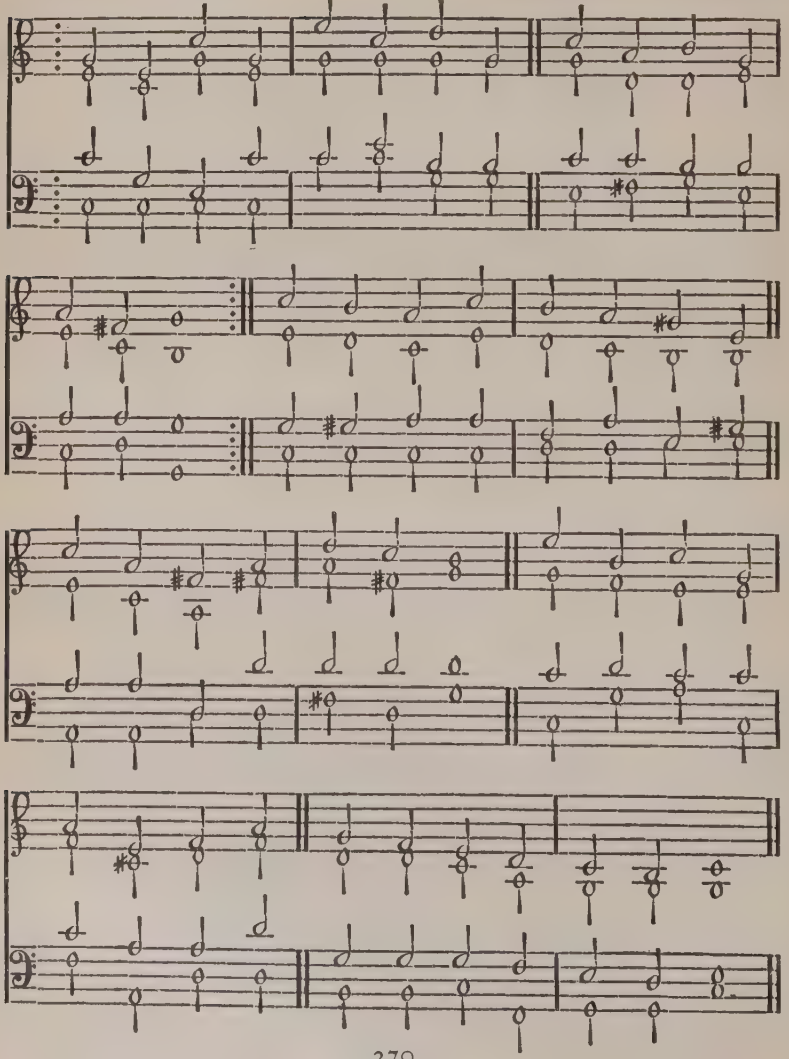
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

148 (Second Tune)

Chichester (87. 87 D.) *Samuel Wesley* (1766–1837)



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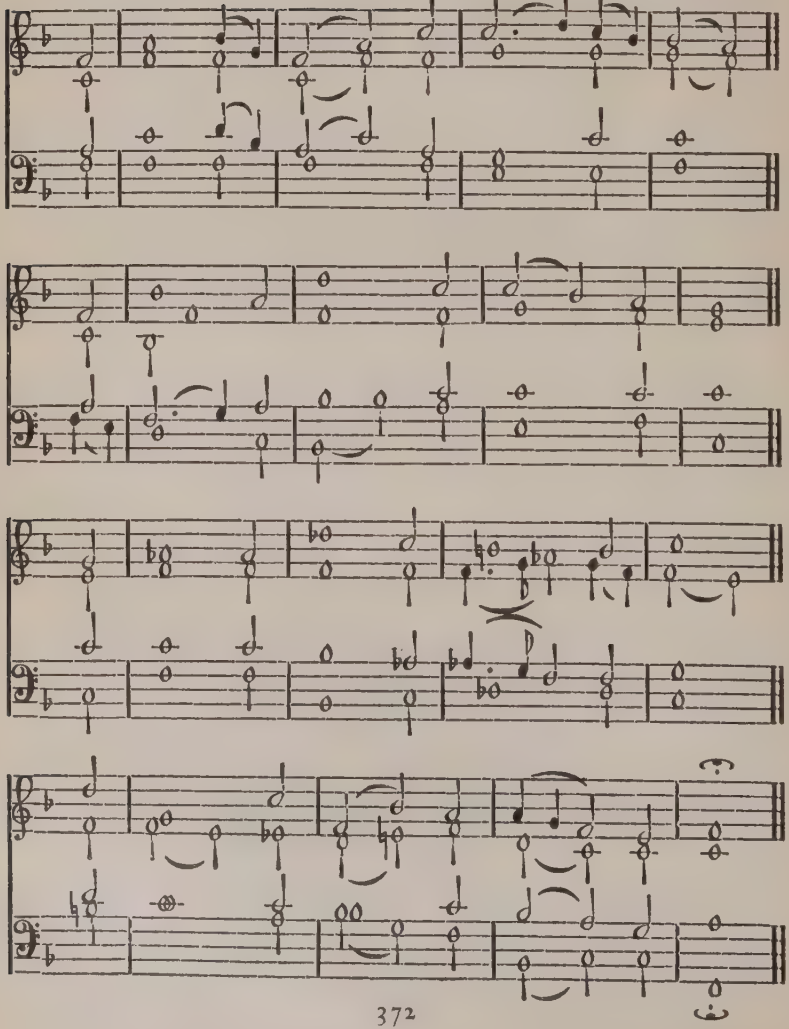
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

149

BROMLEY (L.M.)

Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Mean parts by M. M. Bridges



149

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)

MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

Oh, let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor when we leave our Father's board
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's love alone can give.

150 (First Tune)

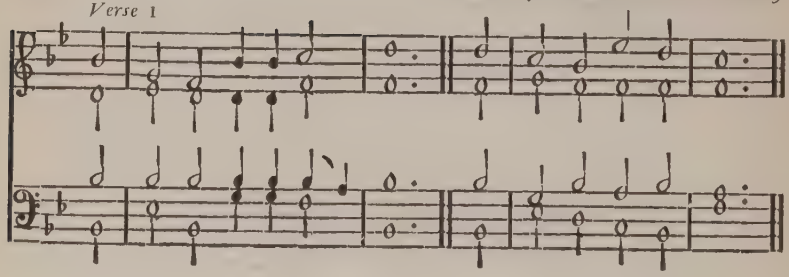
For Part I only

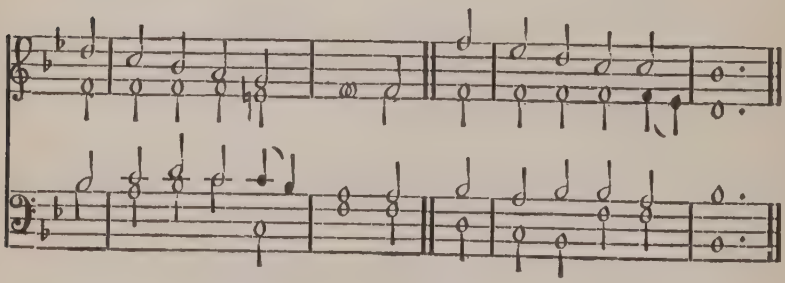
Lisbon (66.66)

Anon.

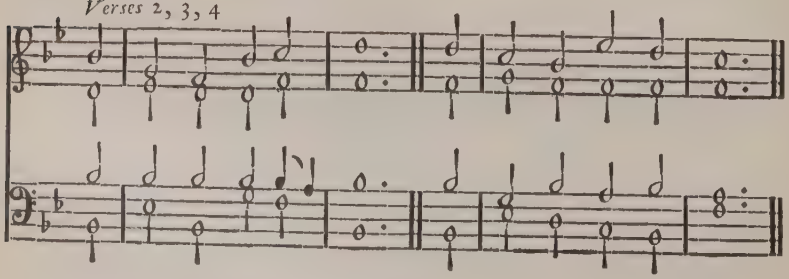
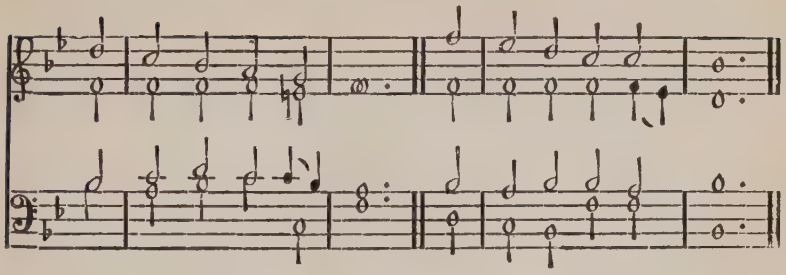
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley

Verse 1





Verses 2, 3, 4



John Byrom (1691–1763)

PART I. THE WISH

MY spirit longeth for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Although I be unworthy
Of so divine a guest:

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee:

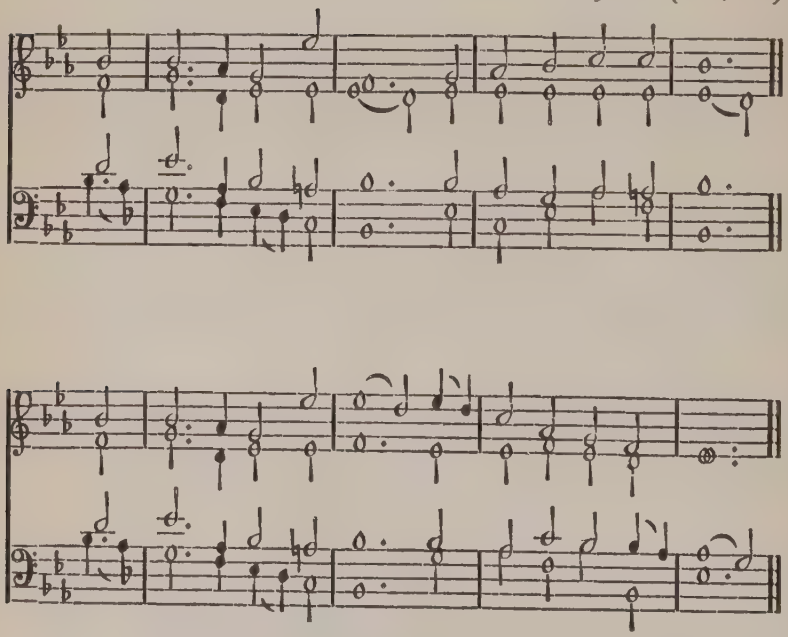
Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

No rest is to be found
But in thy blessèd love:
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

150 (Second Tune)

For Part II only

St. Quintin (66. 66) *Henry Parr* (1815– ?)



150

Part II. The Answer

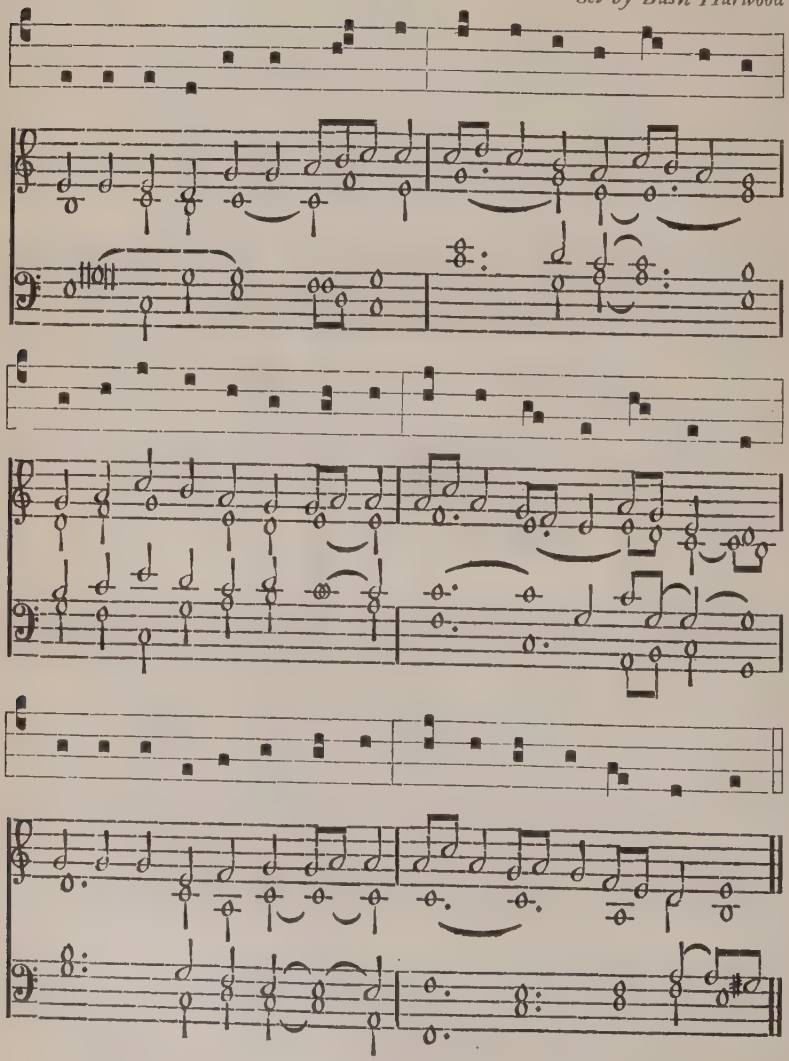
CHEER up, desponding soul,
Thy longing pleased I see;
'Tis part of that great whole,
Wherewith I longed for thee:

Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left my Father's throne;
From death to set thee free,
To claim thee for my own:

To claim thee for my own,
I suffered on the cross;
Oh, were my love but known,
No soul could fear its loss:

No soul could fear its loss,
But filled with love divine,
Would die on its own cross,
And rise for ever mine.

151 (First Tune)

Mechlin. *Mode iii*
Set by Basil Harwood

151

St. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274)
Trans. John Mason Neale, Edward Caswall, and others

PANGE LINGUA, GLORIOSI CORPORIS MYSTERIUM

NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling
Of the glorious body sing,
And the blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' lord and king,
Once on earth amongst us dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt, the seed of truth to sow,
Till he closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

That last night, at supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious food supplying,
Gives himself with his own hand.

Word-made-flesh true bread he maketh
By his word his flesh to be;
Wine his blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

PART II

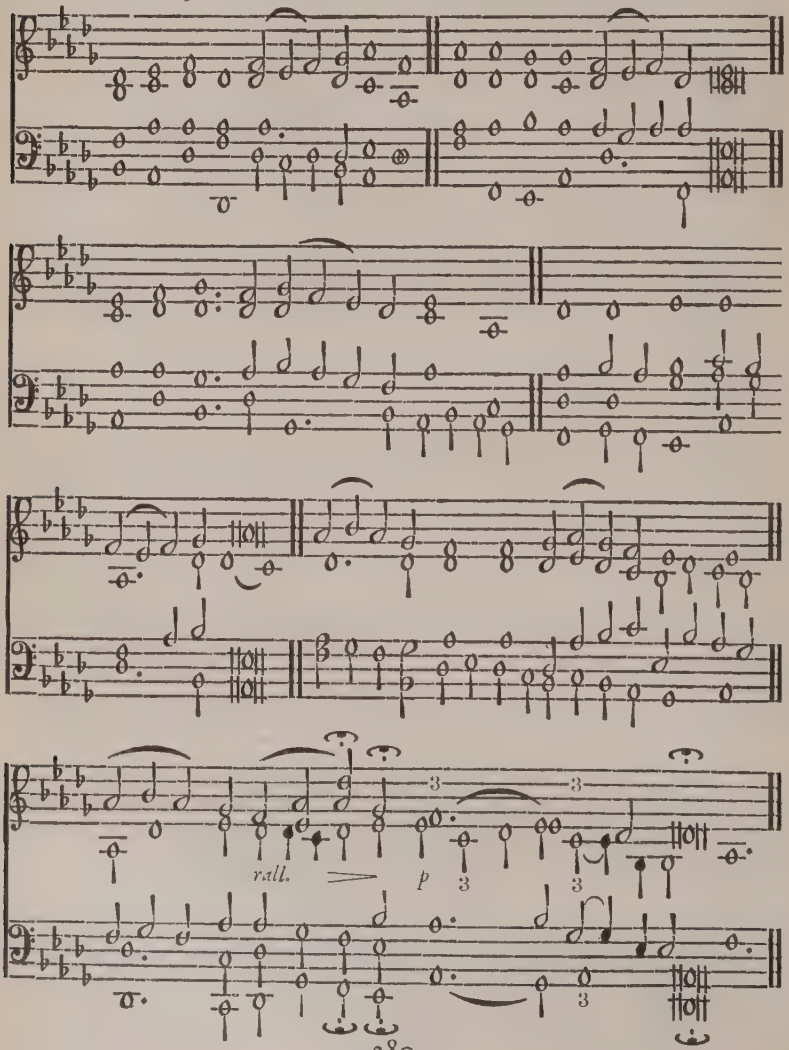
Therefore we, before him bending
This great sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

Glory let us give and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, thanks, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too his love confessing
Who from both with both is one.

151 (Second Tune)

French Melody

TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM (87.87.87) *Harm. by Basil Harwood*

Unison. *In free time*

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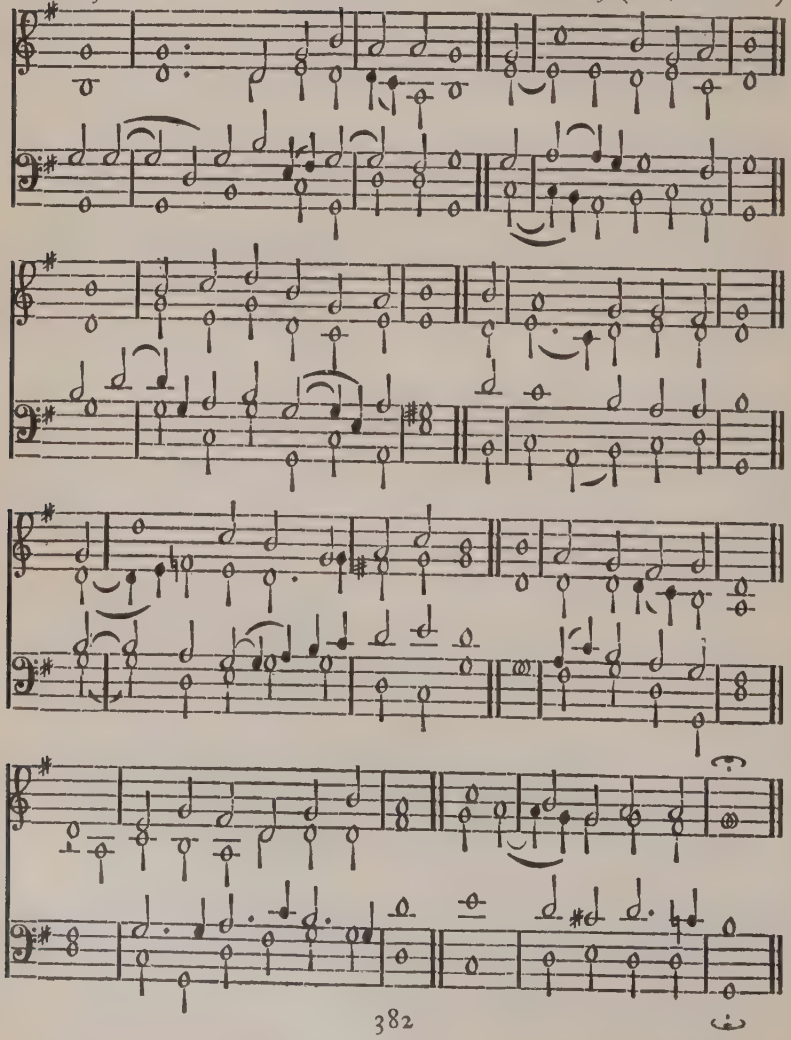
To the Father and the Son,
Honour, thanks, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too his love confessing
Who from both with both is one.

152 (First Tune)

Old 132nd (D.C.M.)

In free time

Este's Whole Booke of Psalmes (1592)
Harm. adapted and slightly altered from
Giles Farnaby (c. 1560–16 ?)



152

Edward Osler (1798–1863)

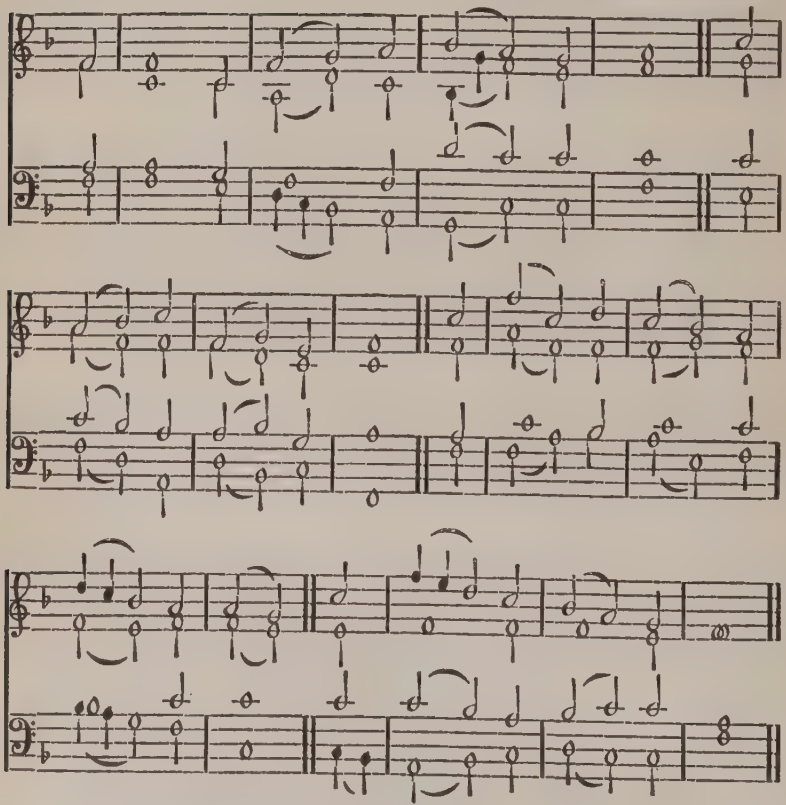
O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel,
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.
Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, his precious blood.
Thus may we all thy words obey;
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine!

152 (Second Tune)

IRISH (C.M.)

From 'A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems' (1749)
Harm. by Thomas Attwood Walmisley

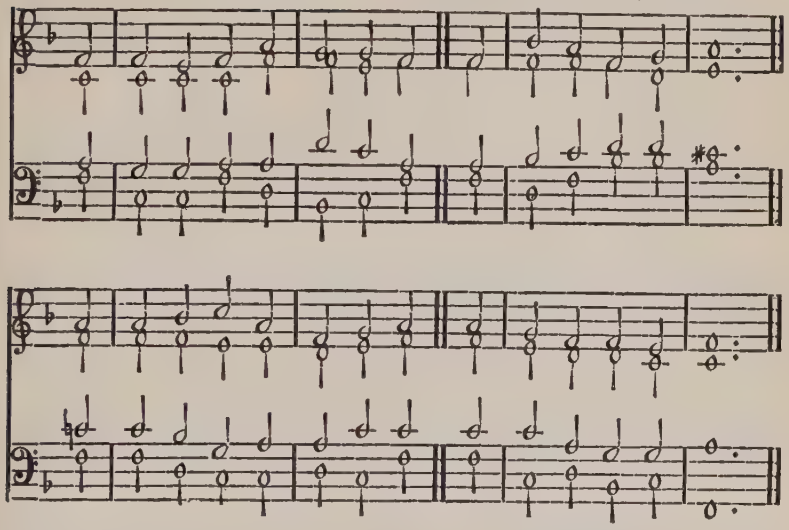


Edward Osler (1798–1863)

O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel,
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

152 (Third Tune)

St. Flavian (c.m.) *Modern abridged Version of 'Old 132nd'*



Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

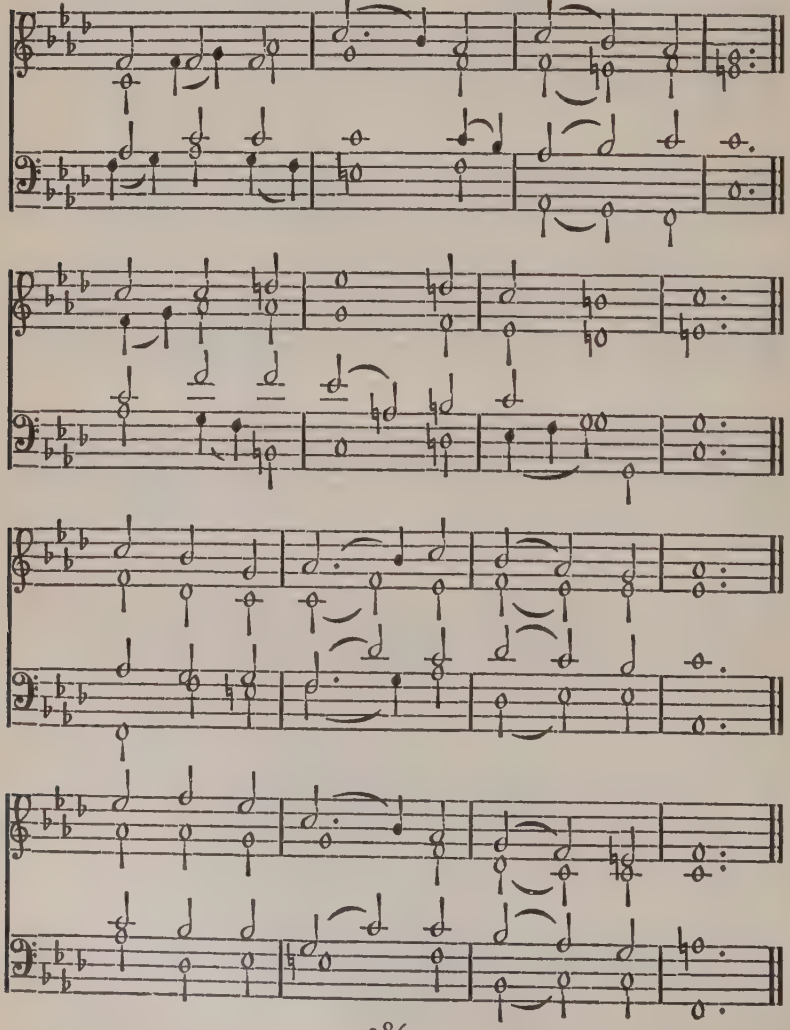
We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, his precious blood.

Thus may we all thy words obey;
For we, O God are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine!

153

DAS NEUGEBORNE KINDELEIN (L.M.)

Melchior Vulpius (c. 1560–1616)
Set by Johann Sebastian Bach



153

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

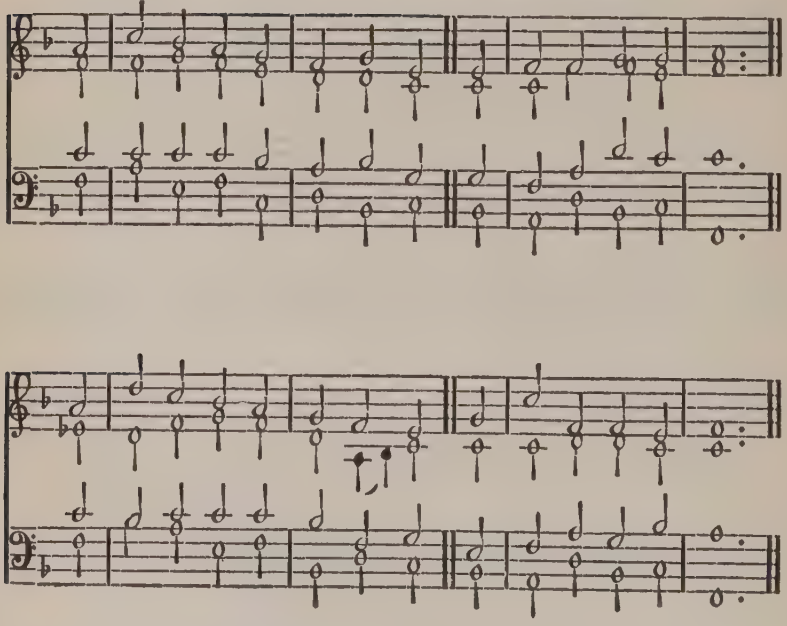
There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me;

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

154

ALBANO (C.M.) *Vincent Novello* (1781–1861)



154

William Bright (1824–1901)

ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious life he gave;
Before the cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

'One offering, single and complete,'
With lips and heart we say;
But what he never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

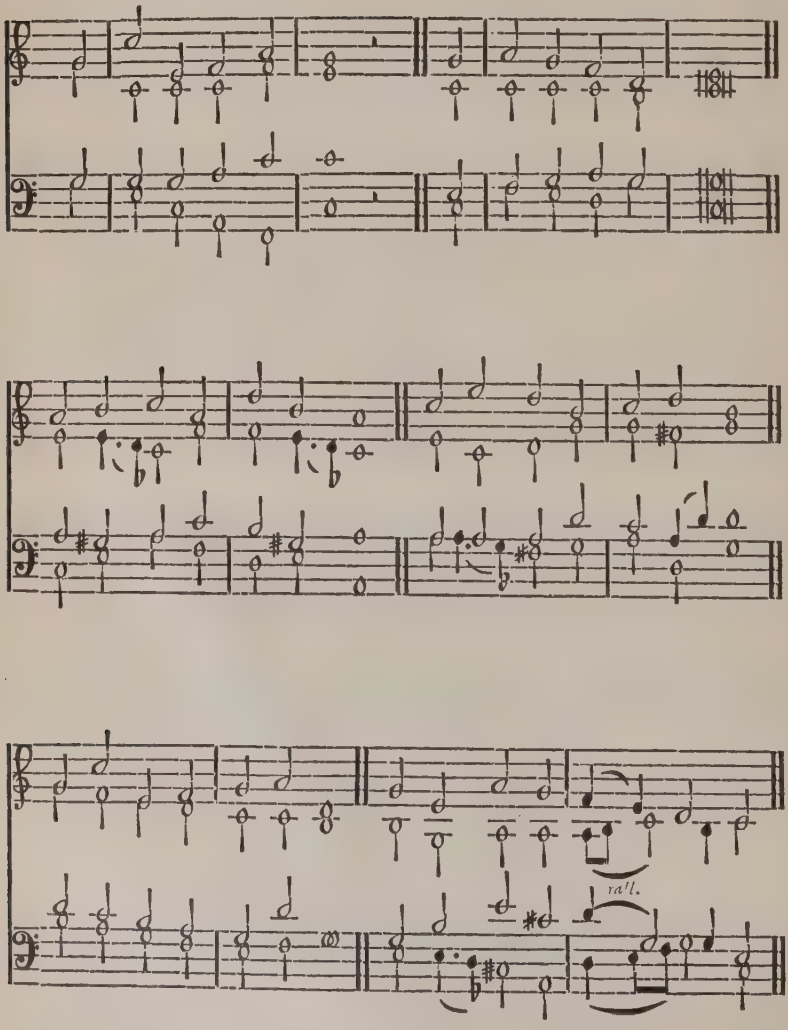
So he, who once atonement wrought,
Our priest of endless power,
Presents himself for those he bought
In that dark noontide hour.

His manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite he gives
Its presence to his own.

And so we show thy death, O Lord,
Till thou again appear,
And feel, when we approach thy board,
We have an altar here.

155

WILLINGHAM (66.77.77) *Samuel Wesley* (1766–1837)



155

Charles? Wesley (1707–1778)

SAVIOUR, and can it be
That thou should'st dwell with me?
From thy high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss,
Will thy Majesty stoop down
To so mean a house as this?

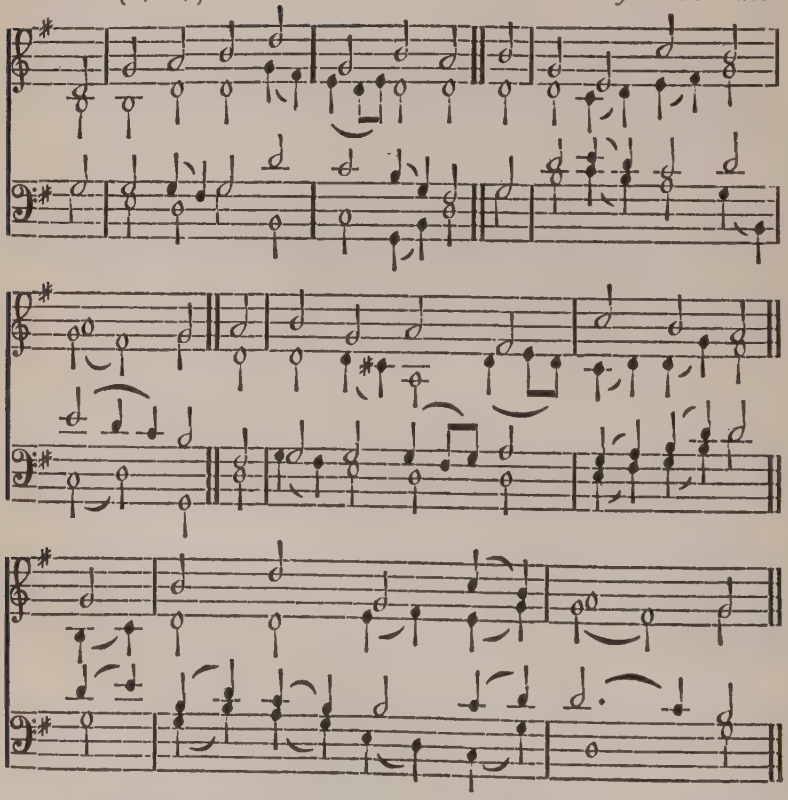
I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, so self-abhorred,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor polluted heart:
I am a frail sinful man,
All my nature cries, Depart!

Yet come, thou heavenly guest,
And purify my breast;
Come, thou great and glorious King,
While before thy cross I bow;
With thyself salvation bring,
Cleanse the house by entering now.

156 (First Tune)

DYFRDWY (87.87)

J. Jeffreys (1718–1798)
Harm. by Basil Harwood



Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

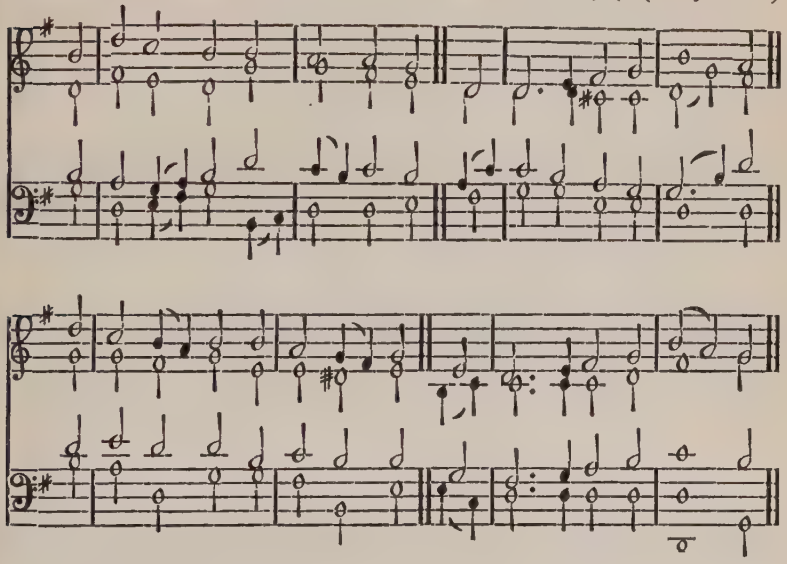
Psalm xxiii

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

156 (Second Tune)

DOMINUS REGIT ME (87.87) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

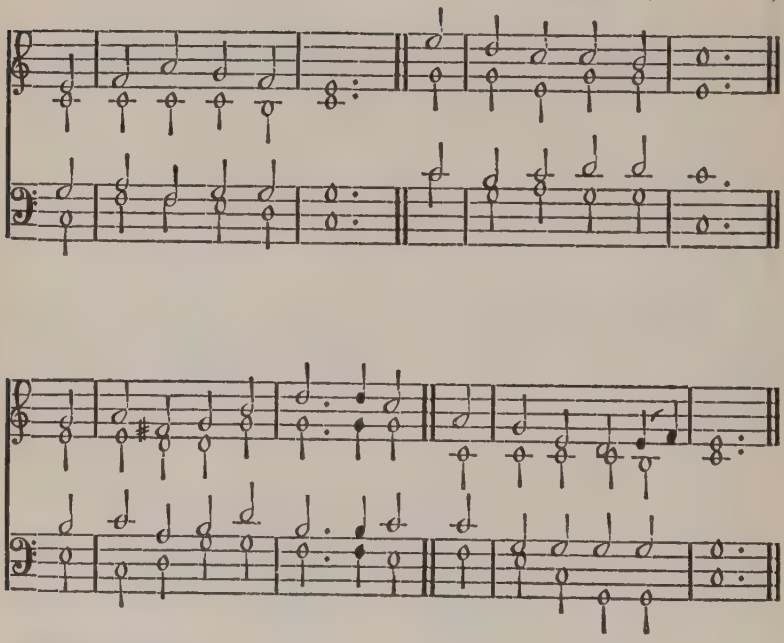
In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

157

ST. GEORGE (S.M.) *Henry John Gauntlett* (1805–1876)



157

Anon. (*18th cent.?*)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

SUMMI PARENTIS FILIO

TO Christ, the Prince of peace,
And Son of God most high,
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in his heart for us
The wound of love he bore,
That love which still he kindles in
The hearts that him adore.

O Jesu, Victim blest,
What else but love divine
Could thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of thine?

O Fount of endless life,
O Spring of waters clear,
O Flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto thee draw near!

Hide me in thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly,
There seek thy grace through life, in death
Thine immortality.

Praise to the Father be;
Praise to his only Son;
Praise to the blessèd Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

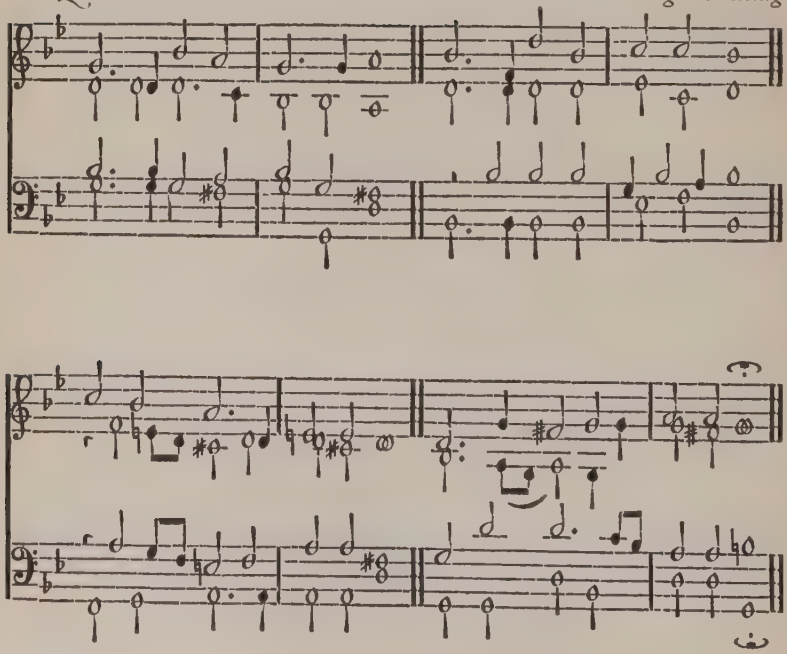
158

'VIEW ME, LORD' (77.77)

Quite slow

Thomas Campion (1575–1619)

The original setting



158

Thomas Campion (1575–1619)

VIEW me, Lord, a work of thine:
Shall I then lie drowned in night?
Might thy grace in me but shine,
I should seem made all of light.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
At thine altar, pure and white:
They that once thy mercies feel,
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
When the heavenly light appears;
But the covenants thou hast made,
Endless, know nor days nor years.

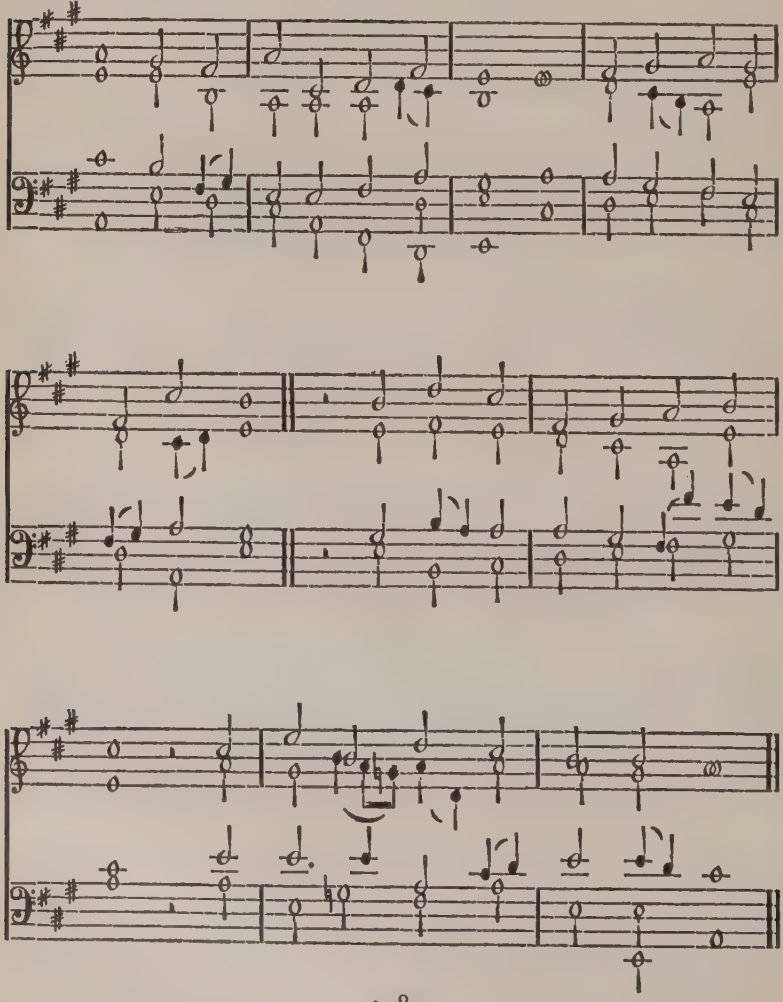
In thy word, Lord, is my trust;
To thy mercies fast I fly;
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet thy grace can lift me high!

(*Before Communion*)

159 (First Tune)

Henry Lawes (1595–1662)
From George Sandys' Paraphrase (1636)
Mean Parts by Basil Harwood

Lawes' Psalm 8 (L.M.)



159

James Montgomery (1771–1854)

POUR out thy spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

Within thy temple when we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
The angels of the Churches be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

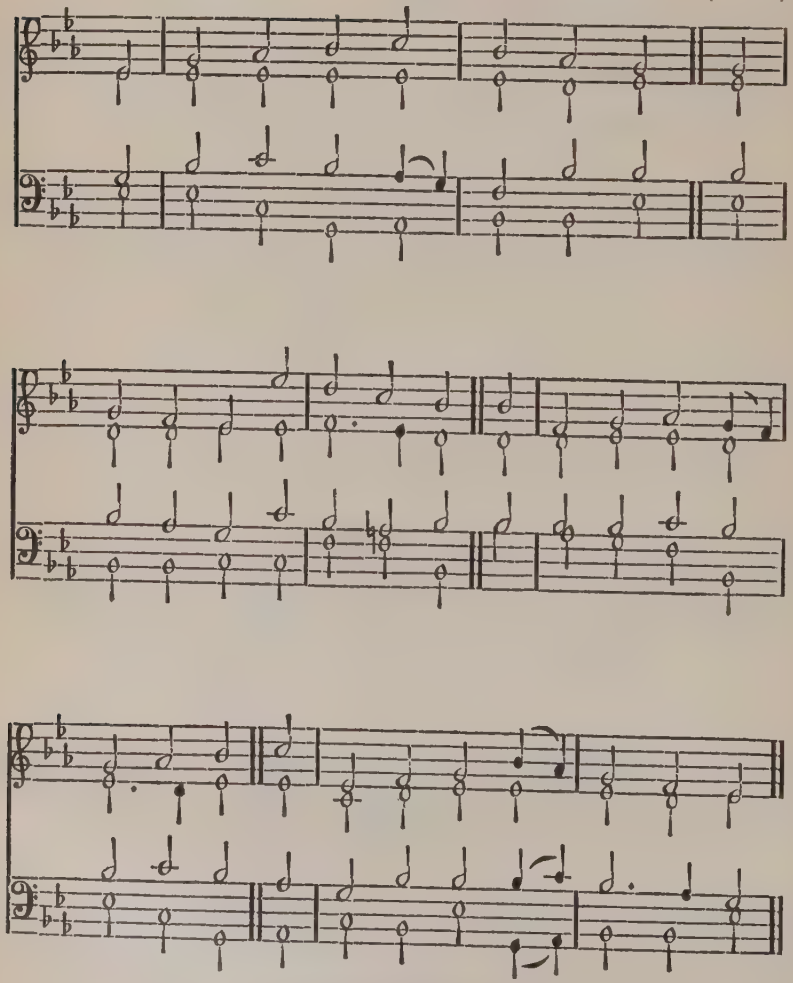
To watch and pray and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep;

Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

159 (Second Tune)

LUDBOROUGH (L.M.)

Timothy Richard Matthews (1826–)



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

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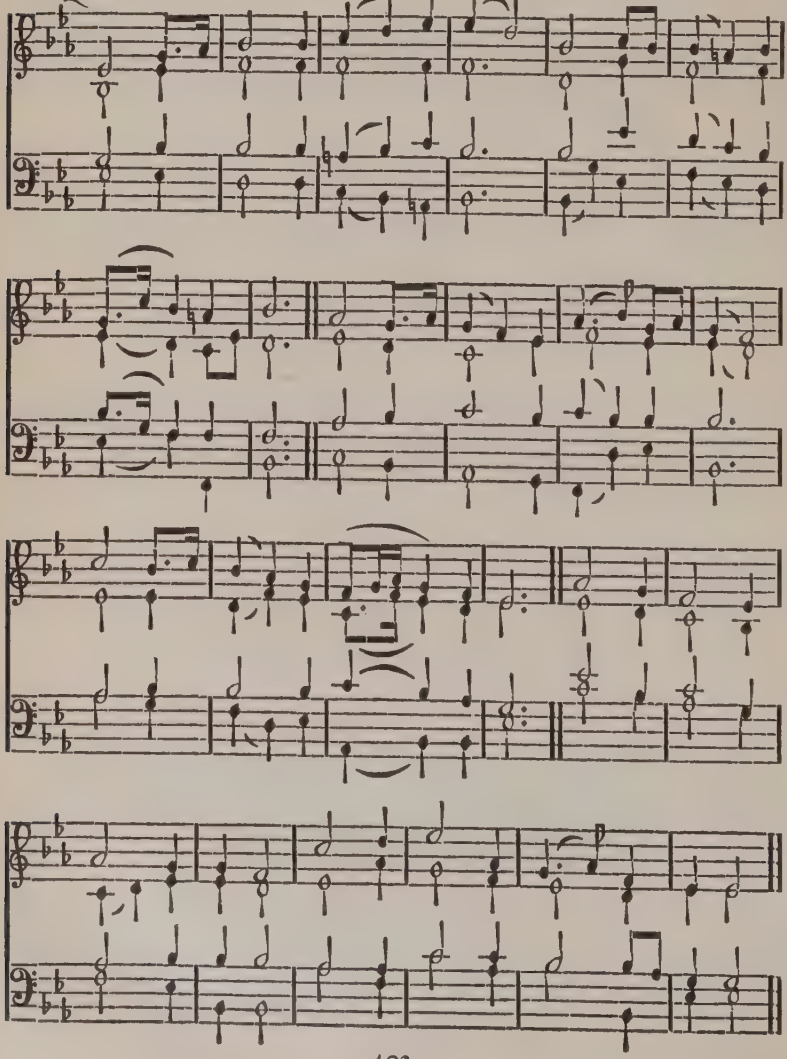
In humble hope our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

160 (First Tune)

Bedford Chapel (77.77.88) *William Boyce* (1710–1779)

Quite slow



160

John Ellerton (1826–1893)

NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in Paradise.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust;'
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

160 (Second Tune)

HAZEL (77.77.88)

Words by John Ellerton (1826–1893)
Basil Harwood (1859–)

Voices in unison
Slow

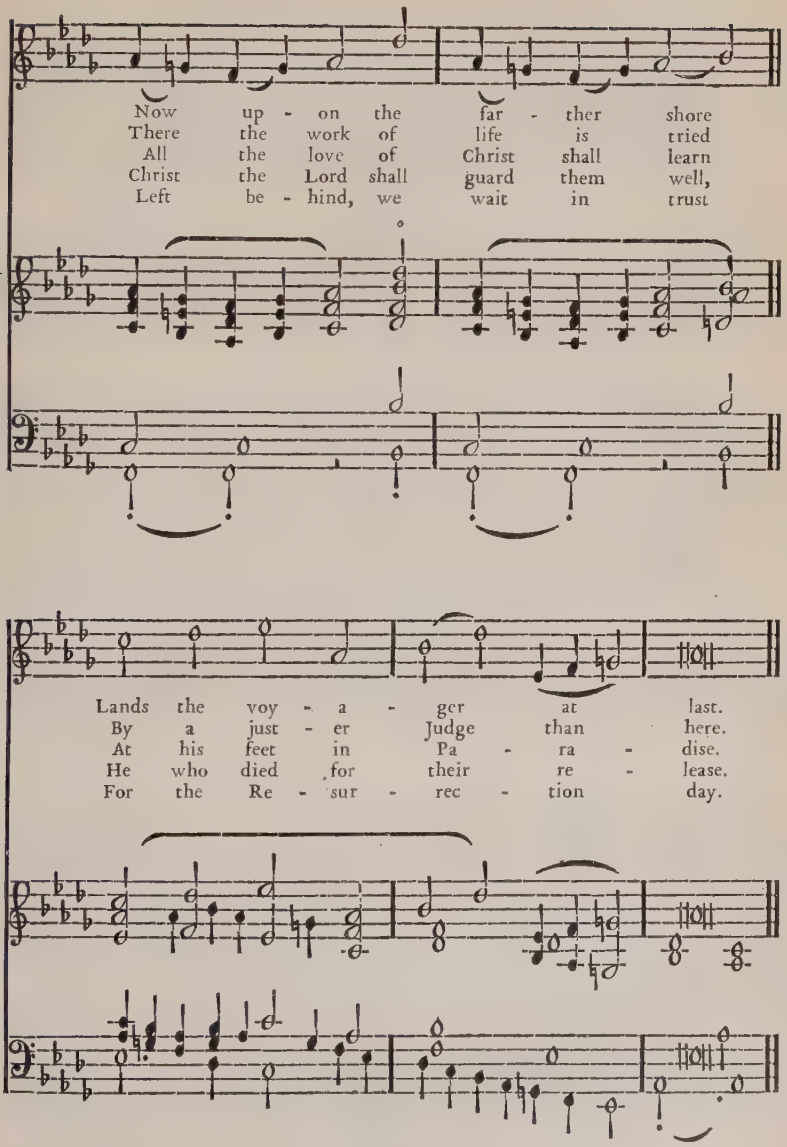
1. Now the la - bourer's task is o'er;
2. There the tears of earth are dried;
3. There the sin - ful souls that turn
4. There no more the powers of hell
5. 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust;'

Like a Funeral March

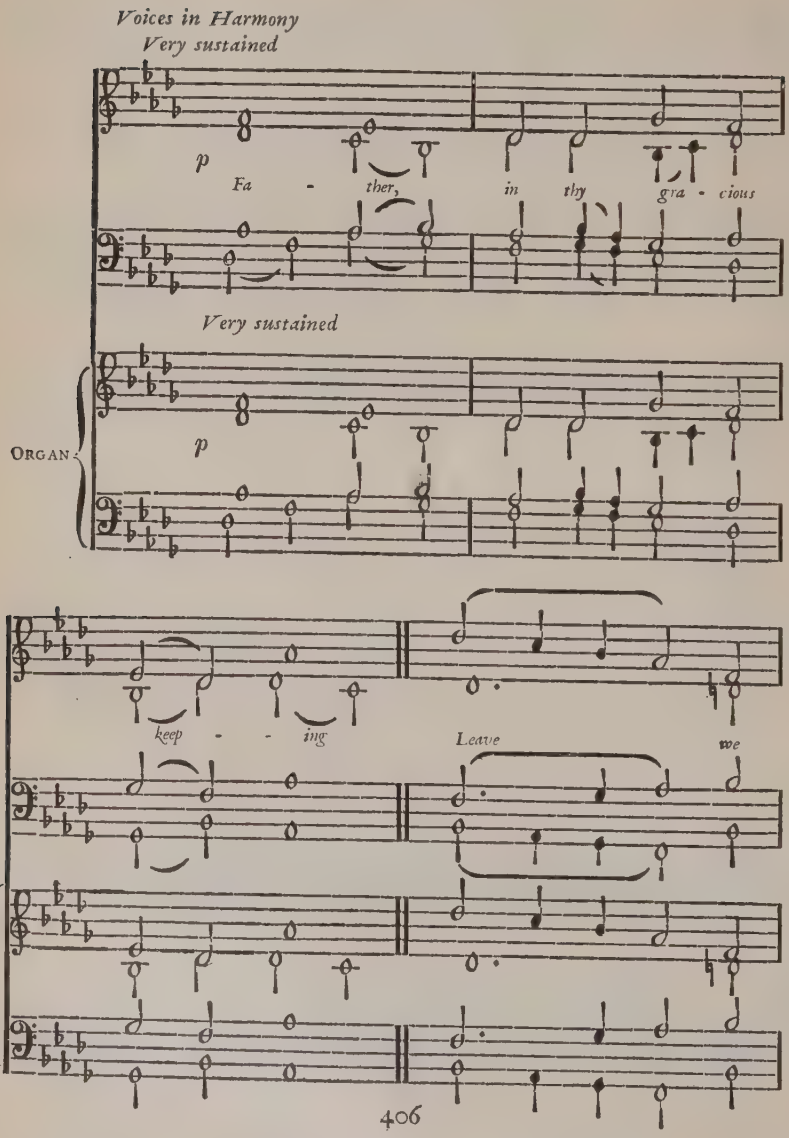
ORGAN

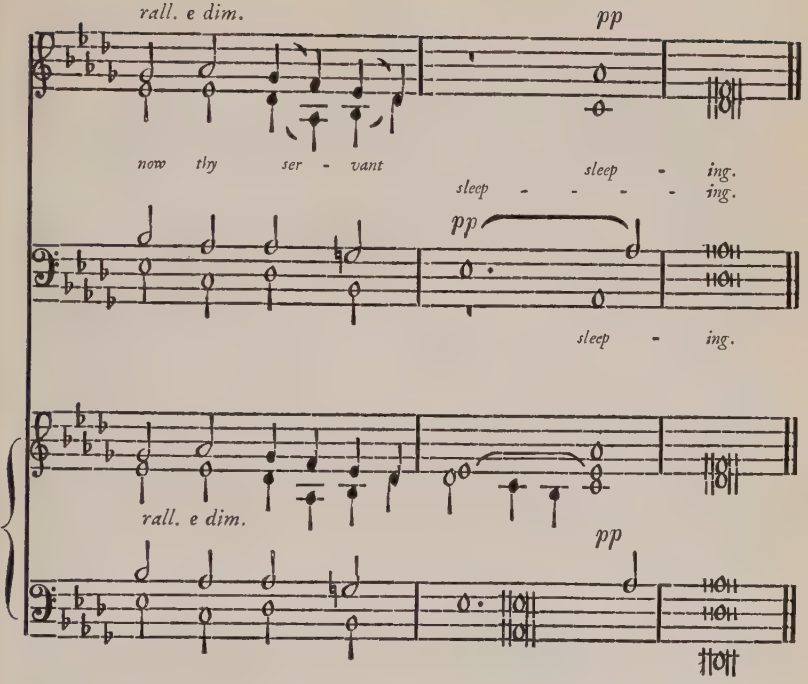
Ped.

Now the bat - tle - day is past;
There its hid - den things are clear;
To the cross their dy - ing eyes,
Can pre - vail to mar their peace;
Calm - ly now the words we say;


Now up - on the far - ther shore
There the work of life is tried
All the love of Christ shall learn
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
Left be - hind, we wait in trust
Lands the voy - a - ger at last.
By a just - er Judge than here.
At his feet in Pa - ra - dise.
He who died for their re - lease.
For the Re - sur - rec - tion day.

160 (Second Tune) *continued*



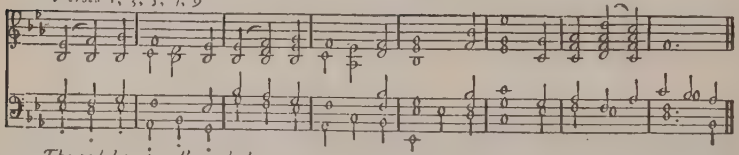

rall. e dim.
pp
now thy ser - vant
sleep - ing.
sleep - - - - ing.
pp
sleep - ing.
rall. e dim.
pp

161

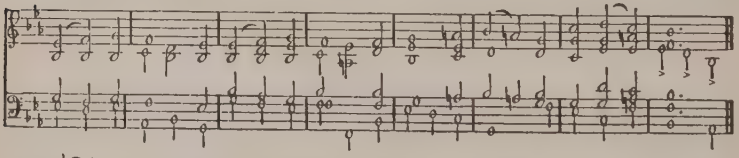
ST. AUDREY (87.87.87) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)

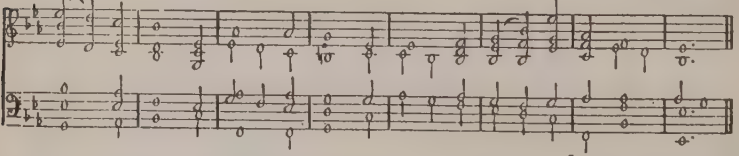
Slow and majestic. To be sung in unison

Verses 1, 3, 5, 7, 9

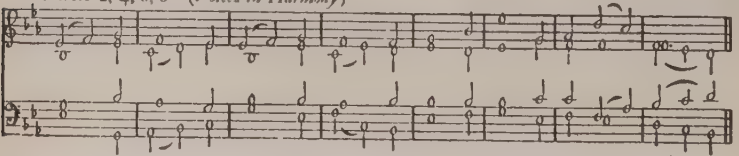


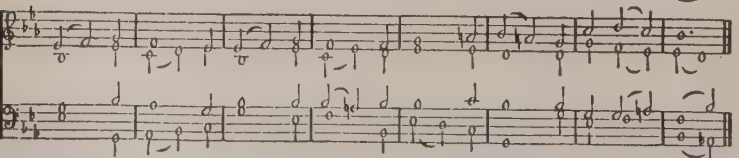
The pedal part well marked

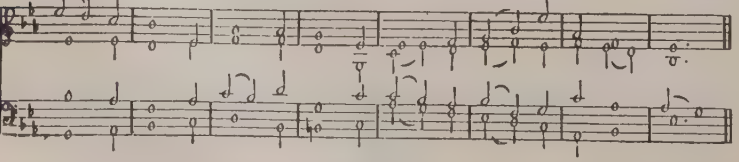




Verses 2, 4, 6, 8 (*Voices in Harmony*)







161

Anon. (*6th cent.?*)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

Urbs beata Hierusalem

1

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilded,
Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel cohorts circled,
As a bride to earth dost move!

2

From celestial realms descending,
Ready for the nuptial bed,
To his presence, decked with jewels,
By her Lord shall she be led:
All her streets, and all her bulwarks,
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3

Bright with pearls her portal glitters;
It is open evermore;
And, by virtue of his merits,
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That this palace should be decked.

5

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious corner-stone,
Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,
Binds them closely into one:
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

6

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One, and God the Trinal,
Singing everlastingly.

7

To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day!
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for ay.

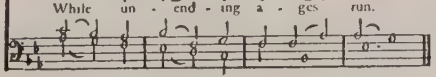
8

Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
That they supplicate to gain:
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their prayers obtain;
And hereafter in thy glory
With thy blessèd ones to reign.

9

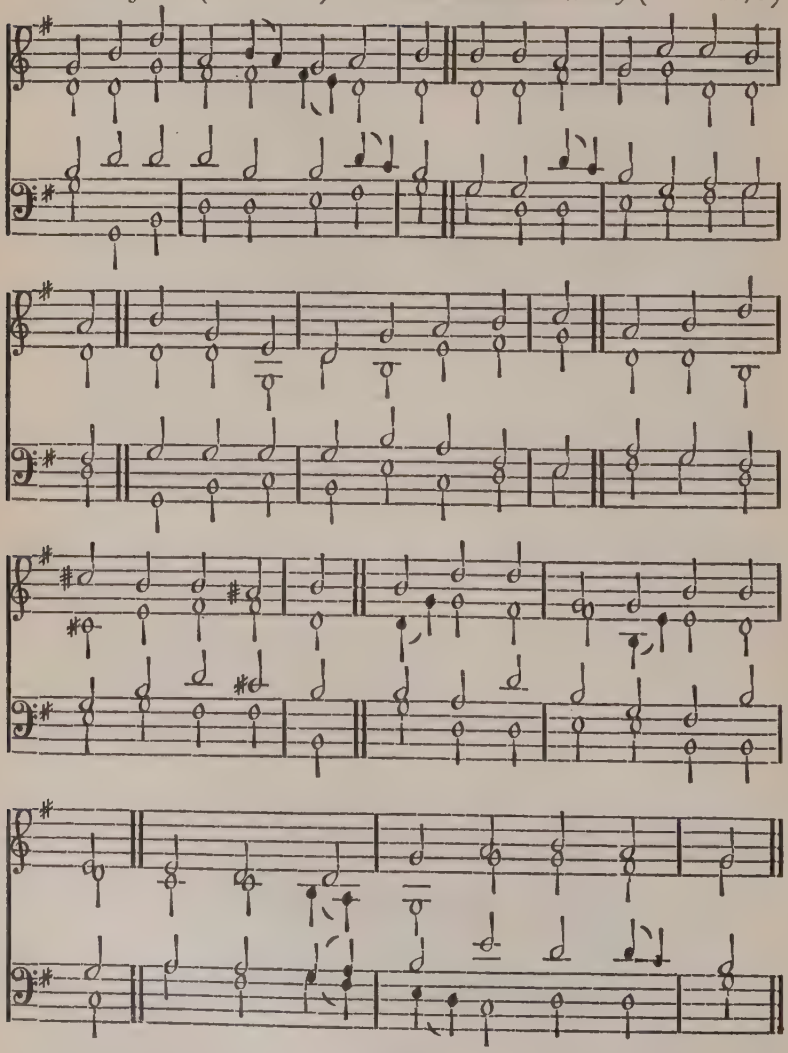
Laud and honour to the Father;
Laud and honour to the Son;
Laud and honour to the Spirit;
Ever Three, and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

Last verse only. *Slower* (*voices in Harmony*)



162

WRESTLING JACOB (88. 88. 88) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



162

Anon. (*6th cent.?*)
Trans. William Drummond (1585–1649)

Urbs beata Hierusalem

JERUSALEM, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is named;
In heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stone are framed;
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire from heaven,
Her wedding chamber, now descends,
Prepared in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends;
Her walls, wherewith she is enclosed,
And streets are of pure gold composed.

The gates adorned with pearls most bright
The way to hidden glory show,
And thither by the blessèd might
Of faith in Jesus' merits go
All those who are on earth distressed,
Because they have Christ's name professed.

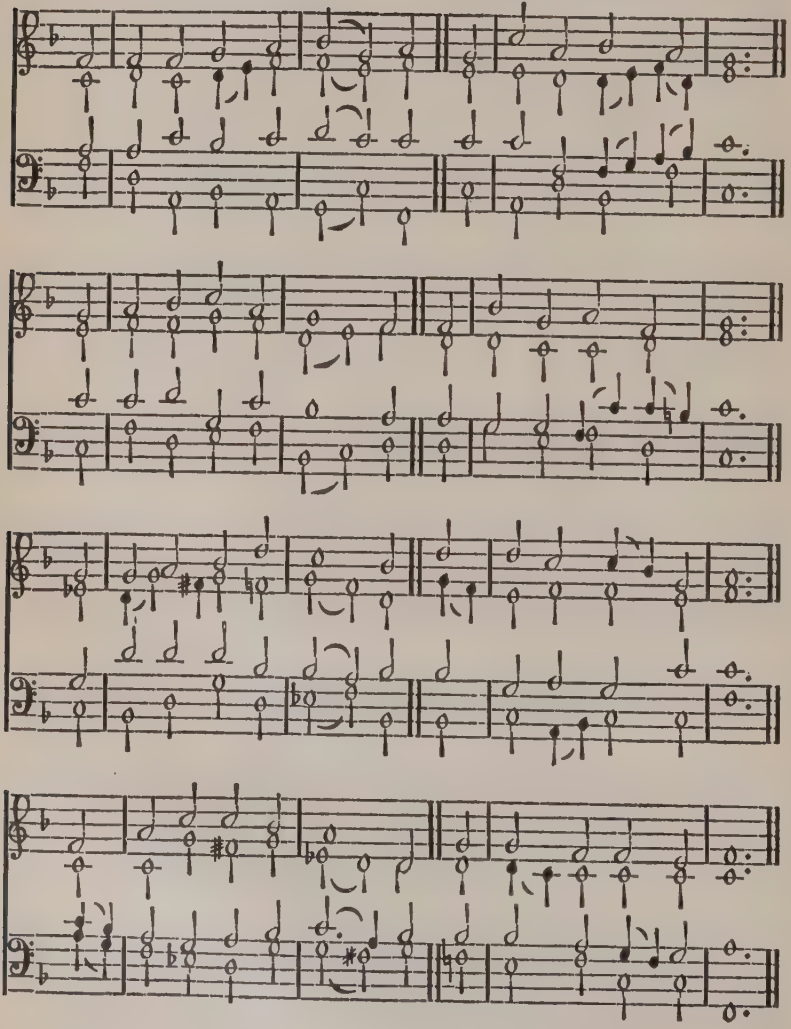
These stones the workmen dress and beat
Before they throughly polished are;
Then each is in his proper seat
Established by the Builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be;
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity;
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing their praise for evermore.

163

GIBBONS (*76. 76 D.*)

J. D. Sedding (*19th cent.*)



163

Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

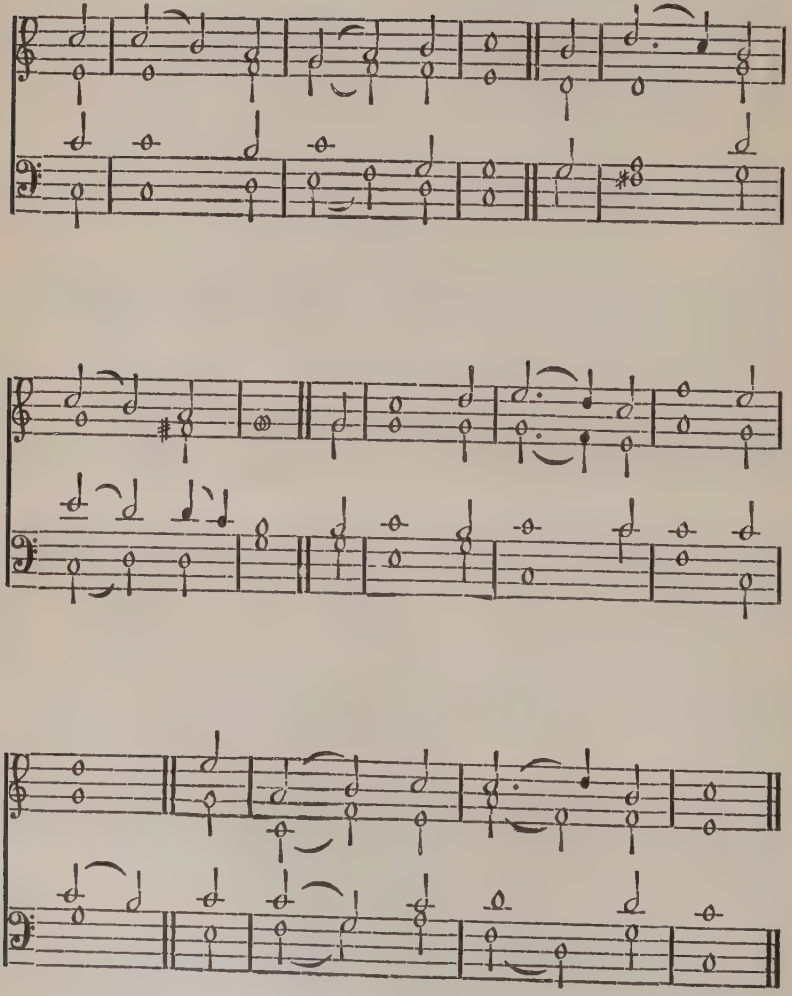
Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

164

AYNHOE (S.M.)

James Nares (1715–1783)



164

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

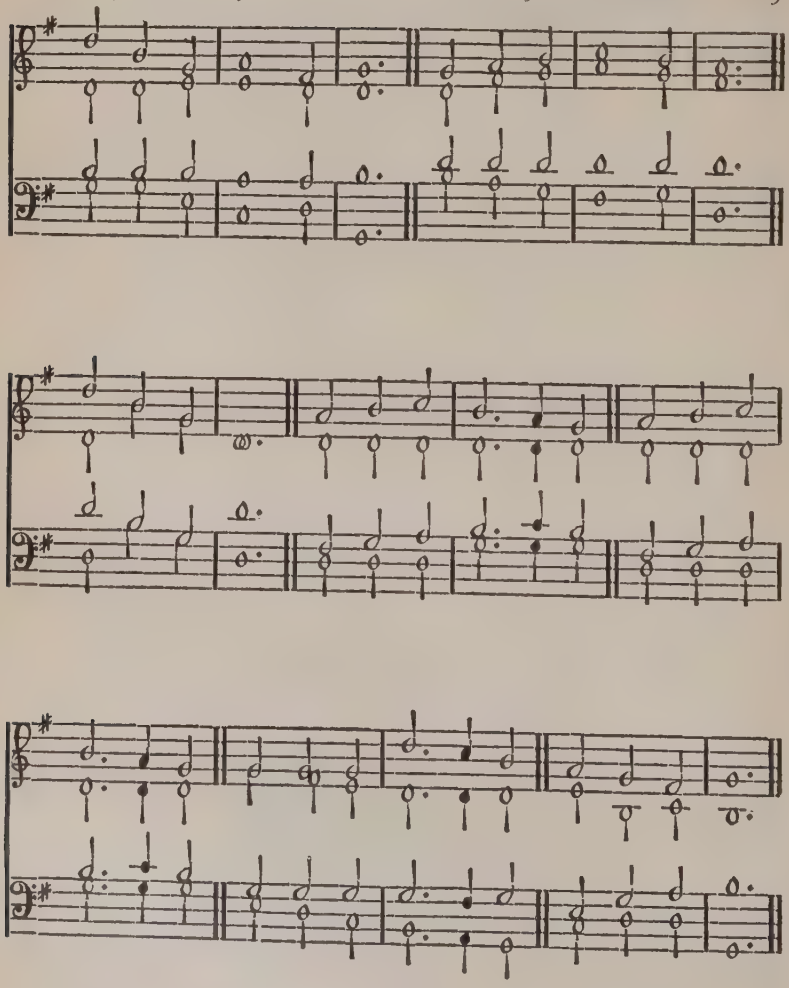
The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

165 (First Tune)

Moscow (664. 6664)

Felice de Giardini (1716–1796)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



165

John Marriott (1780–1825)

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

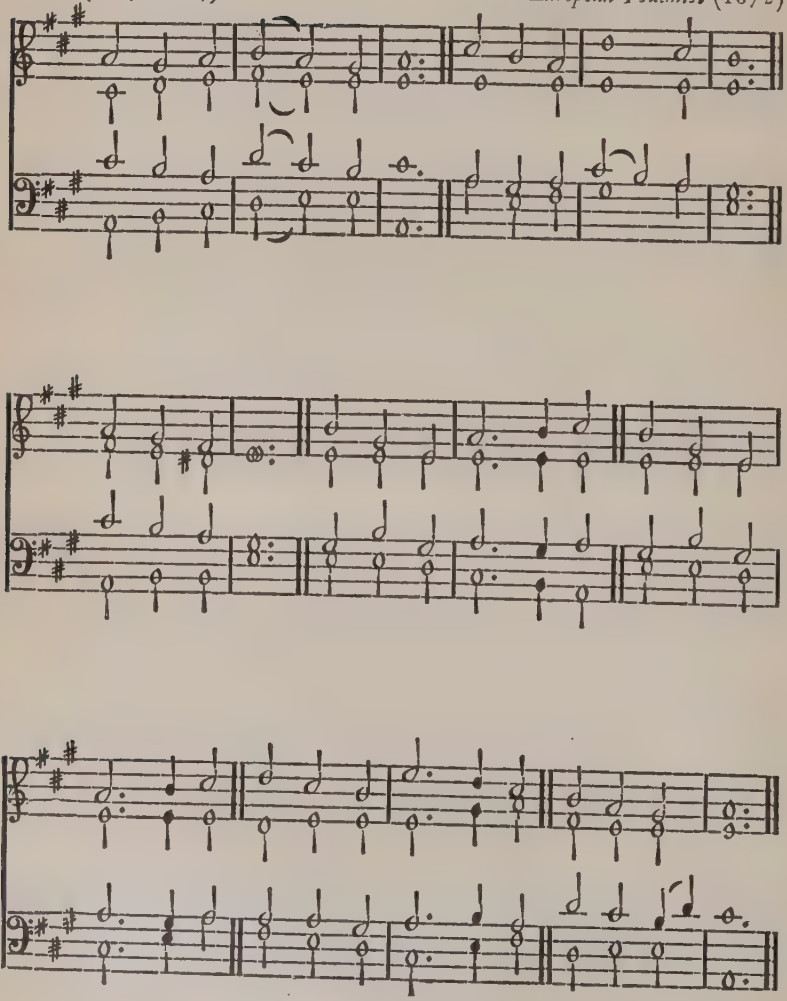
Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

165 (Second Tune)

Serug (664.6664)

Anon. *From S. S. Wesley's European Psalmist* (1872)



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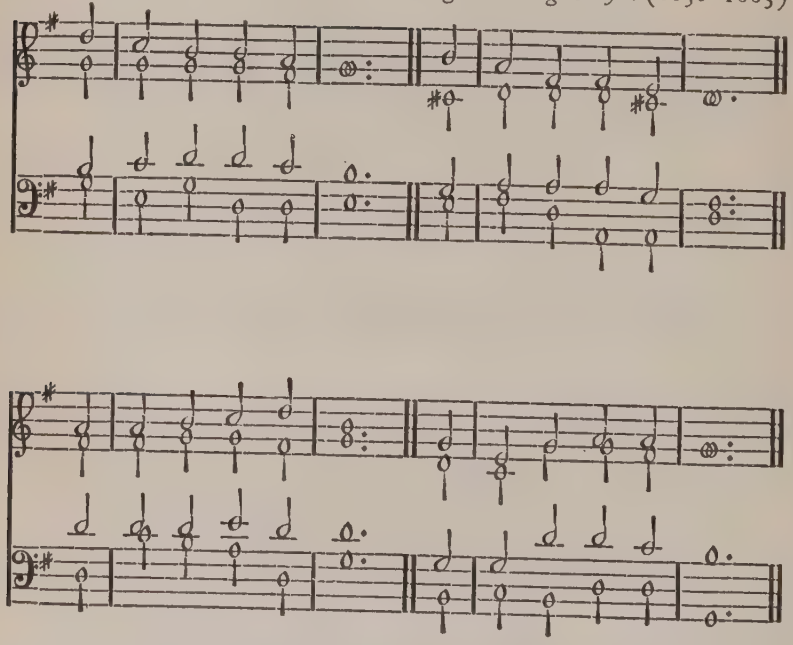
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

166

ST. CECILIA (66.66)

Leighton George Hayne (1836–1883)



166

Lewis Hensley (1827–1905)

THY kingdom come, O God;
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before?

We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.

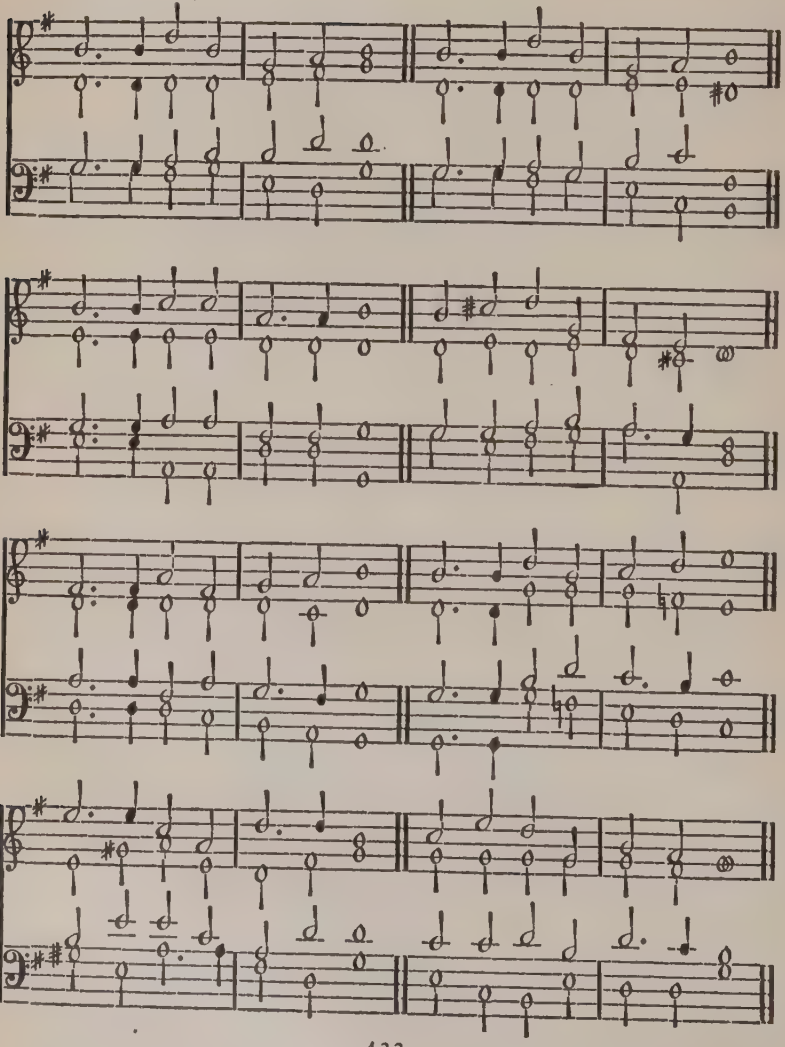
Men scorn thy sacred name,
And wolves devour thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

167 (First Tune)

St. George (77.77 D.)
Slow and stately

George Job Elvey (1816–1893)



167

Henry Alford (1810–1871)

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

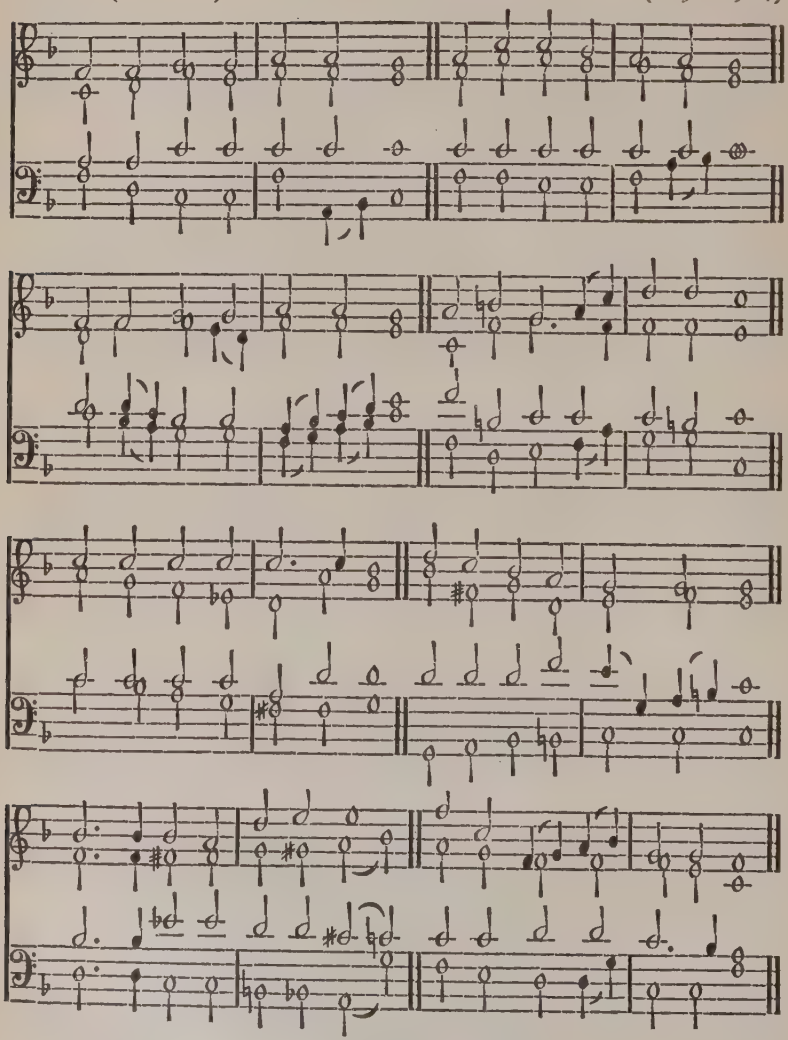
We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home,
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

167 (Second Tune)

Zambesi (77.77 D.) *Gerard Francis Cobb* (1838–1904)



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

167

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COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
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Ere the winter-storms begin;
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We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield,
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

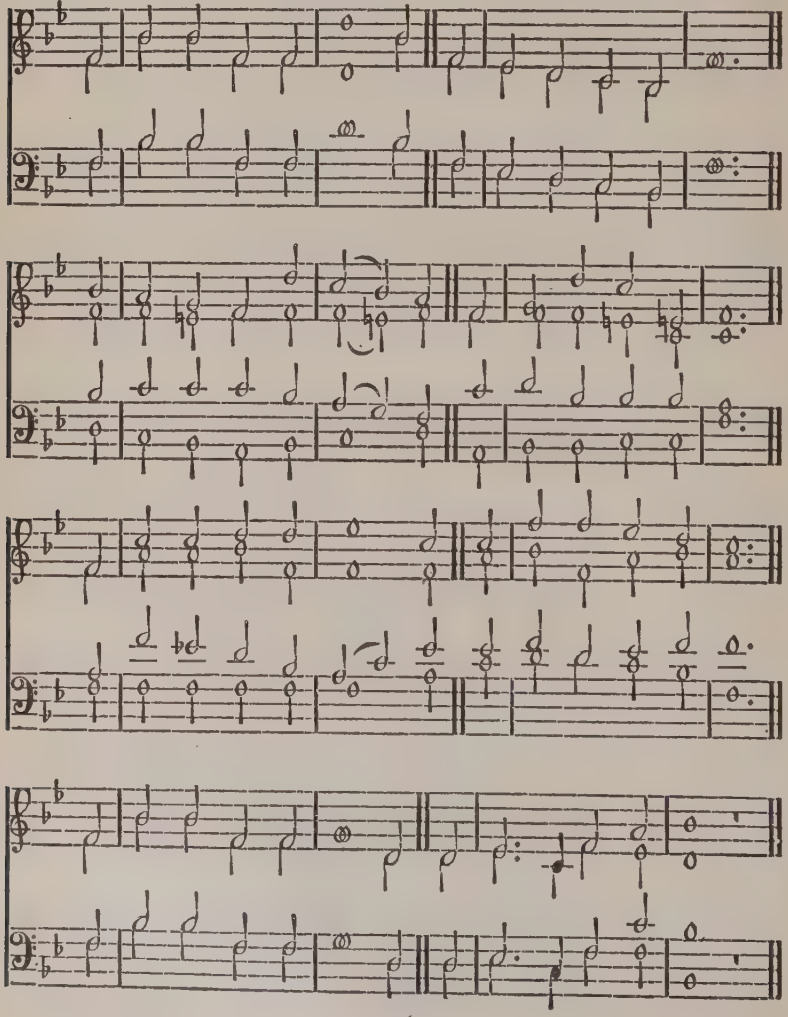
For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home,
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

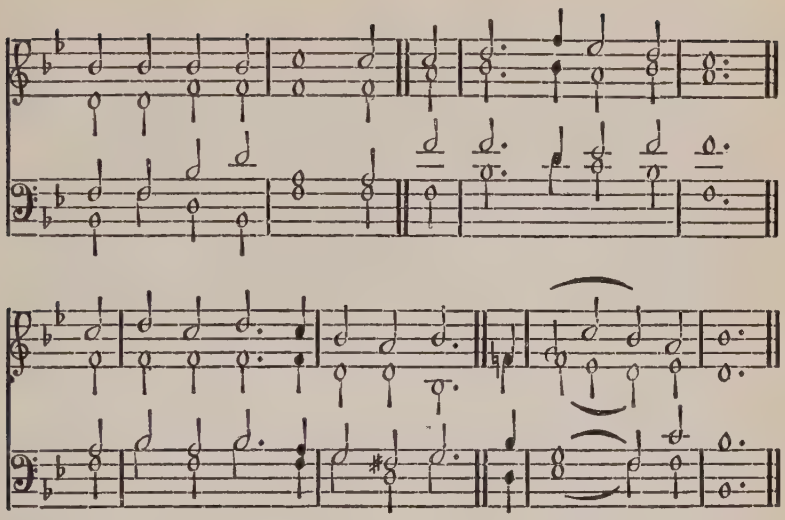
Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide;
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

168

WIR PFLÜGEN (76.76.76.76.66.84)

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (1747–1800)





Matthias Claudius (1740–1815)
Trans. Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817–1878)

WIR PFLÜGEN UND WIR STREUEN

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, oh thank the Lord,
For all his love.

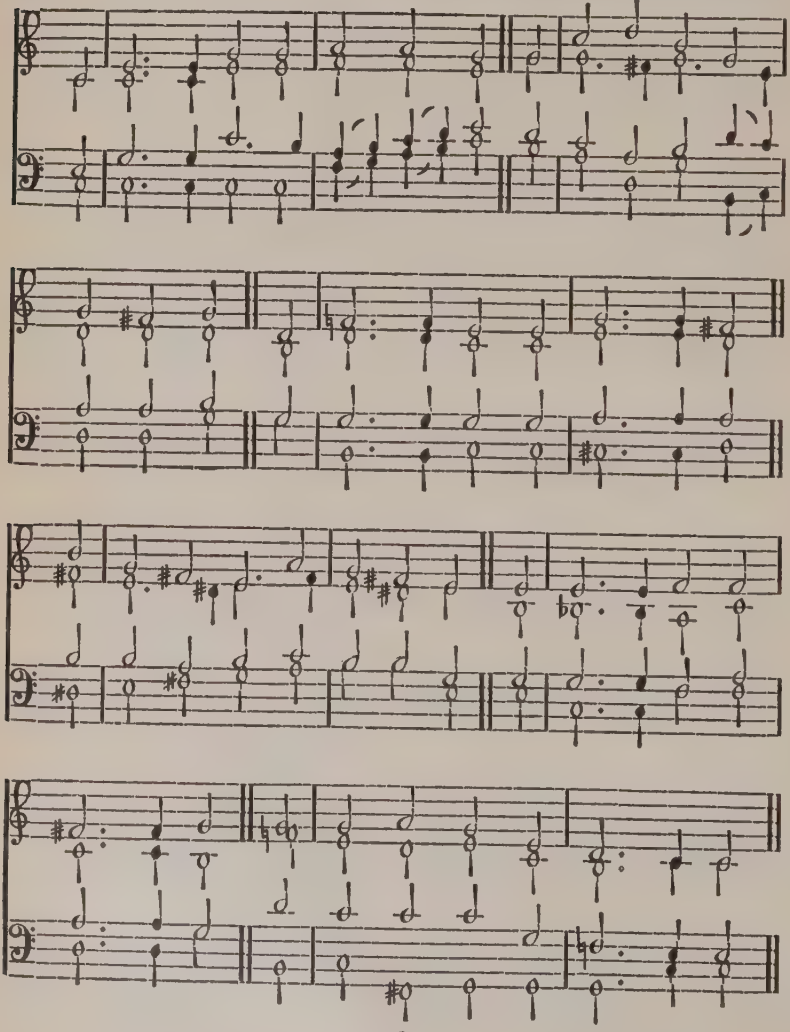
He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower;
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him;
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

169

MELITA (88.88.88)

John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)



169

William Whiting (1825–1878)

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

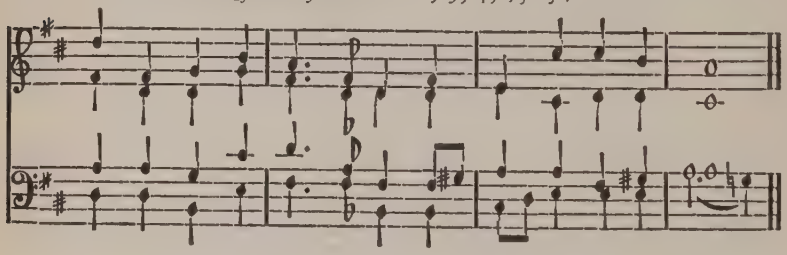
O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

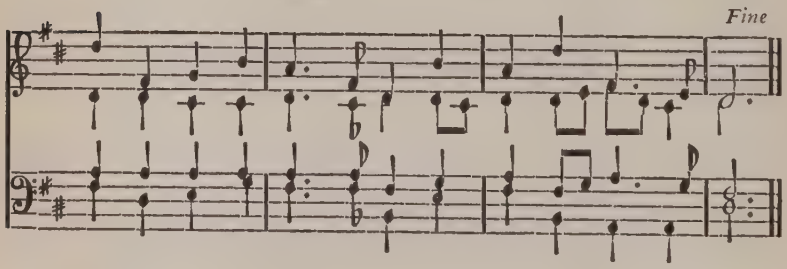
170

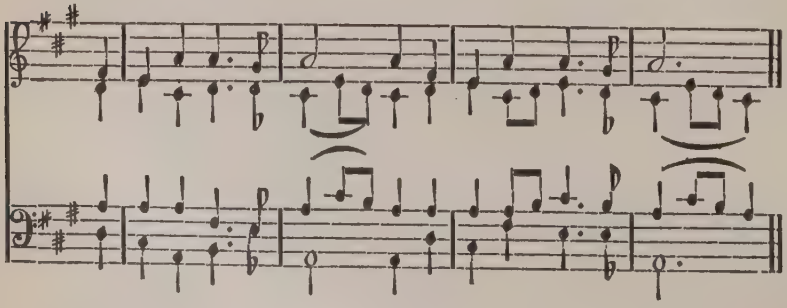
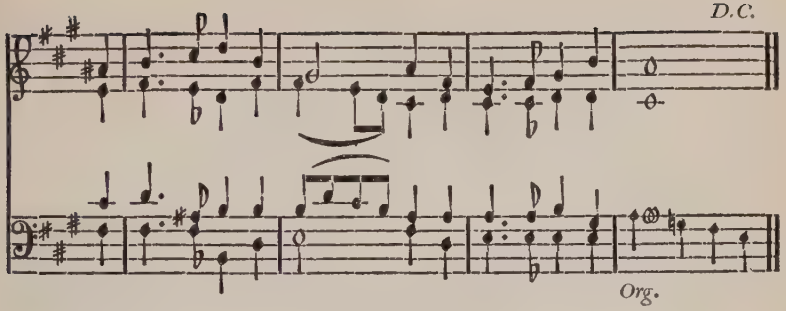
ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL (76.76)

William Henry Monk
(1823–1889)

Verse 1, *and the Refrain after Verses* 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7



Fine

Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7



Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895)

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one;

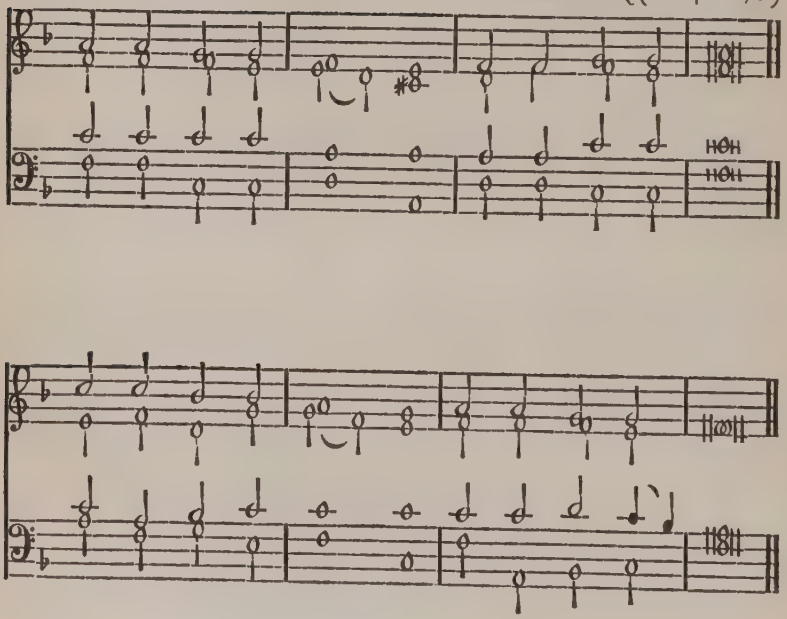
The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God almighty,
Who has made all things well.

171

CASWALL (65.65)

Friedrich Filitz (1804–1876)



171

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895)

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true;
And his little children
Must be holy too.

There 's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

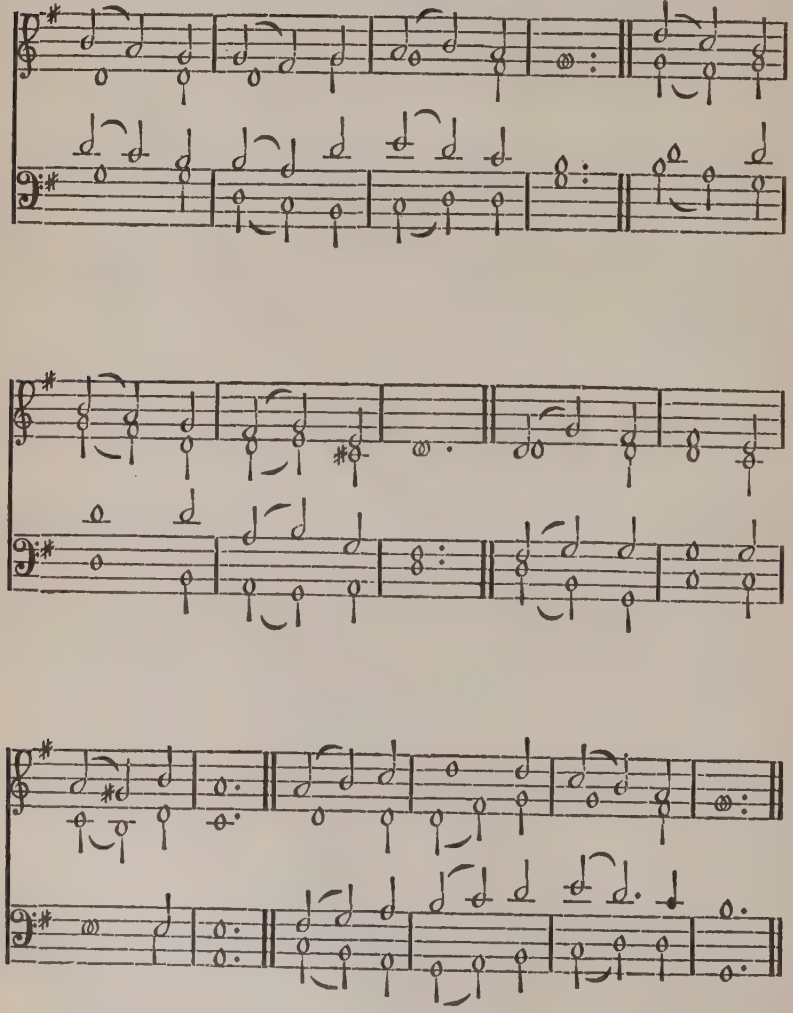
For ye promised truly
In your infant days
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians;
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

Christ is your own master,
He is good and true;
And his little children
Must be holy too.

172

MORNING (77.77) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



172

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought;
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

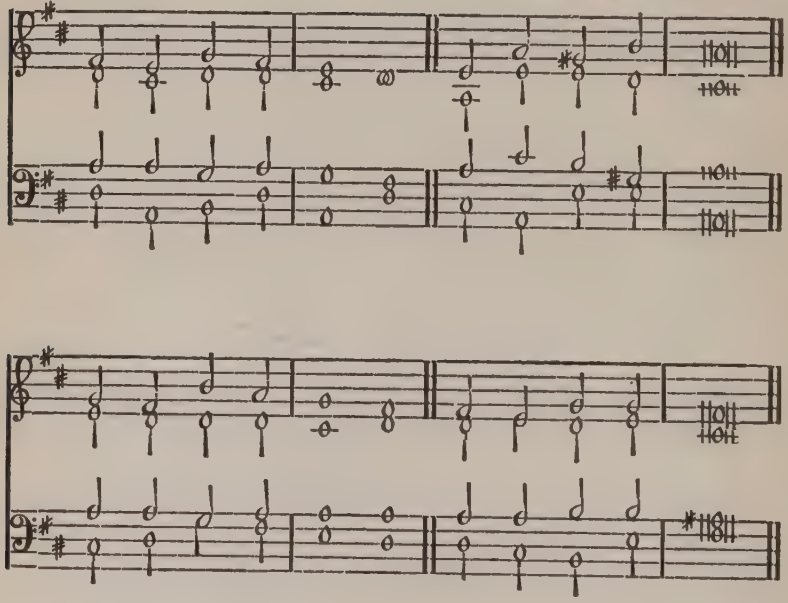
Hold me fast in thine embrace;
Let me see thy smiling face;
Give me, Lord, thy blessing give;
Plead for me and I shall live:

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife,
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

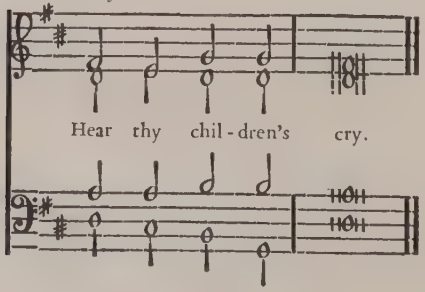
Keep me from the great offence;
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride.

173

ST. CONSTANTINE (65.65) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



Last line of last verse



173

George Rundle Prynne (1818–1903)

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences;
Loose our captive chains;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom;
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

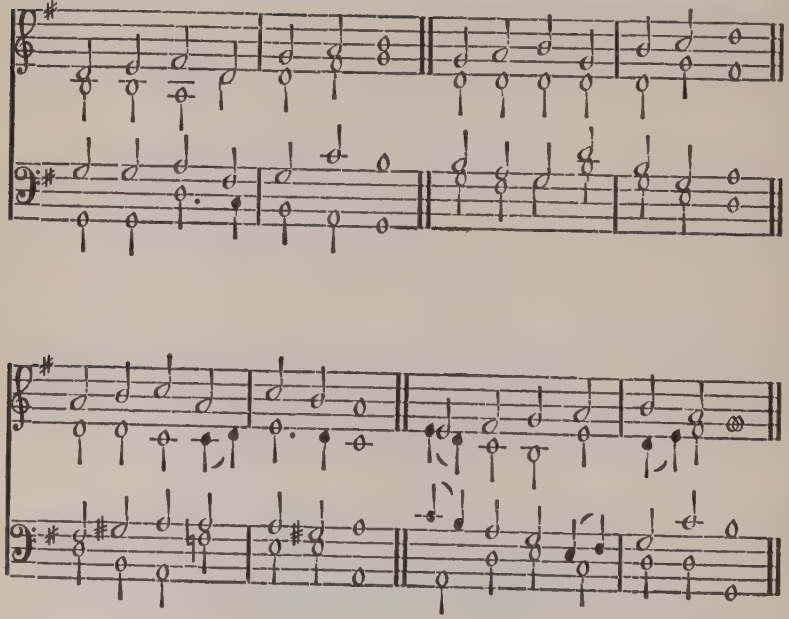
Lead us on our journey;
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

174

LEDBURY (77.77)

Henry Lawes (1595–1662)
From Sandys' Paraphrase (1636)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins



174

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

LAMB of God, I look to thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility;
Let me to my betters bow;
Subject to thy parents thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone;
Thou didst never seek thine own;
Thou thyself didst never please;
God was all thy happiness.

Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

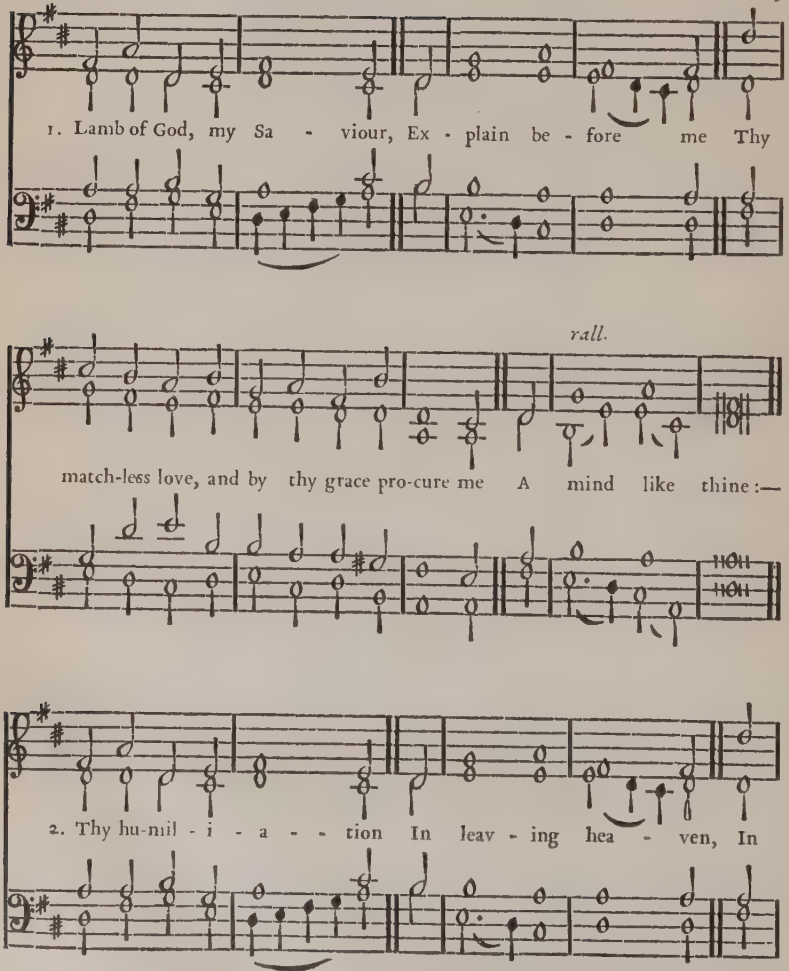
175

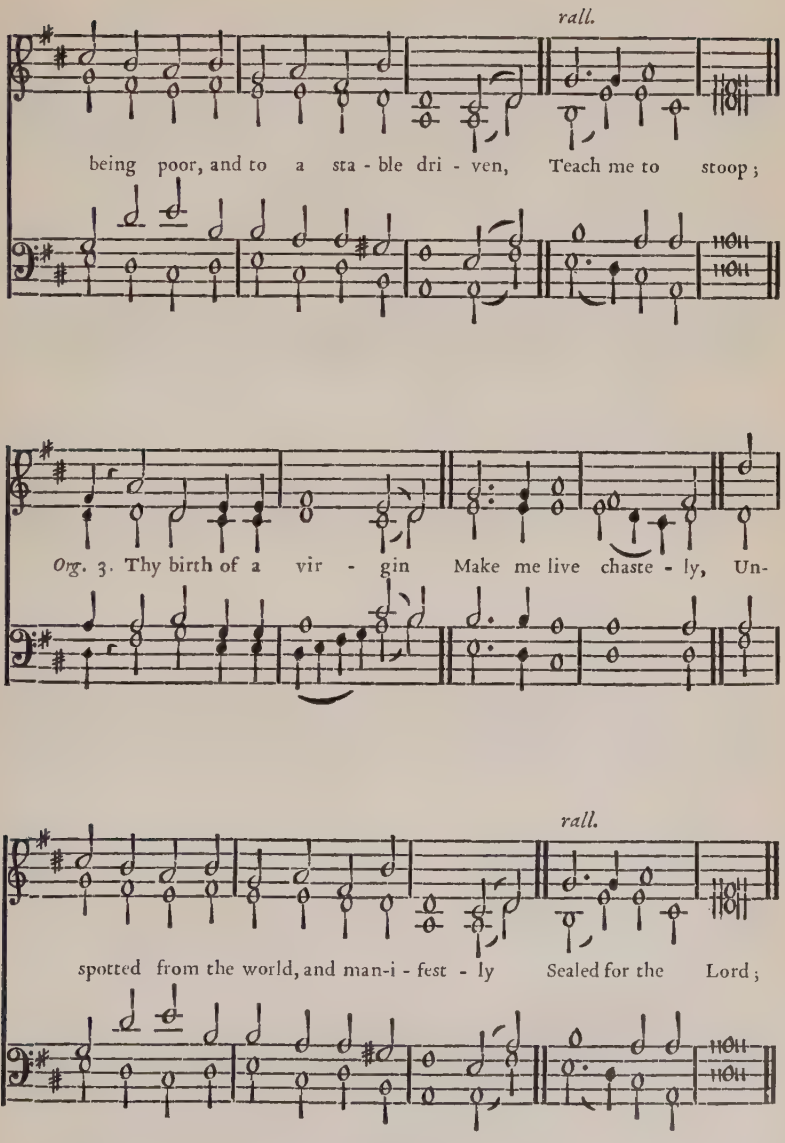
TYTHERINGTON (6. 5. 11. 4)

In moderate time

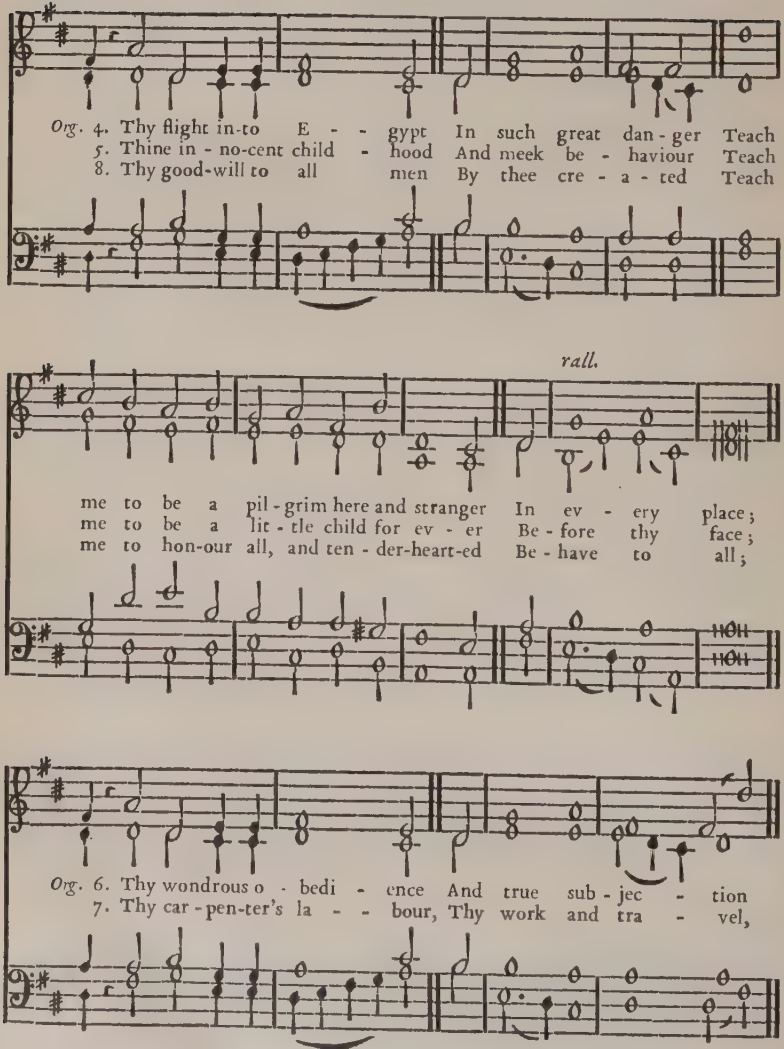
Words Anon.

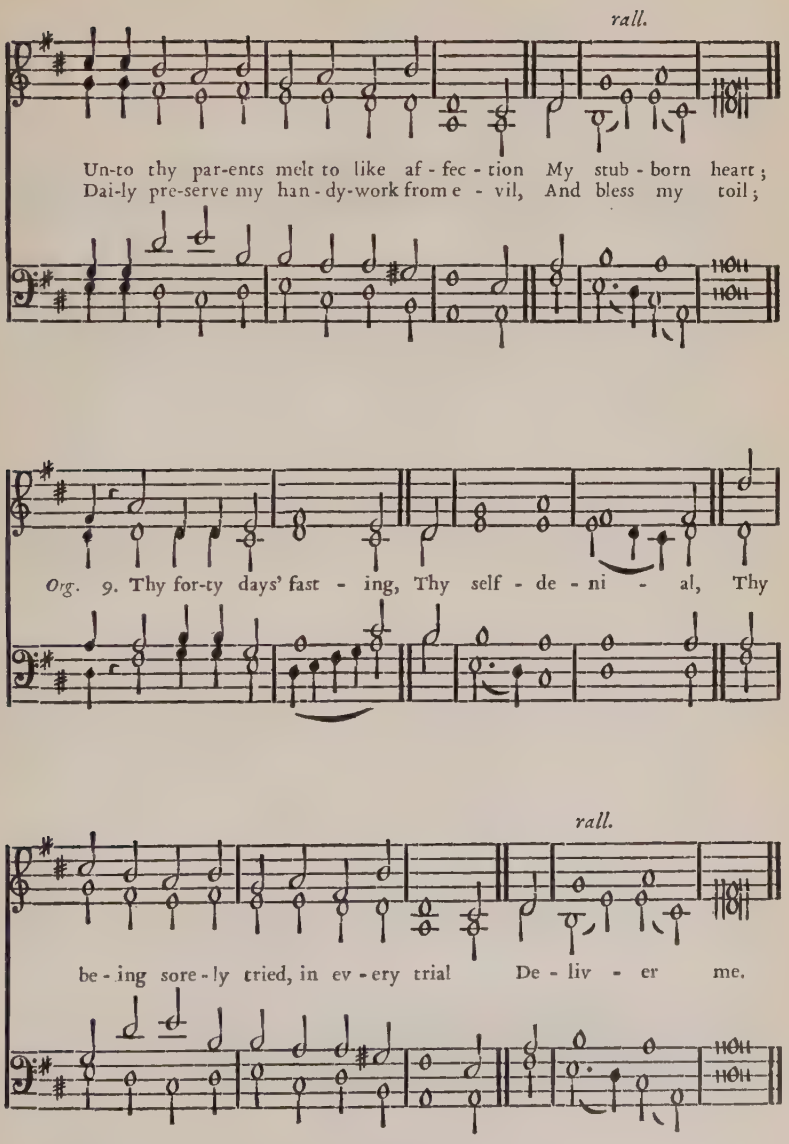
Basil Harwood (1859–)


1. Lamb of God, my Sa - viour, Ex - plain be - fore me Thy
rall.
match-less love, and by thy grace pro-cure me A mind like thine:—
2. Thy hu-mil - i - a - tion In leav - ing hea - ven, In


rall.
being poor, and to a sta - ble dri - ven, Teach me to stoop;
Org. 3. Thy birth of a vir - gin Make me live chaste - ly, Un-
rall.
spotted from the world, and man-i - fest - ly Sealed for the Lord;

175 (*continued*)

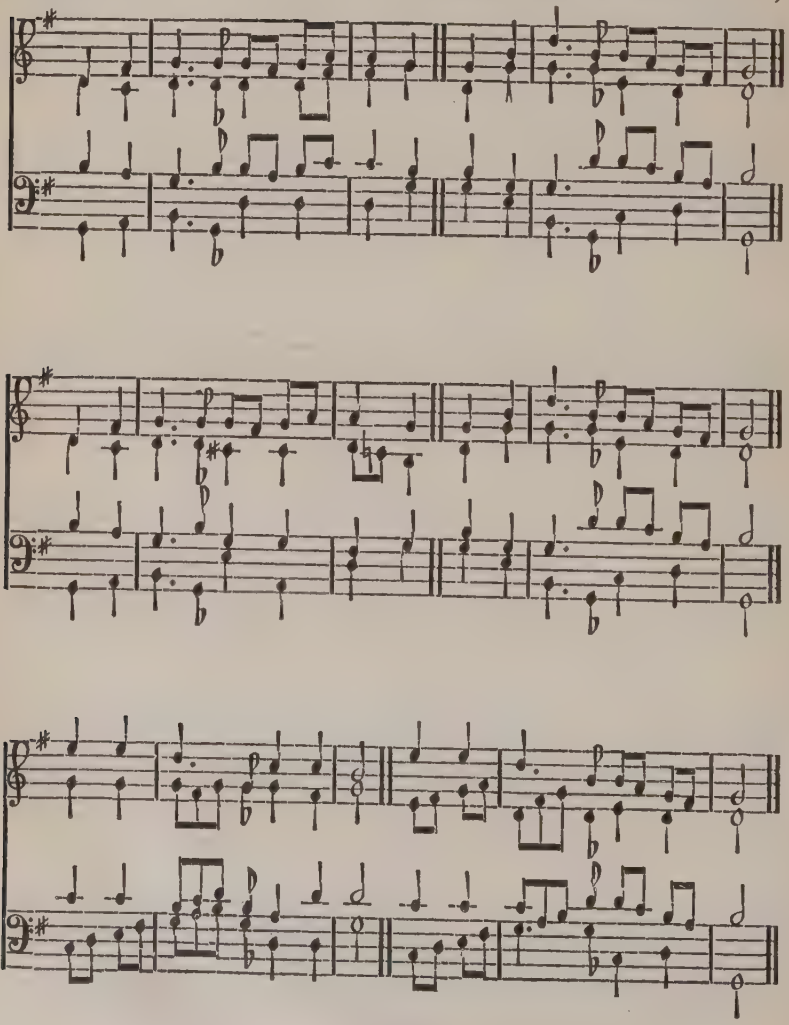

Org. 4. Thy flight in-to E - - gypt In such great dan - ger Teach
5. Thine in - no-cent child - hood And meek be - haviour Teach
8. Thy good-will to all men By thee cre - a - ted Teach
rall.
me to be a pil - grim here and stranger In ev - ery place;
me to be a lit - tle child for ev - er Be - fore thy face;
me to hon-our all, and ten - der-heart-ed Be - have to all;
Org. 6. Thy wondrous o - bedi - ence And true sub - jec - tion
7. Thy car - pen-ter's la - - bour, Thy work and tra - vel,


rall.
Un-to thy par-ents melt to like af - fec - tion My stub - born heart;
Dai-ly pre-serve my han - dy-work from e - vil, And bless my toil;
Org. 9. Thy for-ty days' fast - ing, Thy self - de - ni - al, Thy
rall.
be - ing sore - ly tried, in ev - ery trial De - liv - er me.

176

IRBY (87.87.77)

Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)



176

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895)

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

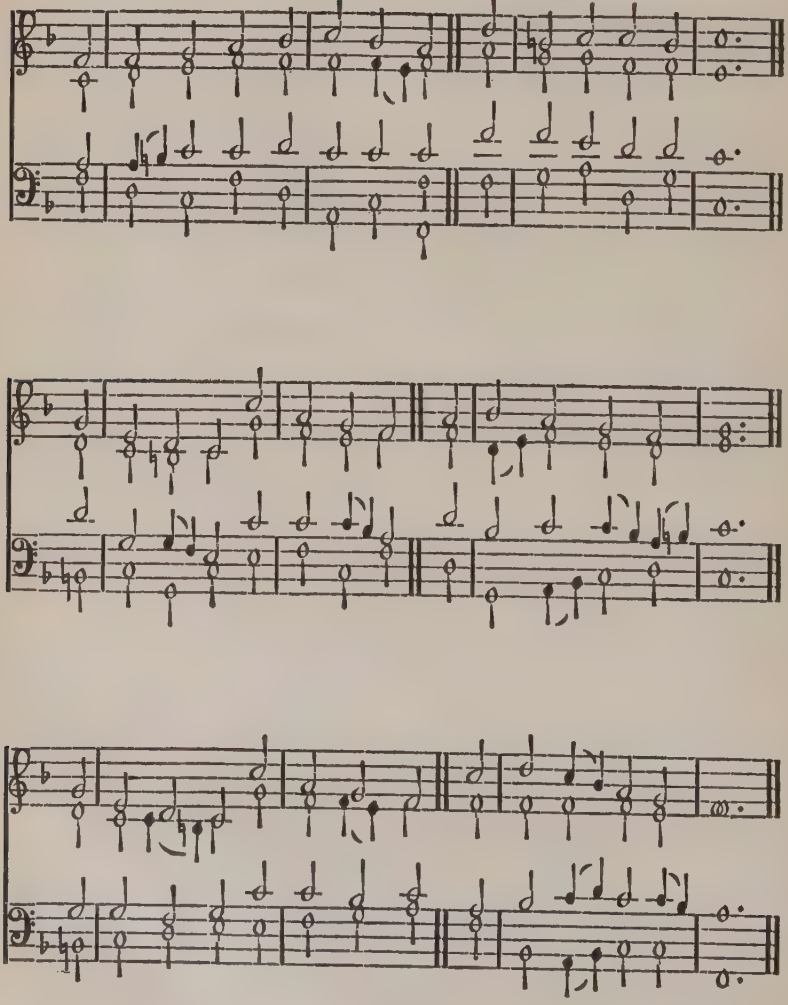
For he is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us he grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

177

TYNEMOUTH (86.86.86) *From Choron's Chants Chorals*



177

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894)

THE shepherds had an angel,
The Wise Men had a star;
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

Lord Jesus is my guardian,
So I can nothing lack;
The lambs lie in his bosom,
Along life's dangerous track;
The wilful lambs that go astray
He bleeding fetches back.

Lord Jesus is my guiding star,
My beacon-light in heaven;
He leads me step by step along
The path of life uneven;
He, true light, leads me to that land
Whose day shall be as seven.

Those shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep,
All singing 'Glory, glory'
In festival they keep.

Christ watches me, his little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be his own in heaven;
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their 'Glory, glory'
For my sake in the height.

Book III

Hymns for General use

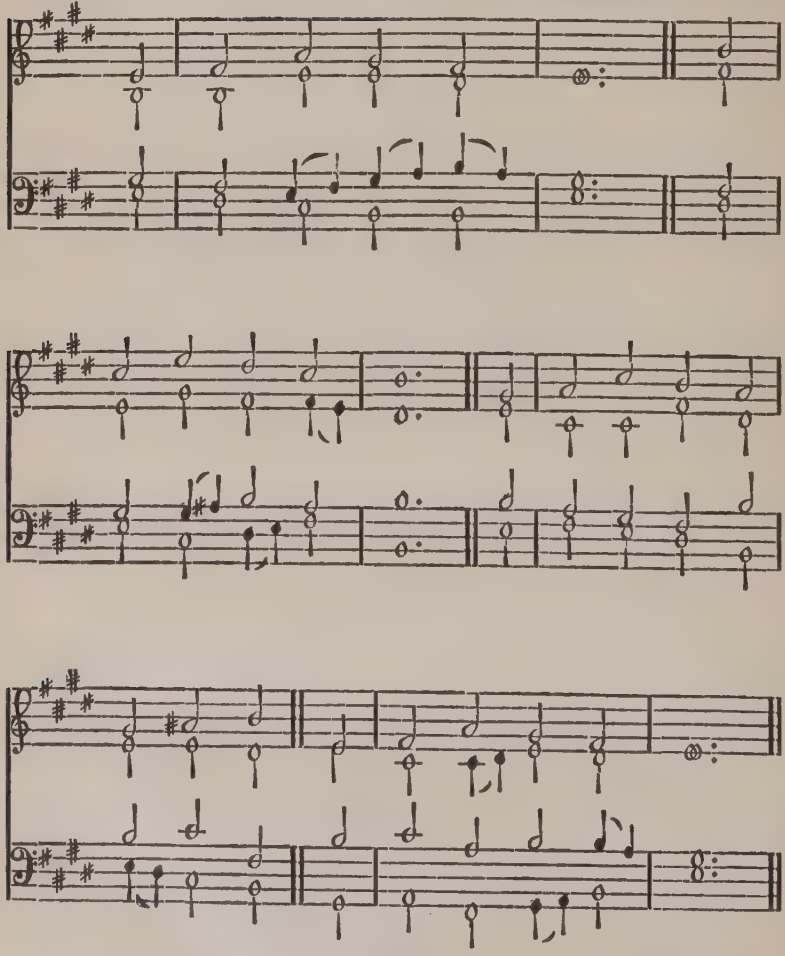
Non vox sed votum, non chordula musica sed cor,
Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei.

Not voice but vows, not harp-string but heart-string,
Not loudness but devoutness, in God's own ear
doth sing.

178 (First Tune)

Anon. Founded on Johann Sebastian Bach's Fugue in E (Das Wohltemperirte Klavier, Zweiter Theil, No. 9)

Potsdam (s m.)



178

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

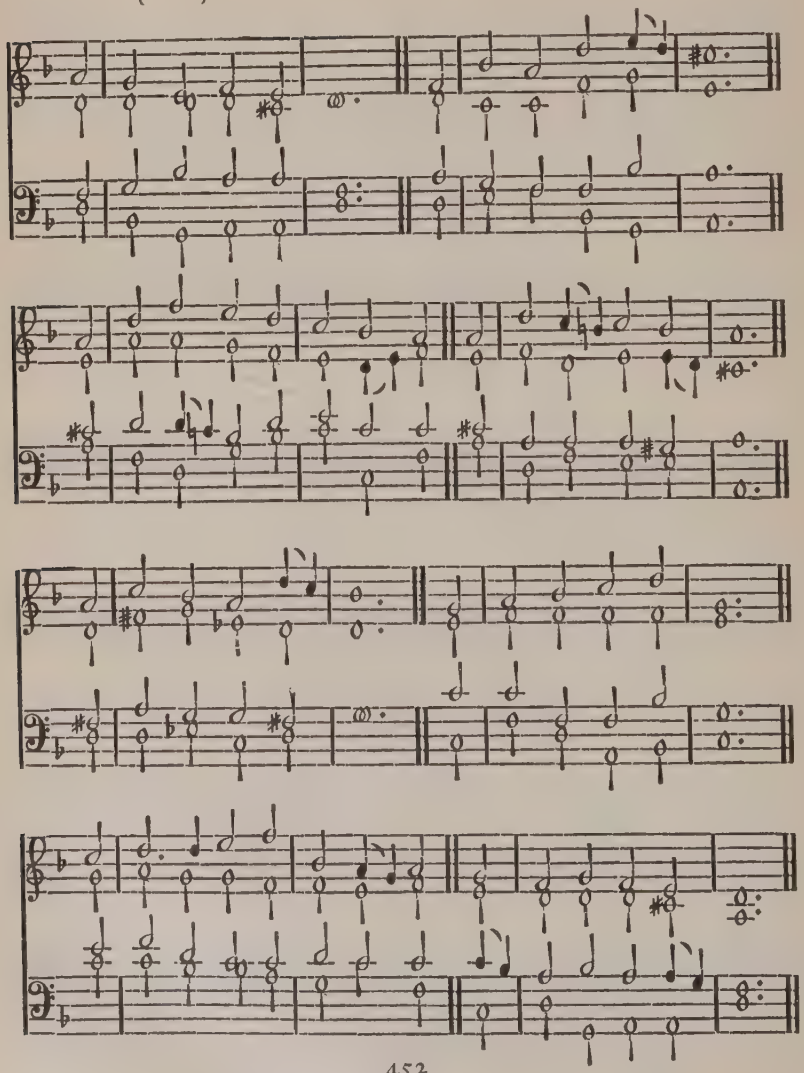
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give:

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall for ever die.

178 (Second Tune)

BATH NEW (D.S.M.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



178

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

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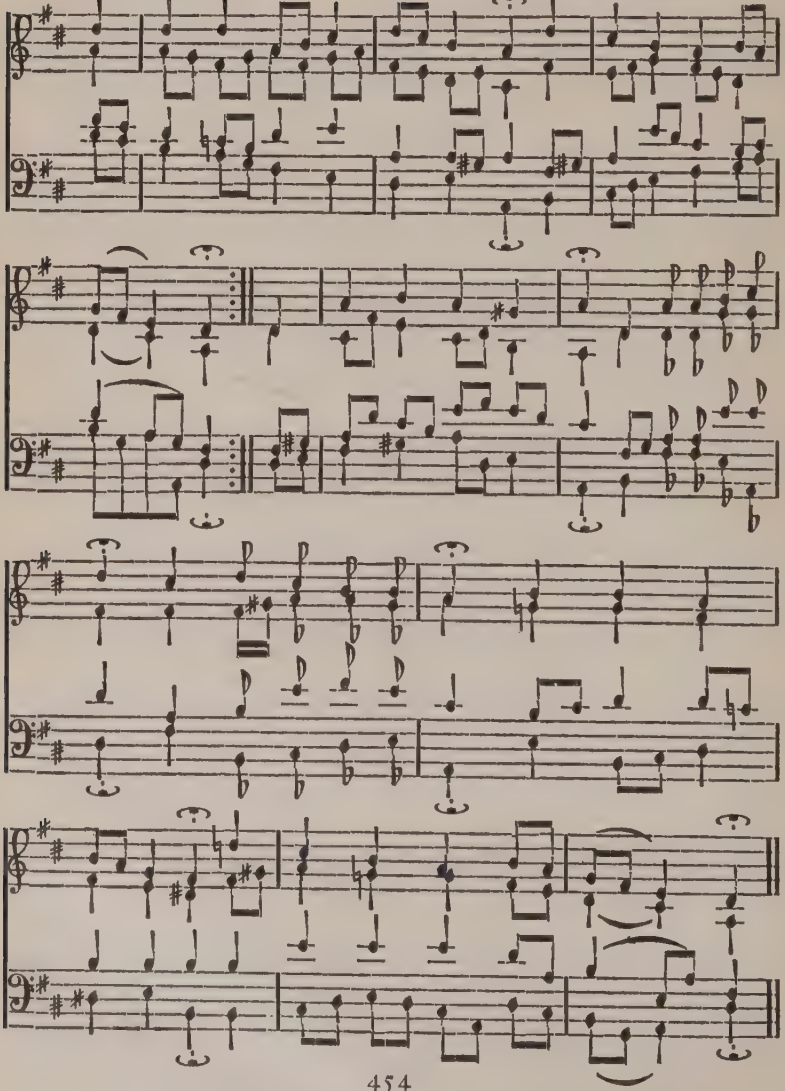
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall for ever die.

179

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT (87.87.66.667)

Martin Luther (1483–1546)
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach



179

Martin Luther (1483–1546)
Trans. Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881)

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill,
That in our days shall happen.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself has hidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

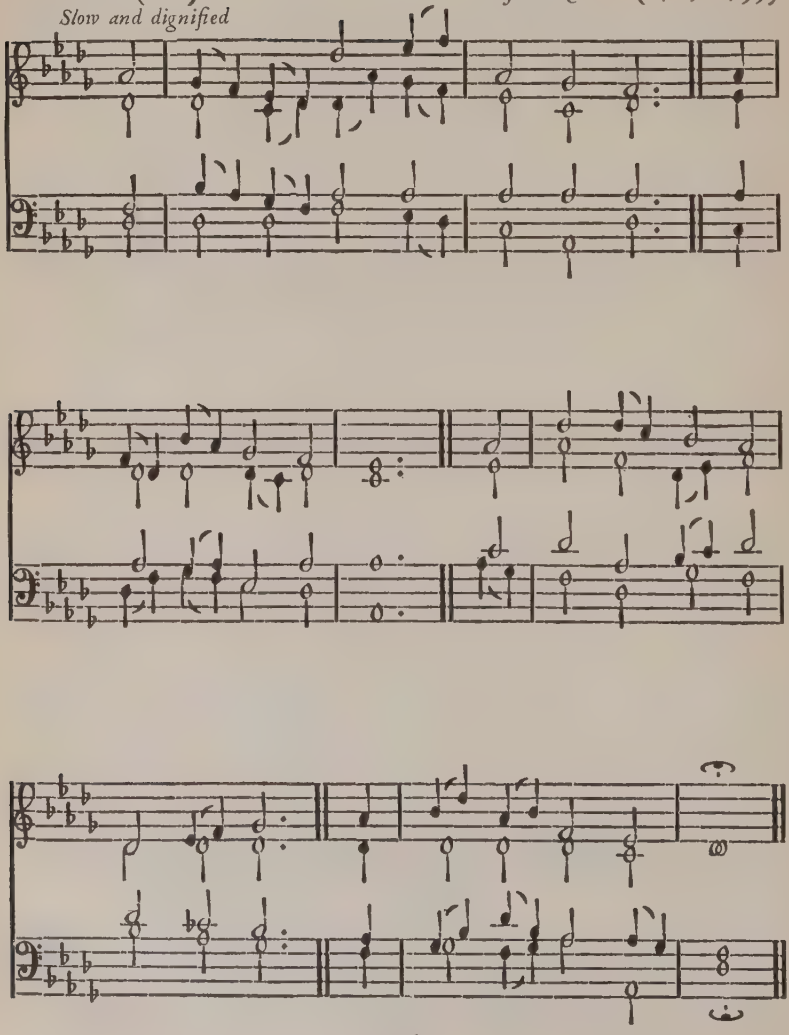
And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for Satan's craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small,
These things shall vanish all;
The City of God remaineth.

180

UNIVERSITY (C.M.) *John Randall* (1715–1799)

Slow and dignified



180

Edward Perronet (1726–1792)

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

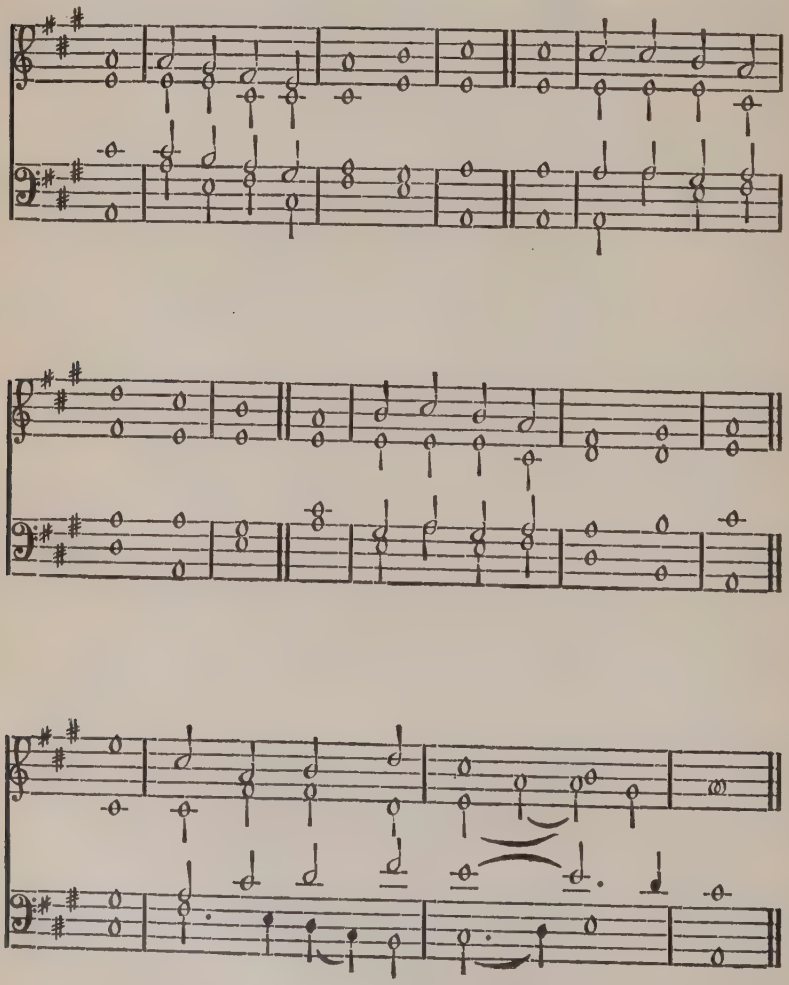
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

181

OLD HUNDREDTH (L.M.)

? Louis Bourgeois (*16th cent.*)
Genevan Psalter (1551)



181

William Kethe (c. 1560) *Psalm c*

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

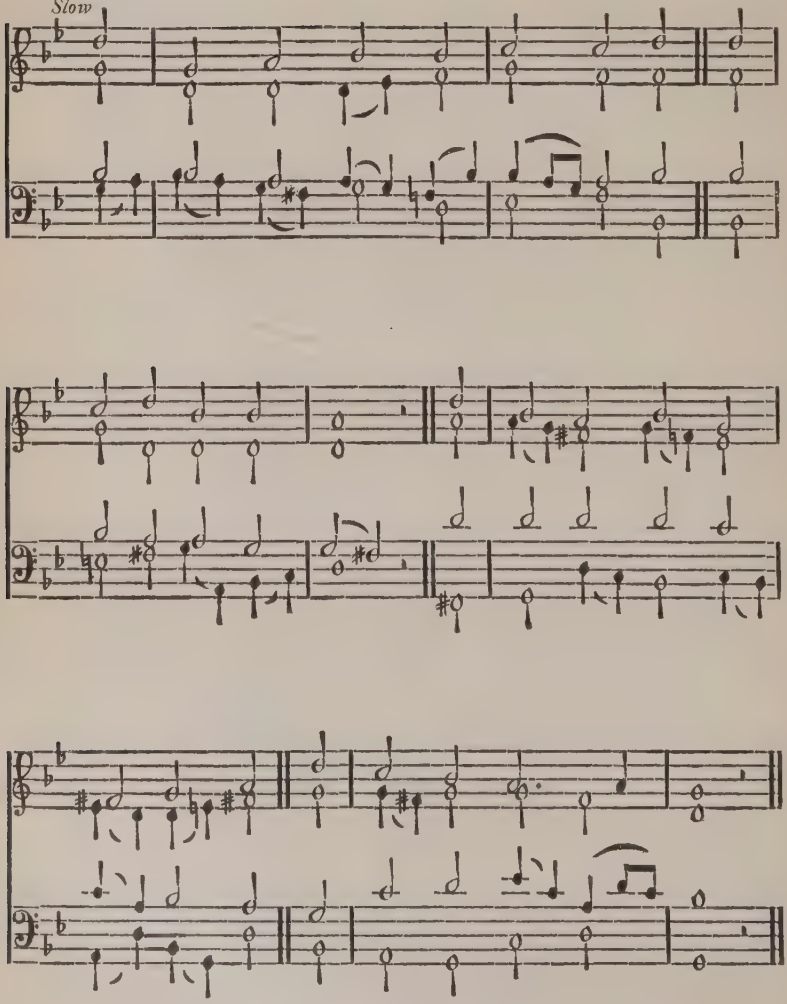
For why, the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

182

GALTEES (C.M.)

Anon. *From Samuel Sebastian Wesley's European Psalmist* (1872)

Slow



182

John Newton (1725–1807)

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

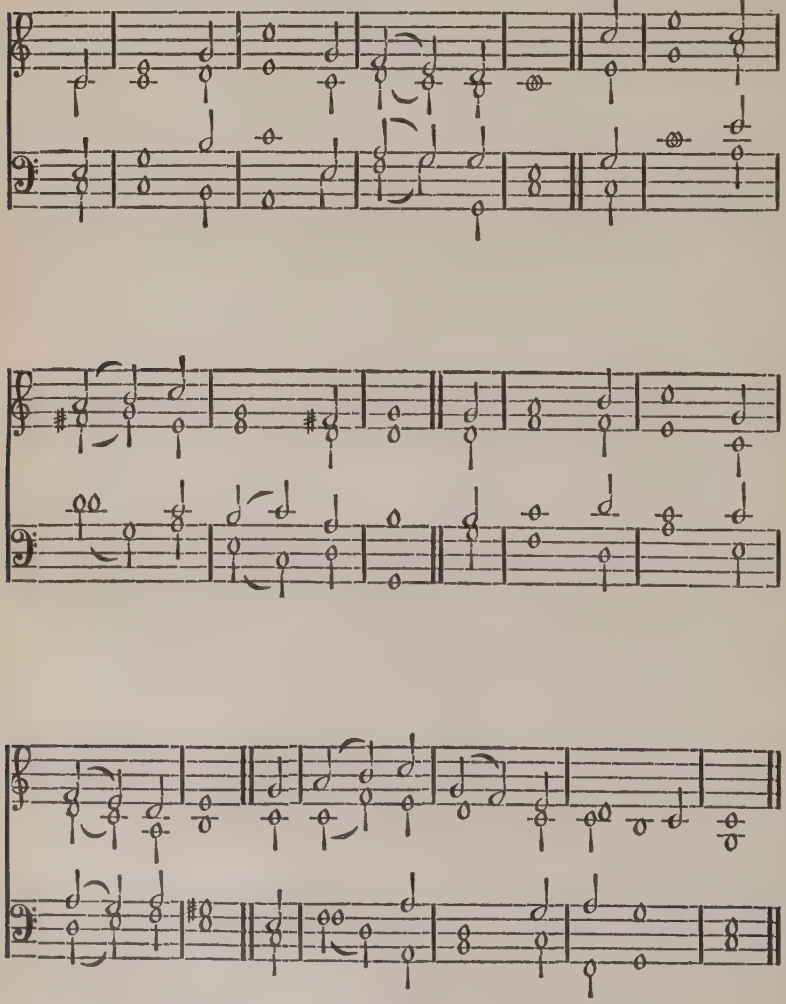
Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

183

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM (L.M.)
To be sung in unison in free time

Grenoble Church Melody
Harm. by Basil Harwood



183

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

As in the ancient days appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.

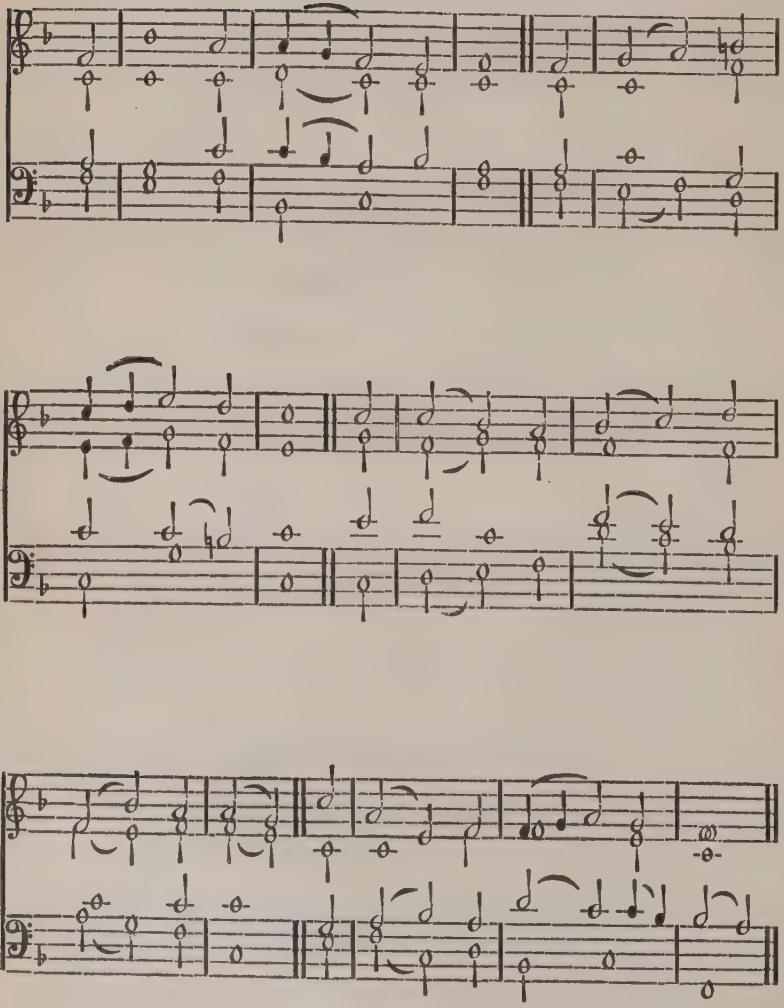
By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come,
Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care,
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

184

GALWAY (S.M.) *Edward Miller* (1731–1807)



184

William Hammond (1719–1783)

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

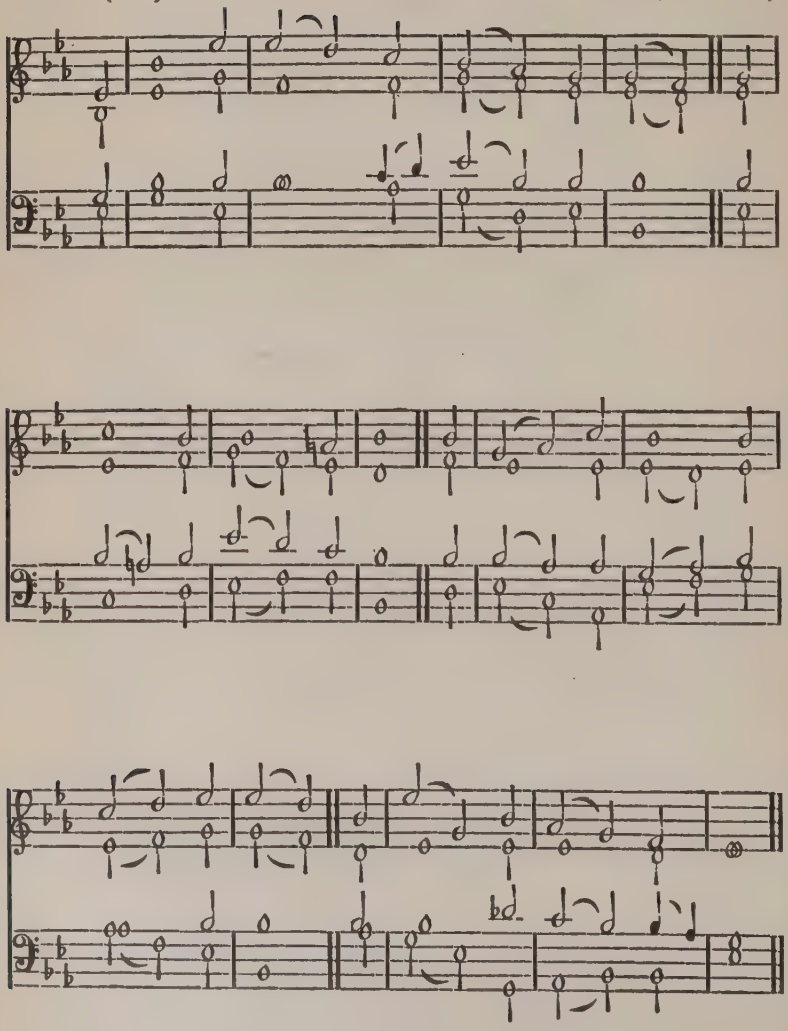
Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ the Eternal King.

Soon shall we hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come!
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing, in sweeter notes, the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

185

ABRIDGE (C.M.) *Isaac Smith* (*d.* c. 1800)



185

Isaac Williams (1802–1865)

BE thou our Guardian and our Guide,
And hear us when we call;
Let not our slippery footsteps slide,
And hold us lest we fall.

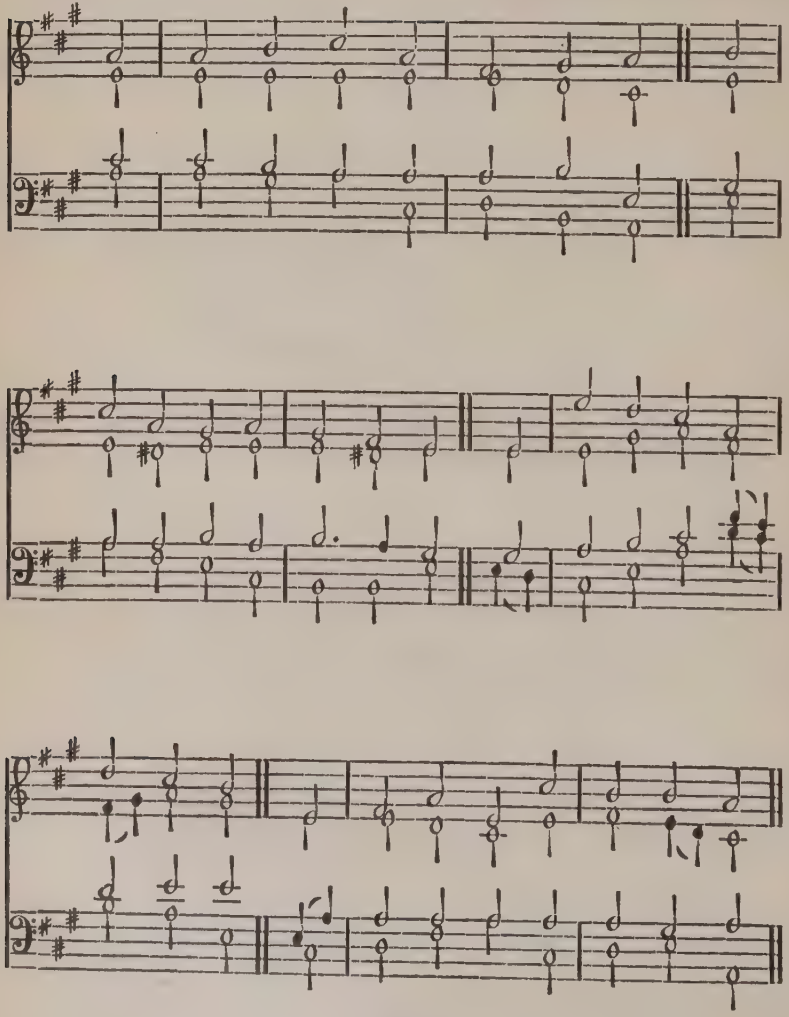
The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path we tread;
Oh save us from the snares of hell,
Thou quickener of the dead.

And if we tempted are to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save our souls from wrong.

Still let us ever watch and pray,
And feel that we are frail;
That if the tempter cross our way,
Yet he may not prevail.

186

ELY (ST. CATHARINE) (L.M.) *Thomas Turton* (1780–1864)



186

John Cennick (1718–1755)

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in thy narrow way.

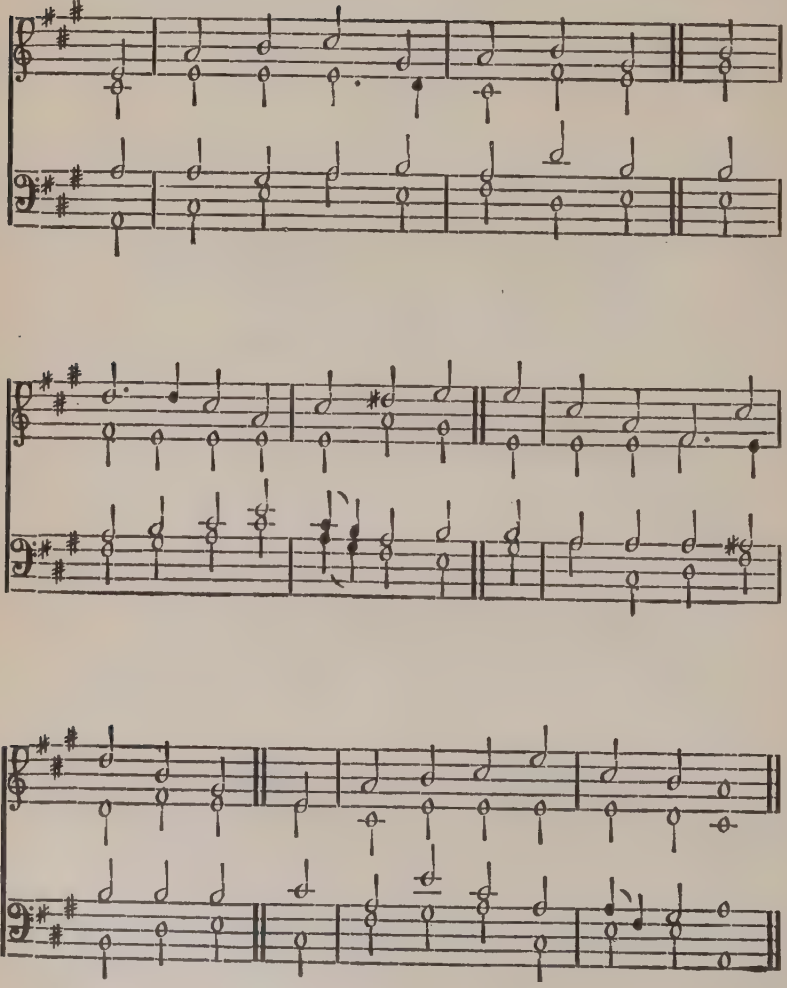
Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

187

GILLINGHAM (L.M.)
Slow and dignified

Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins



187

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)
and John Wesley (1703–1791) *Psalm c*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

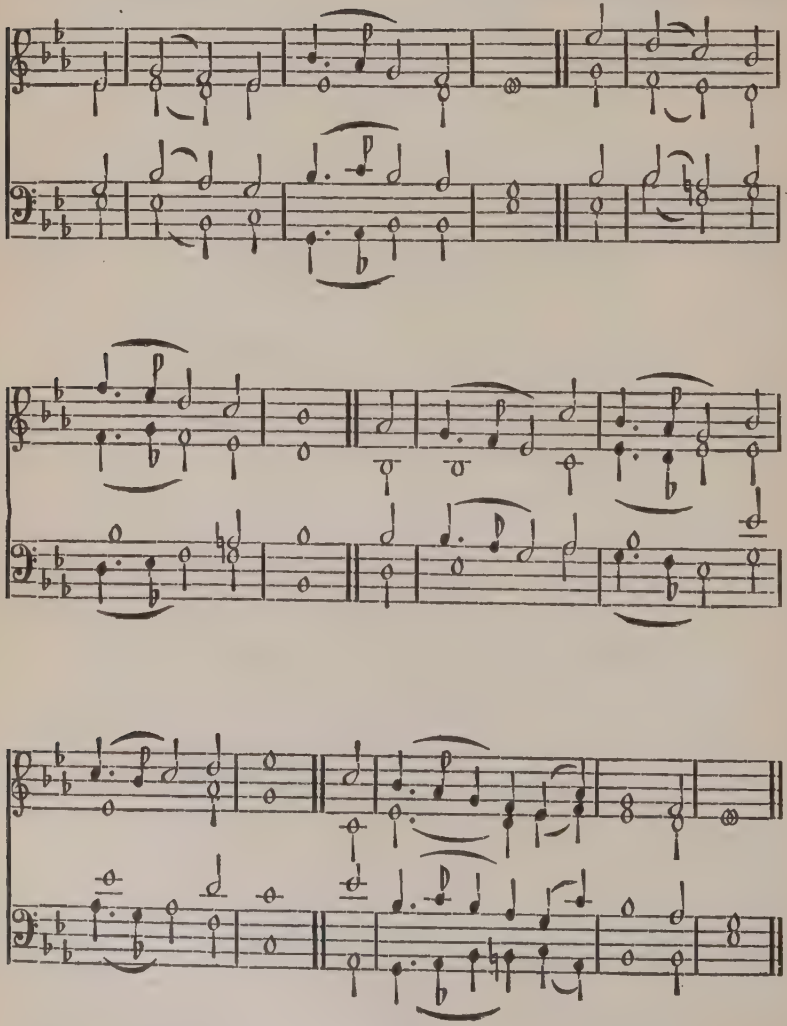
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

188

MOUNT EPHRAIM (S.M.)

Benjamin Milgrove (c. 1731–1810)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



188

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm xix*

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

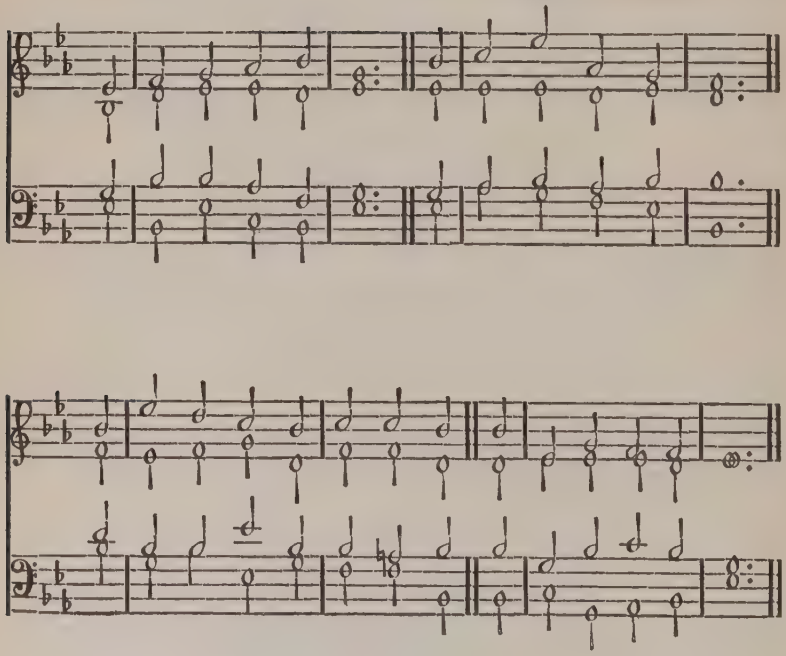
How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgements just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord;
And men securely trust.

I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God!

189

FRANCONIA (S.M.) *Müller's Choralbuch* (1754)



189

John Keble (1792–1866)

BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume
To guess an angel's lay,
Such are the notes that echo through
The courts of heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns
On Sion's Prince that wait
In high procession passing on
Towards his temple-gate.

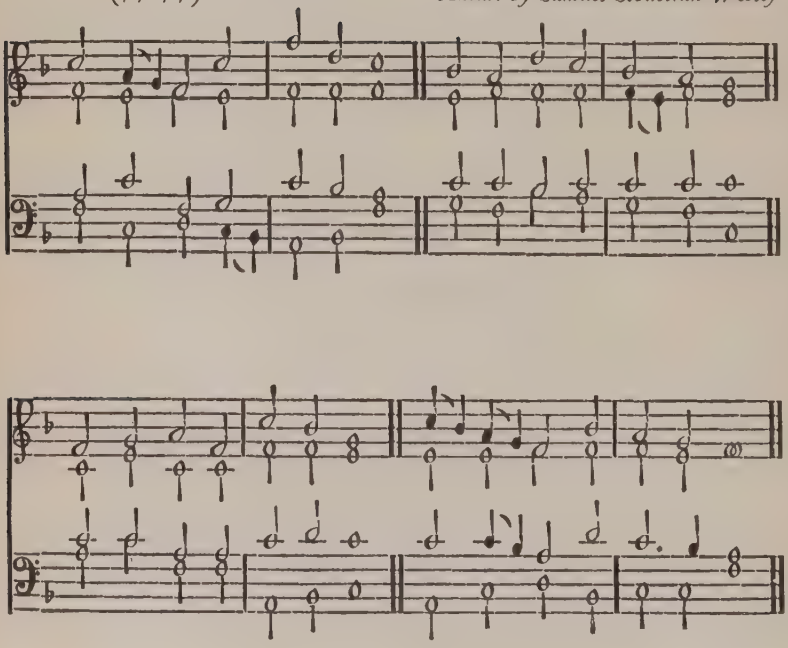
Wide open from that hour
The temple-gates are set,
And still the saints rejoicing there
The holy Child have met.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his cradle and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

190

ALCESTER (77.77)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



190

John Cennick (1718–1755)

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

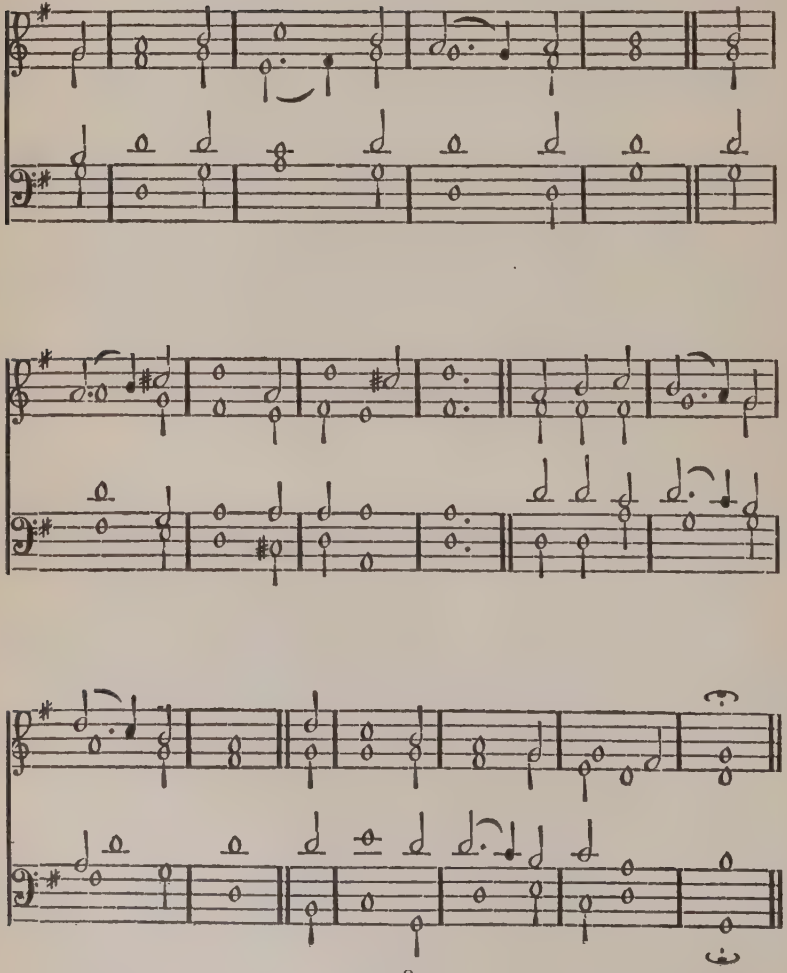
Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

191

William Leighton in 'Tears or Lamentations of a Sorrowful Soul' (1614)
Reset by H. E. Wooldridge

LEIGHTON (L.M.)



191

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *and Tattendon Hymnal* (1899)

CHRIST hath a garden walled around,
A Paradise of fruitful ground,
Chosen by love and fenced by grace
From out the world's wide wilderness.

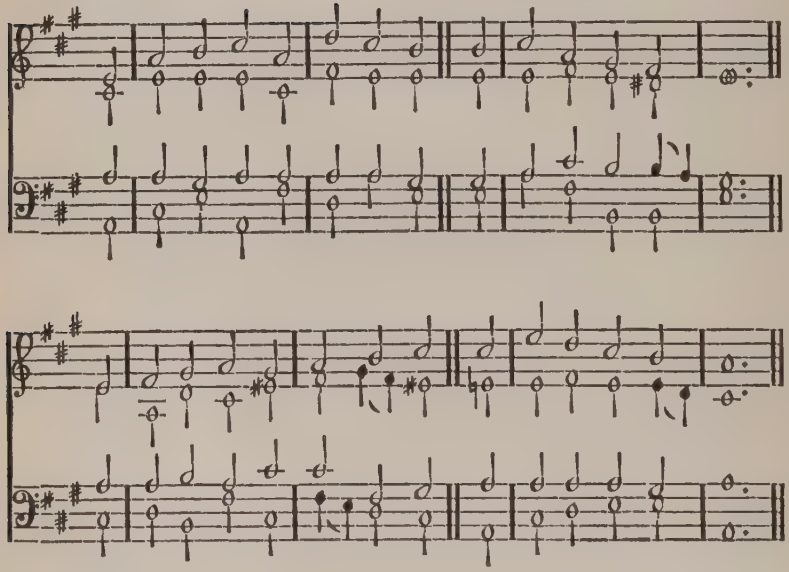
Like trees of spice his servants stand,
There planted by his mighty hand;
By Eden's gracious streams, that flow
To feed their beauty where they grow.

Awake, O wind of heaven, and bear
Their sweetest perfume through the air:
Stir up, O south, the boughs that bloom,
Till the belovèd Master come:

That he may come, and linger yet
Among the trees that he hath set;
That he may evermore be seen
To walk amid the springing green.

192 (First Tune)

Lancaster (c.m.) *Samuel Howard* (1710–1782)

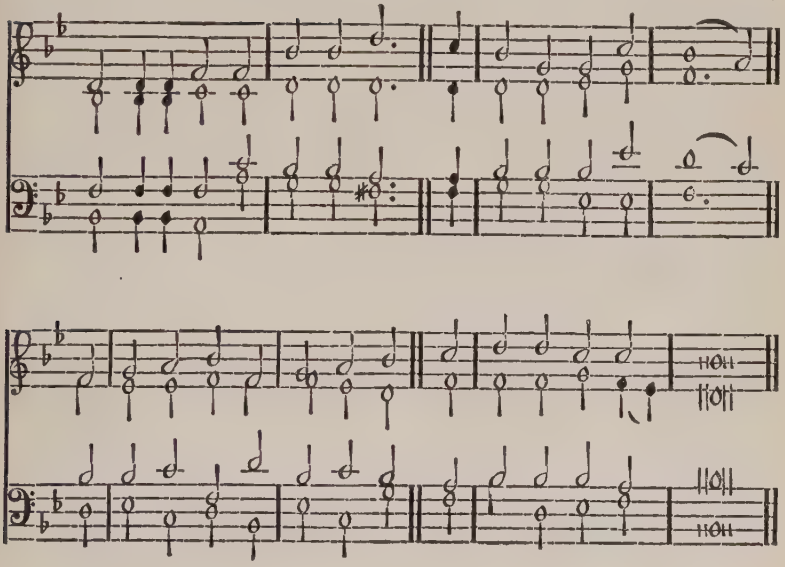


Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

192 (Second Tune)

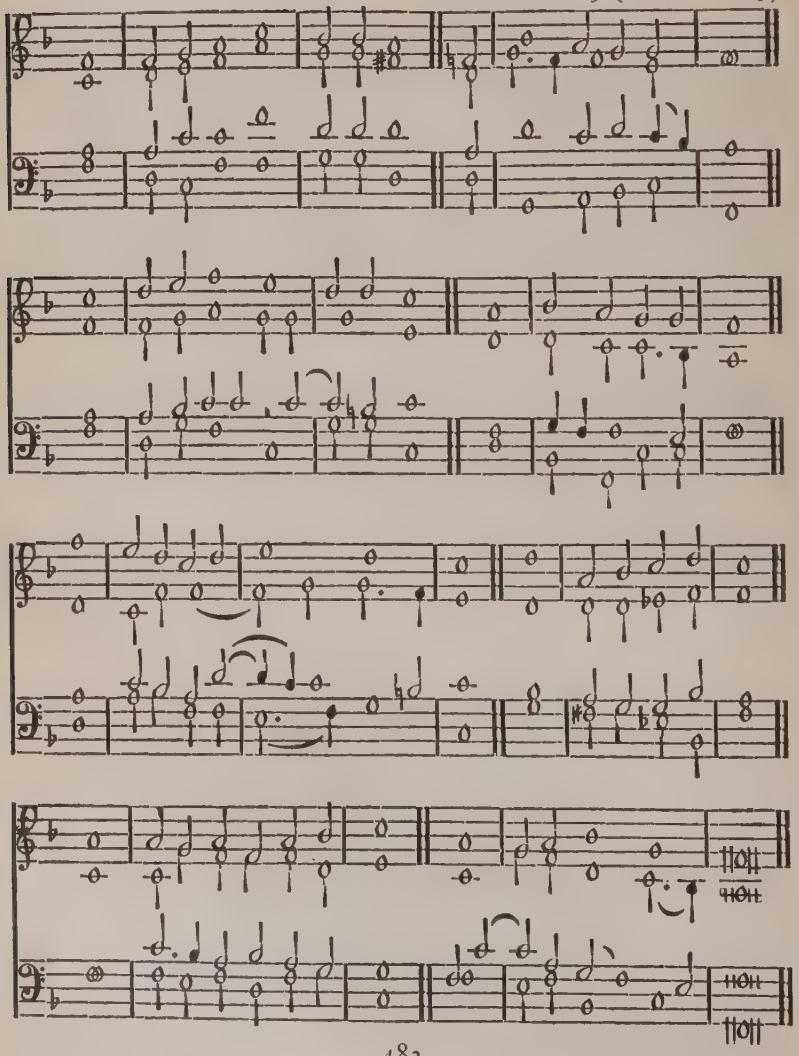
NATIVITY (C.M.) *Henry Lahee* (1826–)

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

193

OLD 22ND (D.C.M.)
In free time

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. adapted from
Thomas Morley (1557–c. 1603)



193

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise;
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of the king
In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly,
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity:
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

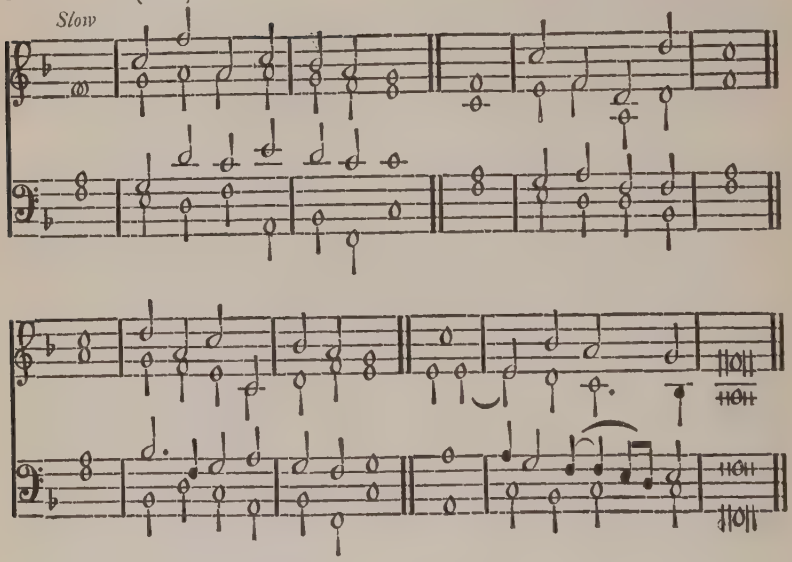
Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs, with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound:
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung in four-line verses to* '*Dundee*' (*No.* 219).

194 (First Tune)

St. David's (c.m.)

Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft (1621)



John Morison (1749–1798)

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

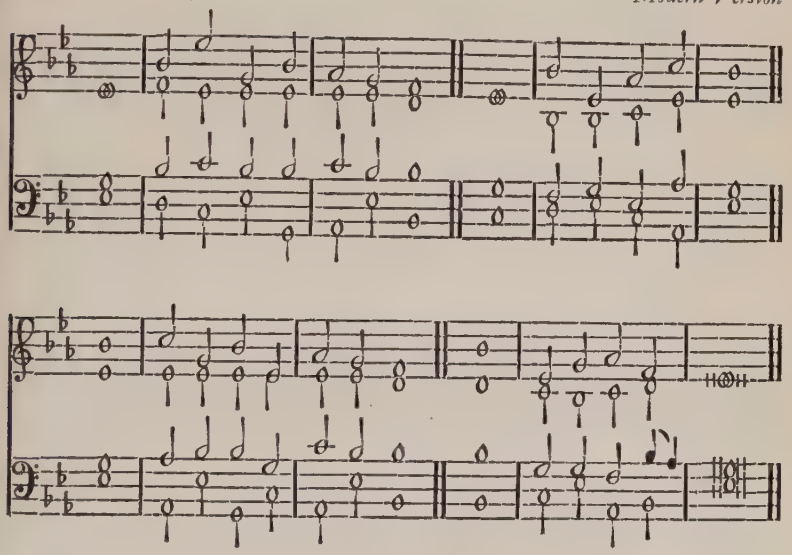
His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

194 (Second Tune)

St. David's (c m.)

Modern Version



Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

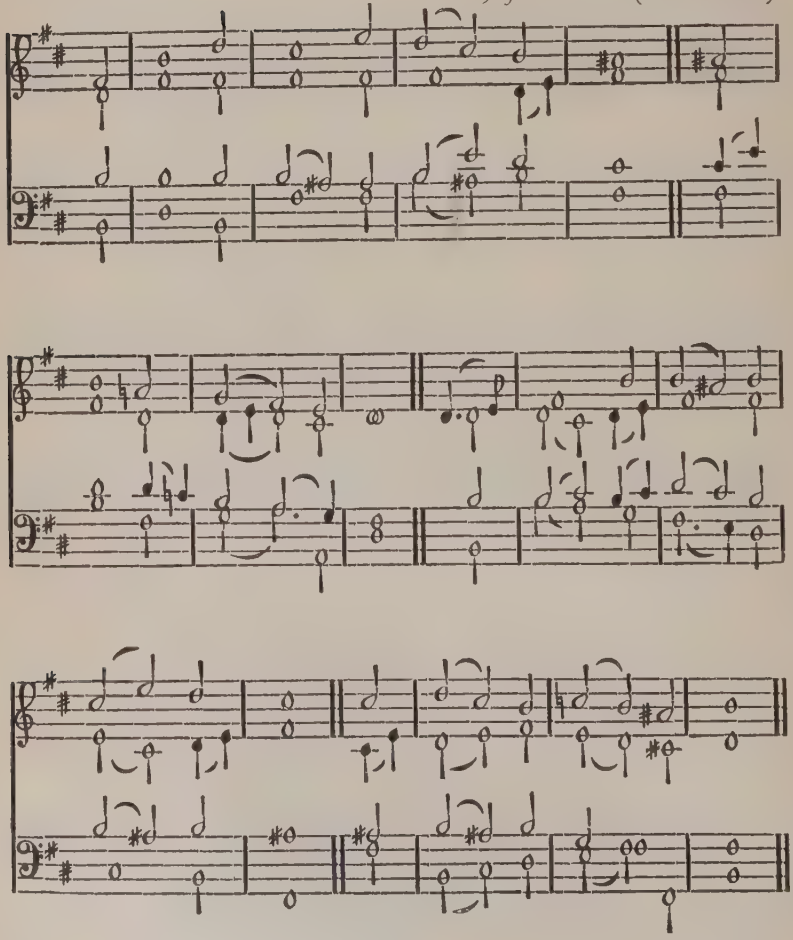
So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE LIBRARY

194 (Third Tune)

IRELAND (C.M.)

Anon.
Harm. by James Turle (1802–1882)



194

John Morison (1749–1798)

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

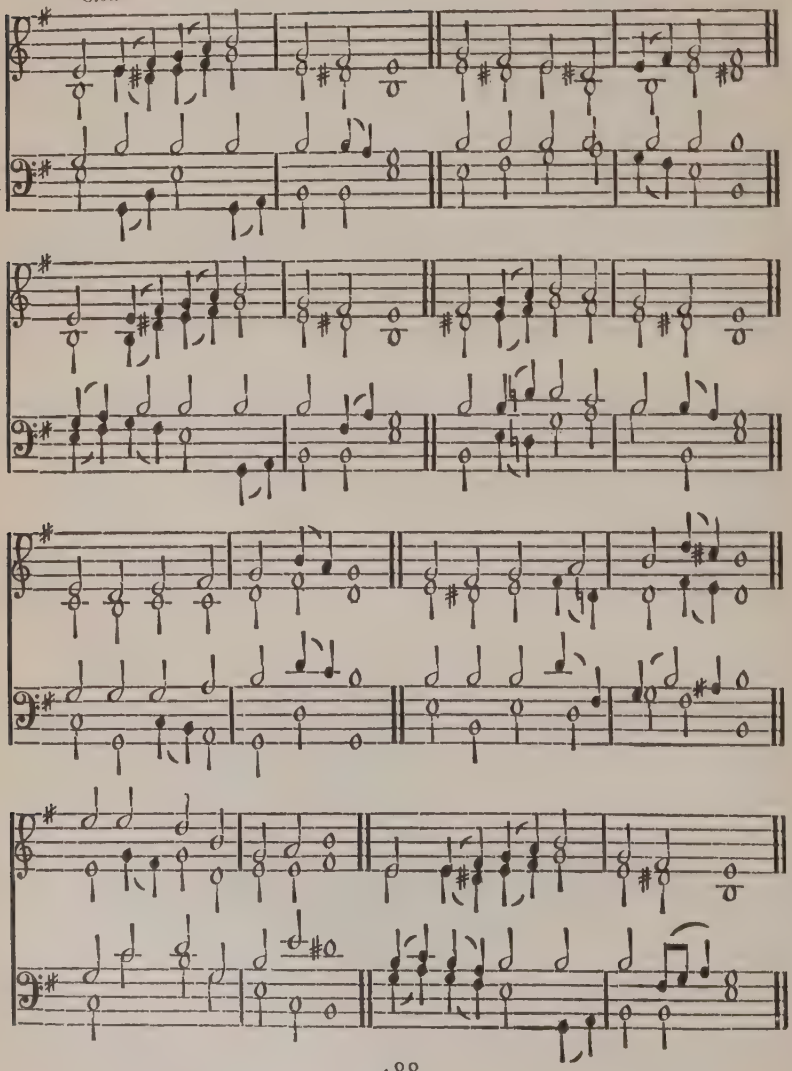
As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

195

ABERYSTWYTH (77 77 D.) *Joseph Parry* (1841–1903)

Slow



195

George Wither (1588–1667) *slightly rearranged*

COME, oh come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Strike the viol, touch the lute;
Let no tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place:
And amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is he.

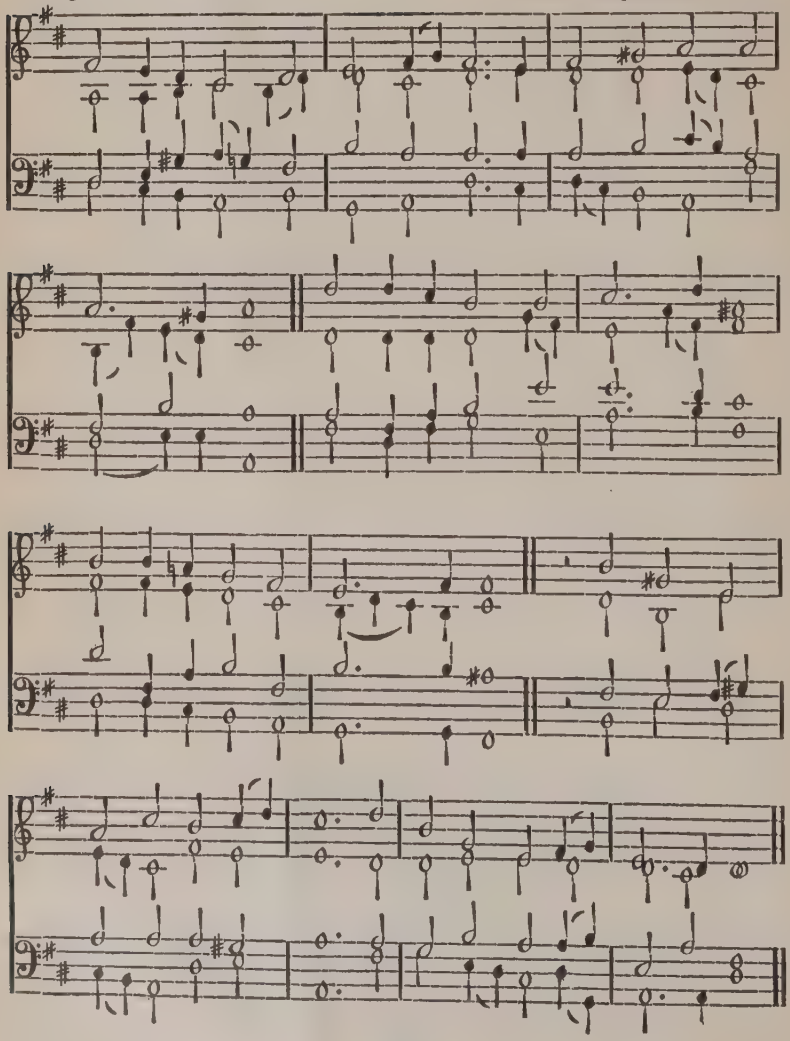
So, from heaven, on earth he shall
Let his gracious blessings fall;
And this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
That our song may over-climb
All the bounds of place and time,
And ascend from sphere to sphere
To the great Almighty's ear.

196

DAVID'S HARP (88.88.88)

Rather slow

Robert King in 'The Divine Companion' (1722)



196

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay.
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if thy name is Love?

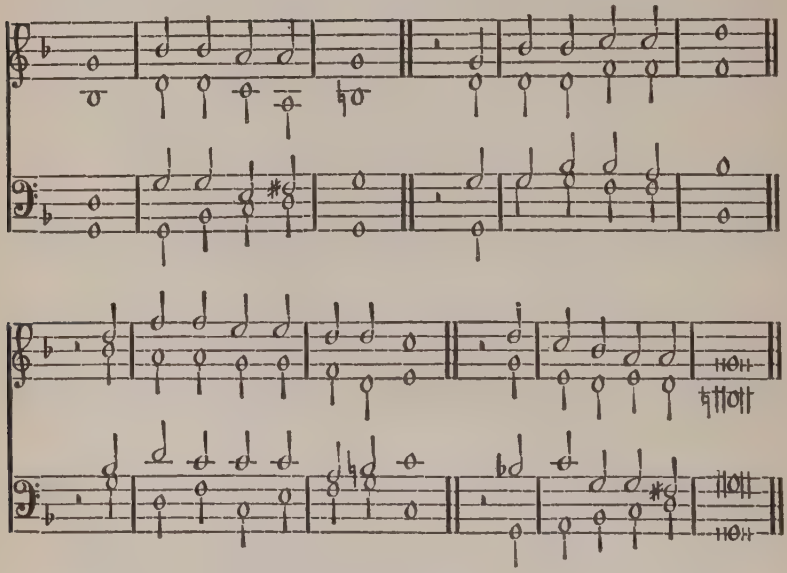
My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature, and thy name, is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend!
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature, and thy name, is Love!

197 (First Tune)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. adapted from
Martin Peirson (c. 1590–c. 1651)

Southwell (S.M.)



Paulus Gerhardt (1607–1676)
Trans. John Wesley (1703–1791)

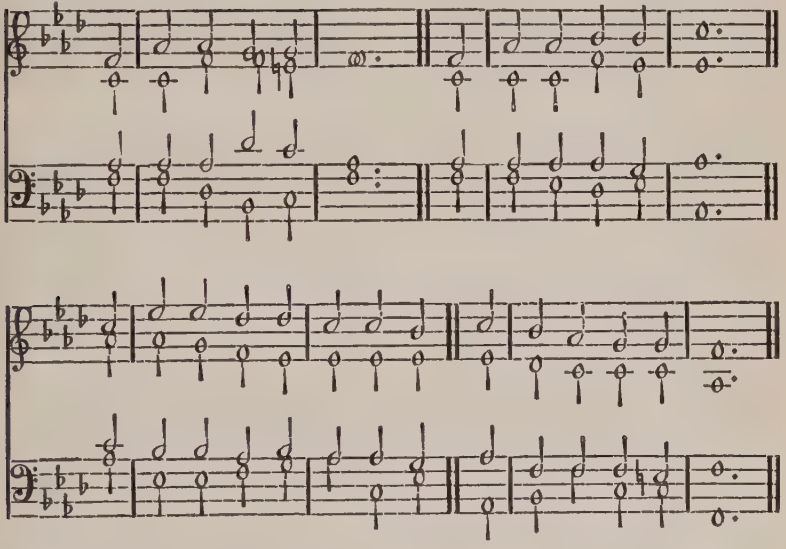
Befiehl du deine Wege

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

197 (Second Tune)

SOUTHWELL (S.M.) *Modern Version*



Thou ón the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye;
So shall thy work be done.

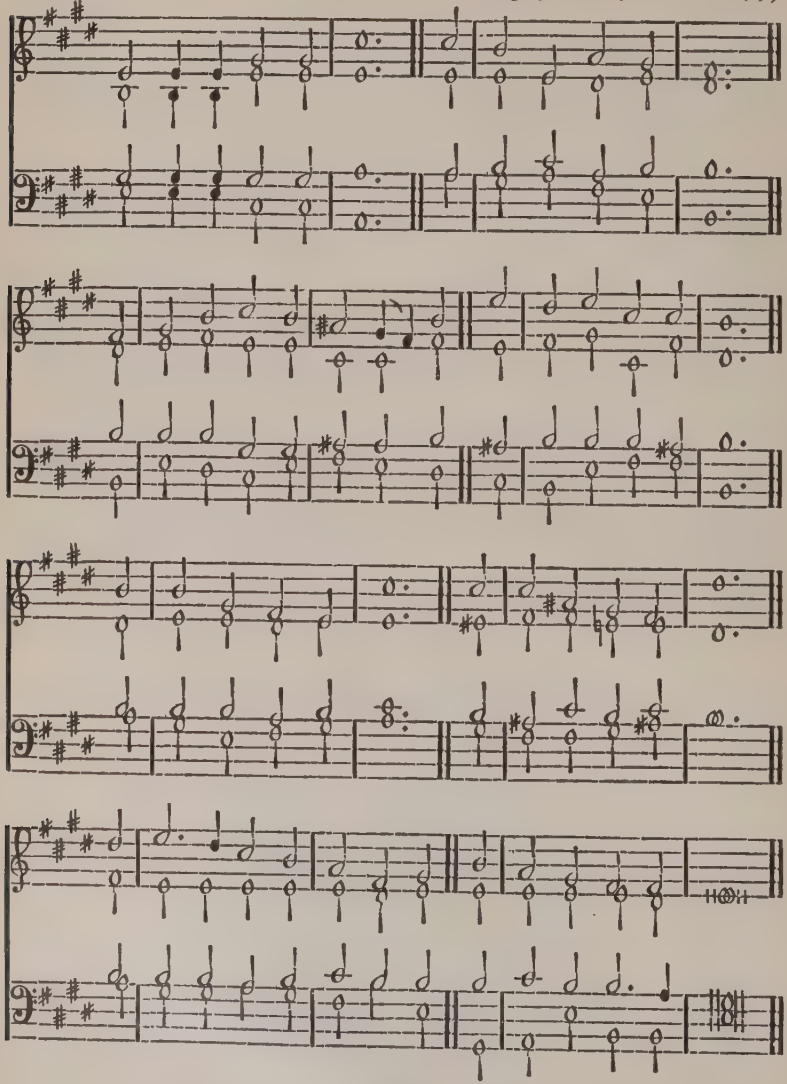
Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

198

DIADEMATA (D.S.M.)

George Job Elvey (1816–1893)



198

Matthew Bridges (1800–1894)

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

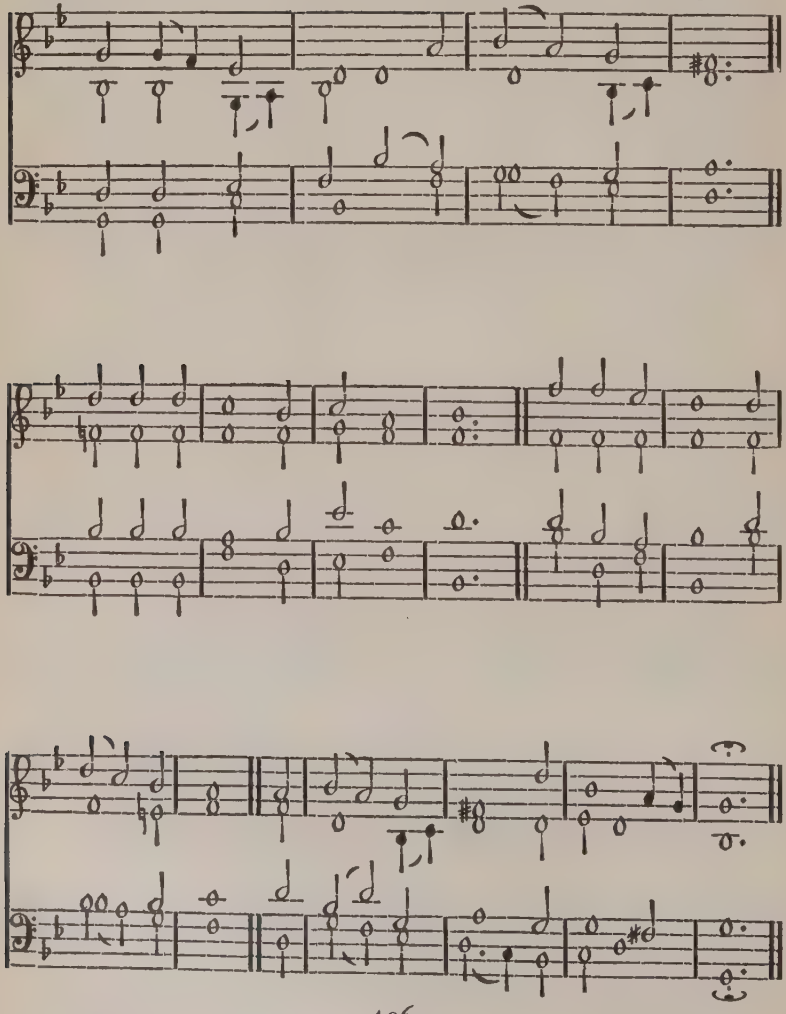
Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
Glassed in a sea of light:
Where everlasting waves
Reflect his throne—the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

199

UFFINGHAM (L.M.)

Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Setting Anon.



199

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above;

Jesu! the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

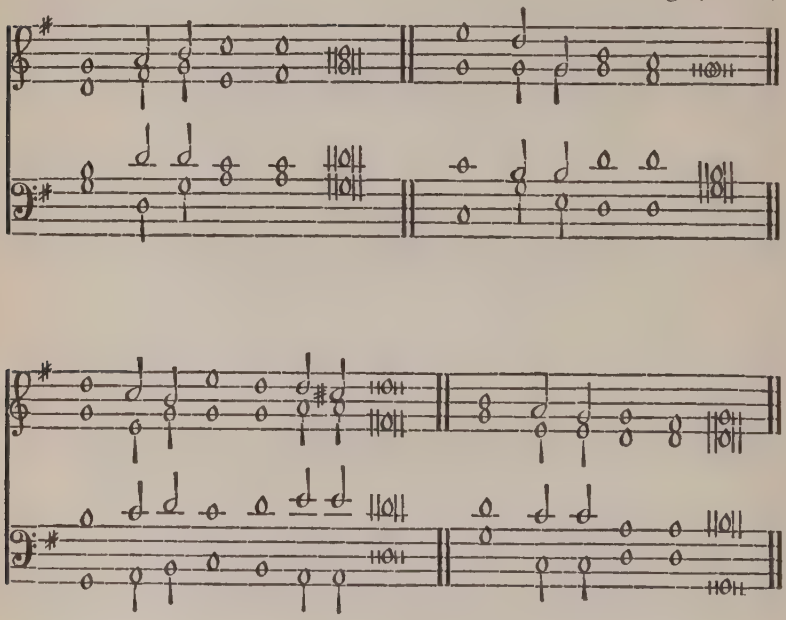
Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh;
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions, peace;
Say to my trembling heart, be still:
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

O death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

200 (First Tune)

Yattendon No. 46 (s.m.) *Harry Ellis Wooldridge* (1845–)



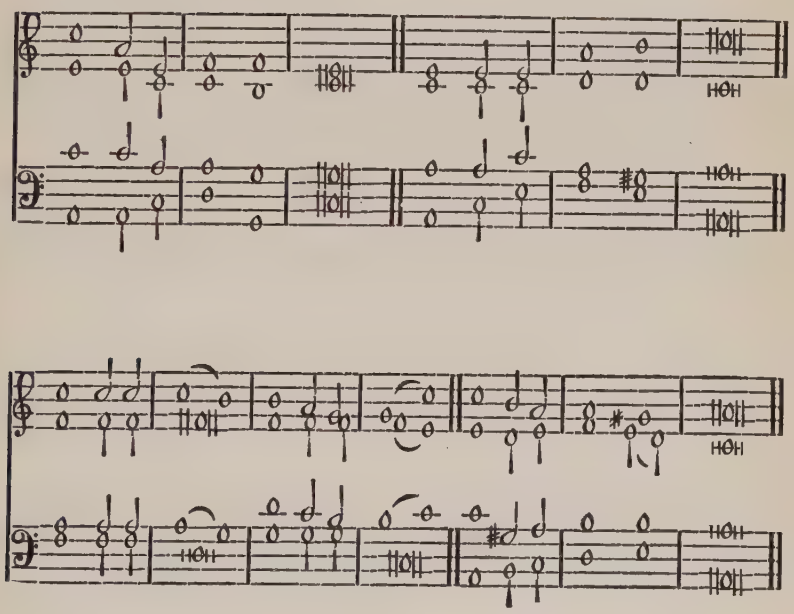
Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847) *Psalm cxxxvii*

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, 'Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.'

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

200 (Second Tune)

Lyte (s.m.) *John Wilkes* (c. 1861)



To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

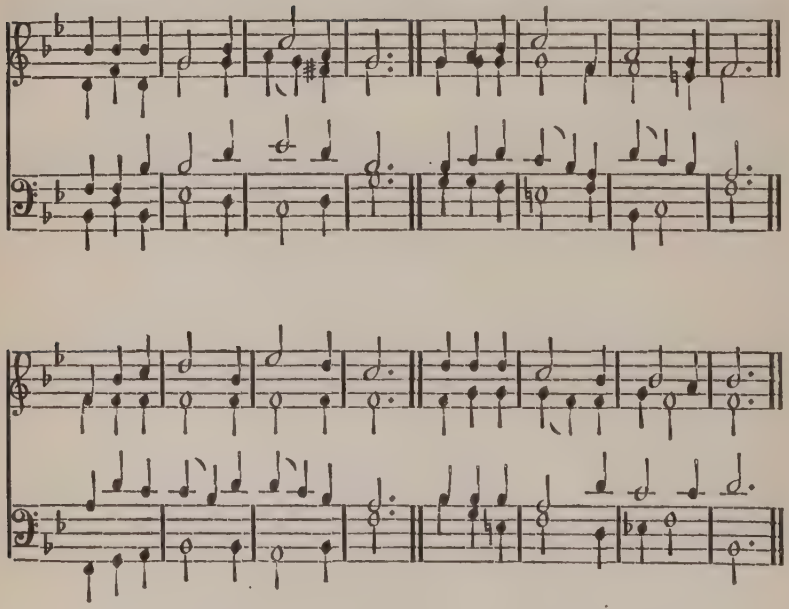
God of my life, be near;
On thee my hopes I cast;
Oh guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

201 (First Tune)

Original form of melody in
'Geistliche Gesänge' (Leipzig, 1625)

JENA (BRESLAU) (L.M.)

Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



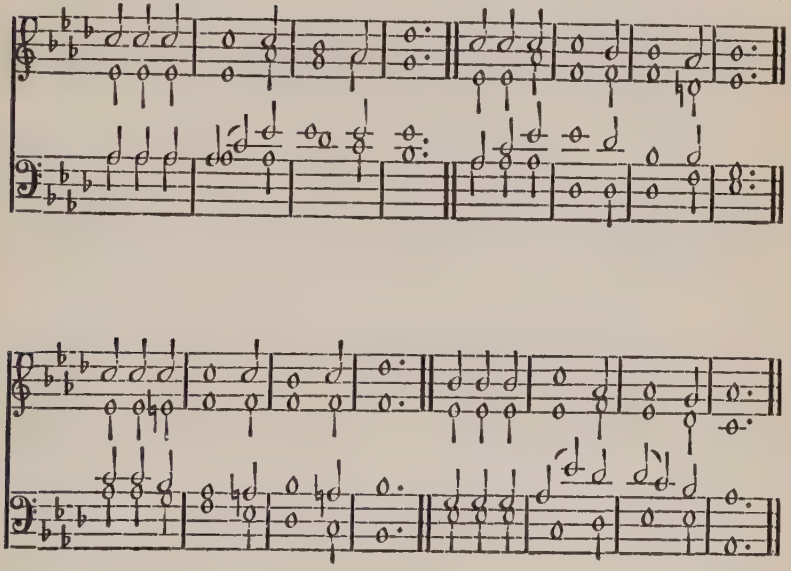
John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811–1875)

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies;
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

201 (Second Tune)

PENTECOST (L.M.) *William Boyd* (1840–)



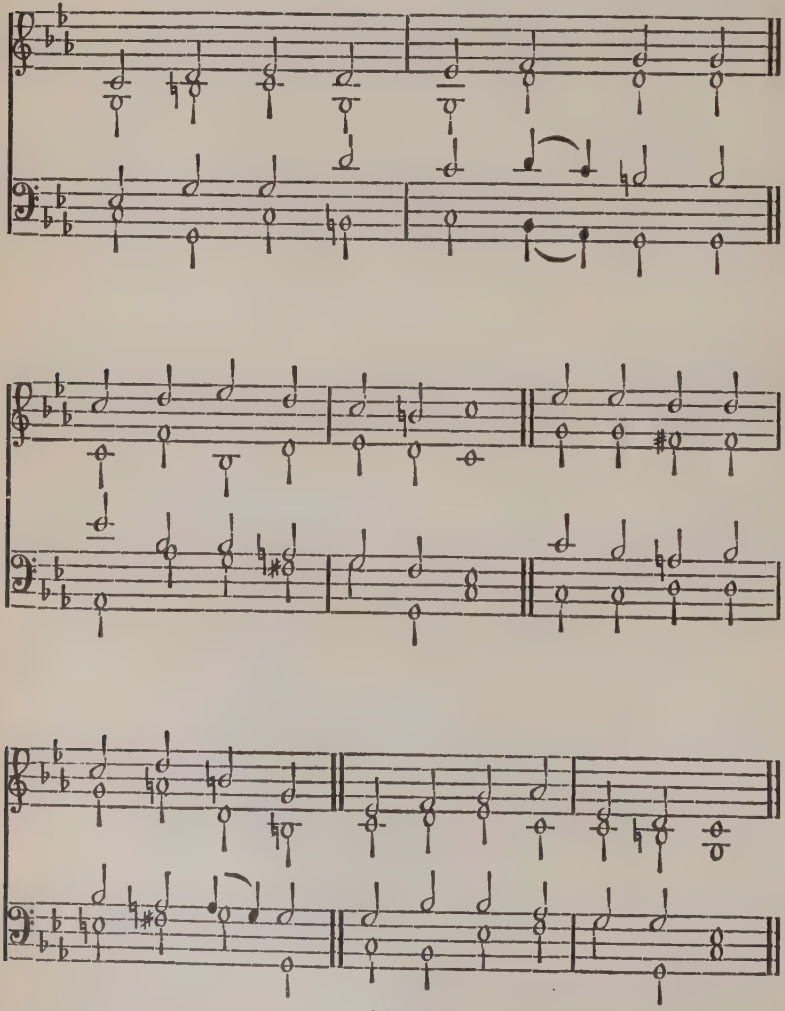
Cast care aside, lean on thy guide;
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear; his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

202

STAFFORD (87.87)
Slow

Johann Georg Christian Störl (1676–1743)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



202

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified,
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as he has died.

Simply to his grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the holy, him the strong.

And I hold in veneration,
For the love of him alone,
Holy Church as his creation,
And her teachings as his own.

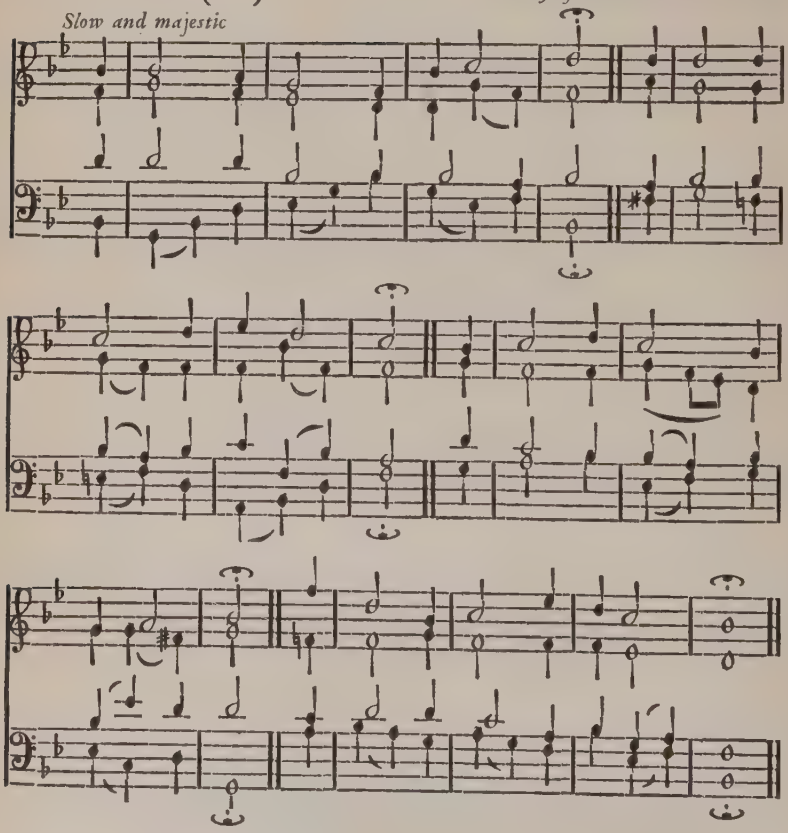
Adoration ay be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

203 (First Tune)

Old Hundredth (L.M.)

? Louis Bourgeois (c. 1551)
Set by Johann Sebastian Bach

Slow and majestic

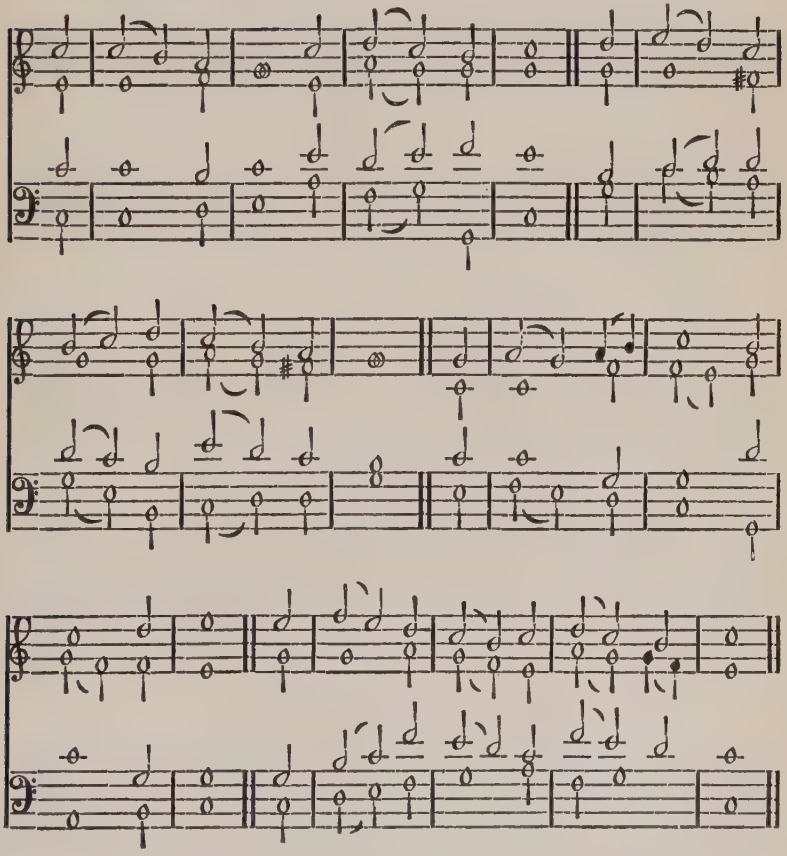


Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm cxvii*

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's name arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land in every tongue.

203 (Second Tune)

WAREHAM (L.M.) *William Knapp* (1698–1768)

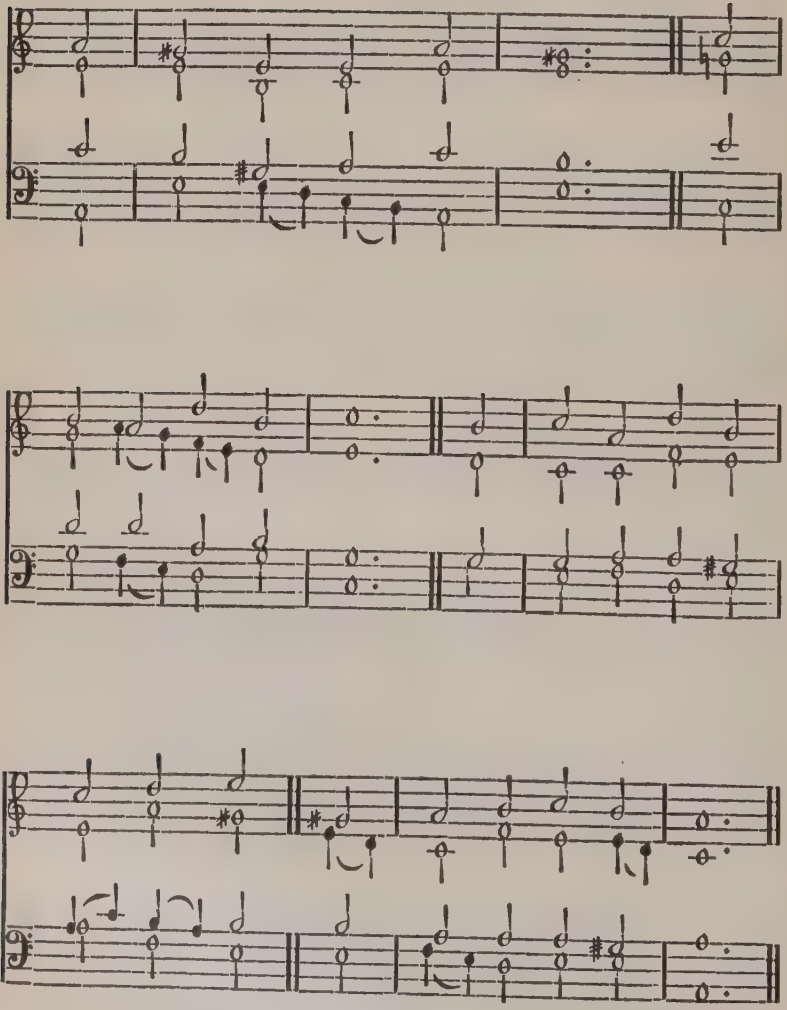


Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

204

ST. GILES (S.M.)

Anon.
(*Supplement to the New Version*, 1703)



204

Nahum Tate
and Nicholas Brady (1696) — *Psalm cxxx*

FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows,
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows;

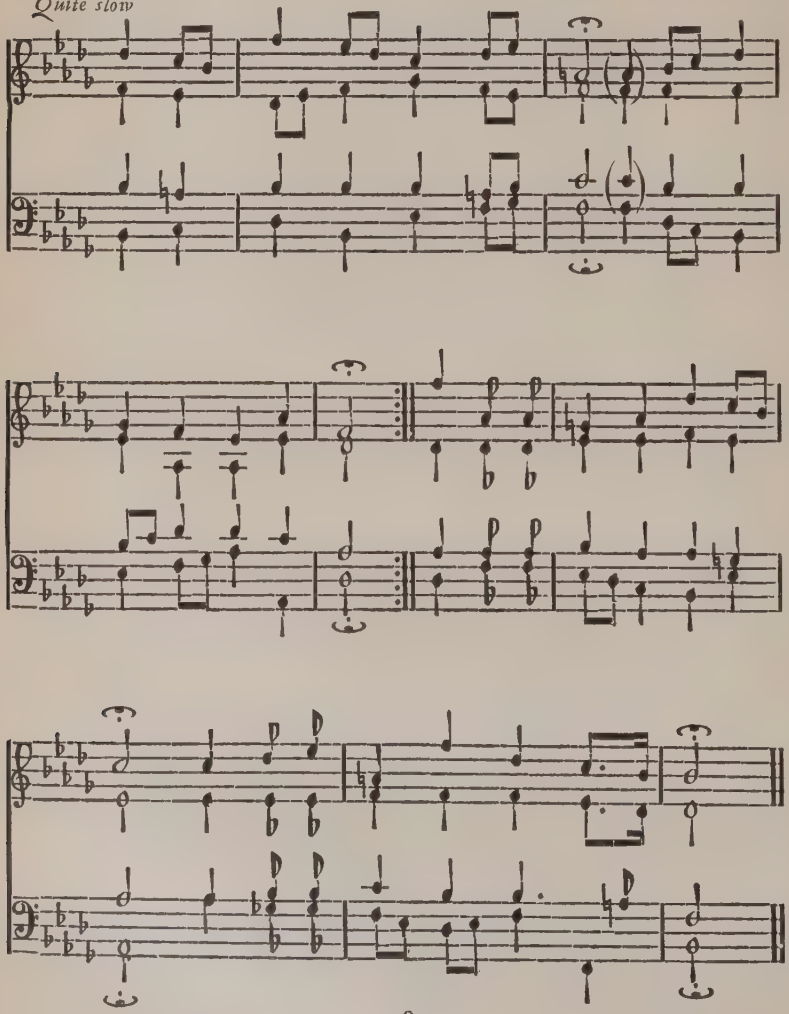
Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

205

NICHT SO TRAURIG, NICHT SO SEHR (77.77.44.44)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Quite slow



205

Phineas Fletcher (1581–1650) *Psalm cxxx*

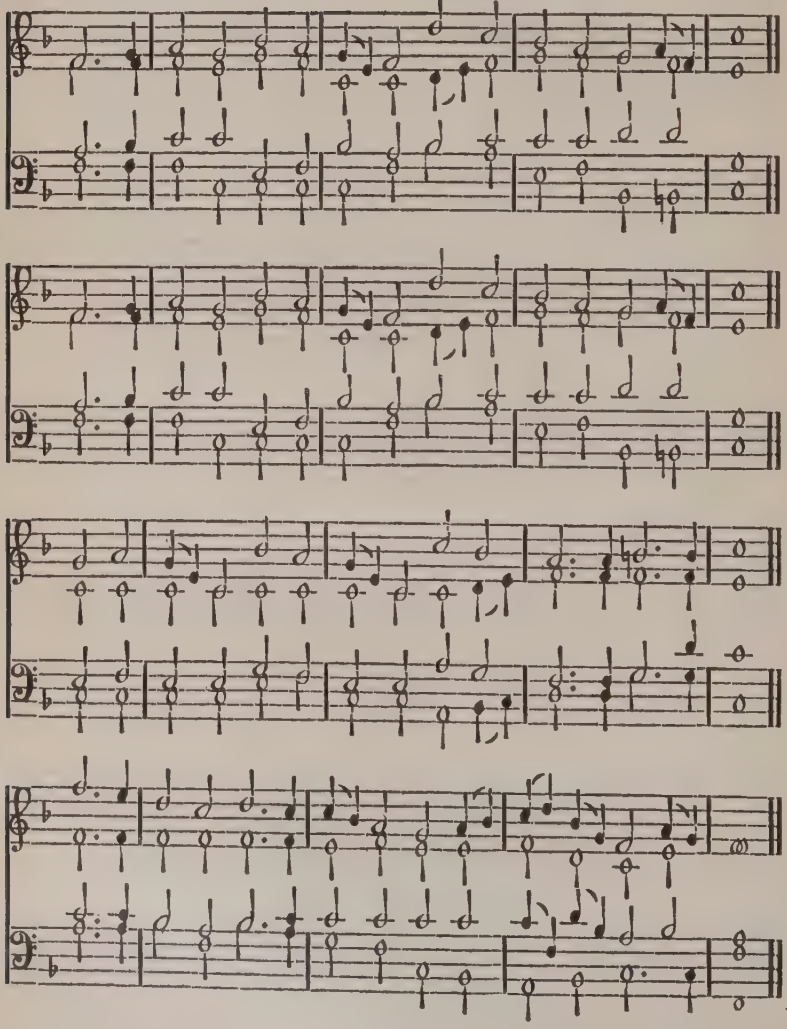
FROM the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord, to thee my soul repairs:
From thy heaven bow down thine ear;
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
Oh if thou mark'st
What 's done amiss,
What soul so pure,
Can see thy bliss?

But with thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait, my soul, wait on his hands;
Wait mine eye, oh wait mine ear:
If he his eye
Or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks
Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and grey,
To be relieved he calls amain:
So look, so wait,
So long mine eyes,
To see my Lord,
My Sun, arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord;
For from his tongue sweet mercy flows:
Wait on his cross, wait on his word;
Upon that tree Redemption grows.
He will redeem
His Israel
From sin and wrath,
From death and hell.

206

AUSTRIA (87. 87 D.) *Franz Joseph Haydn* (1732–1809)

206

John Newton (1725–1807)

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

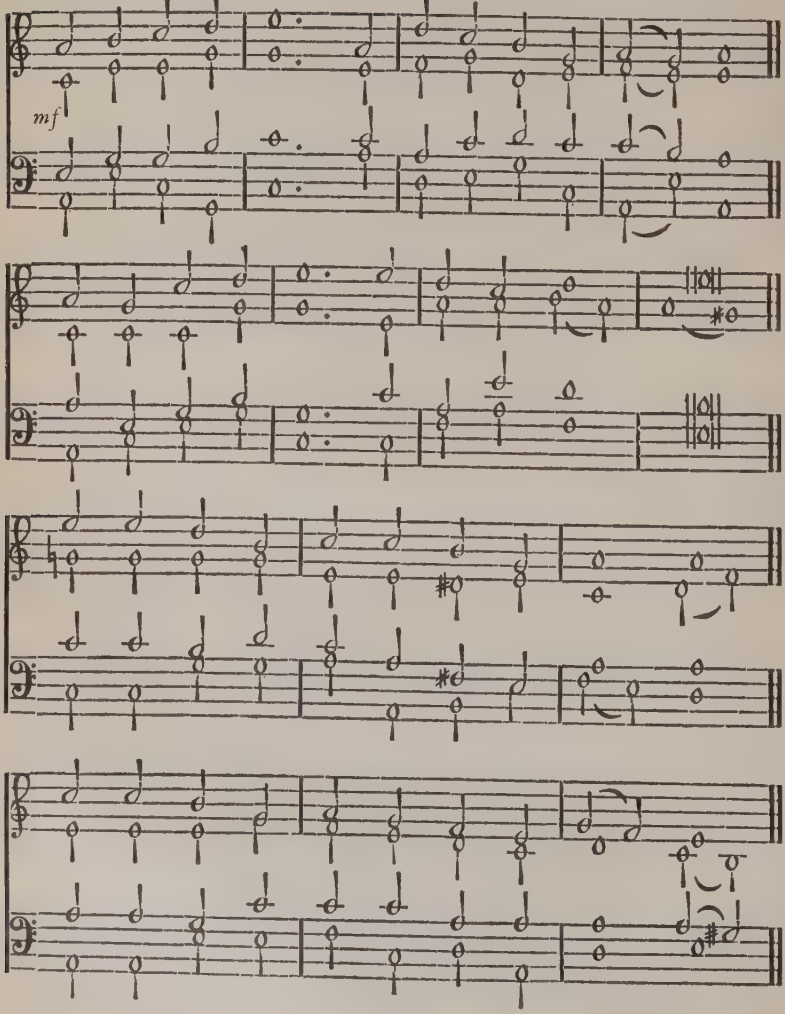
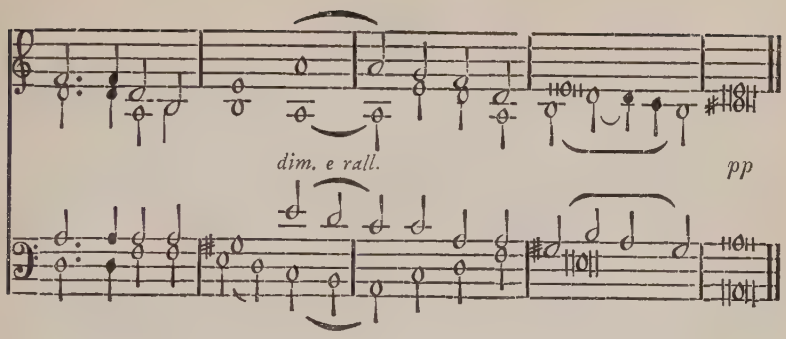
Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

207

POPLAR (IRREGULAR)

Slow and solemn

Thomas Banks Strong (1861–)

Anon. *From a Sarum Primer of* 1558

GOD be in my head,
And in my understanding;

God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking;

God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking;

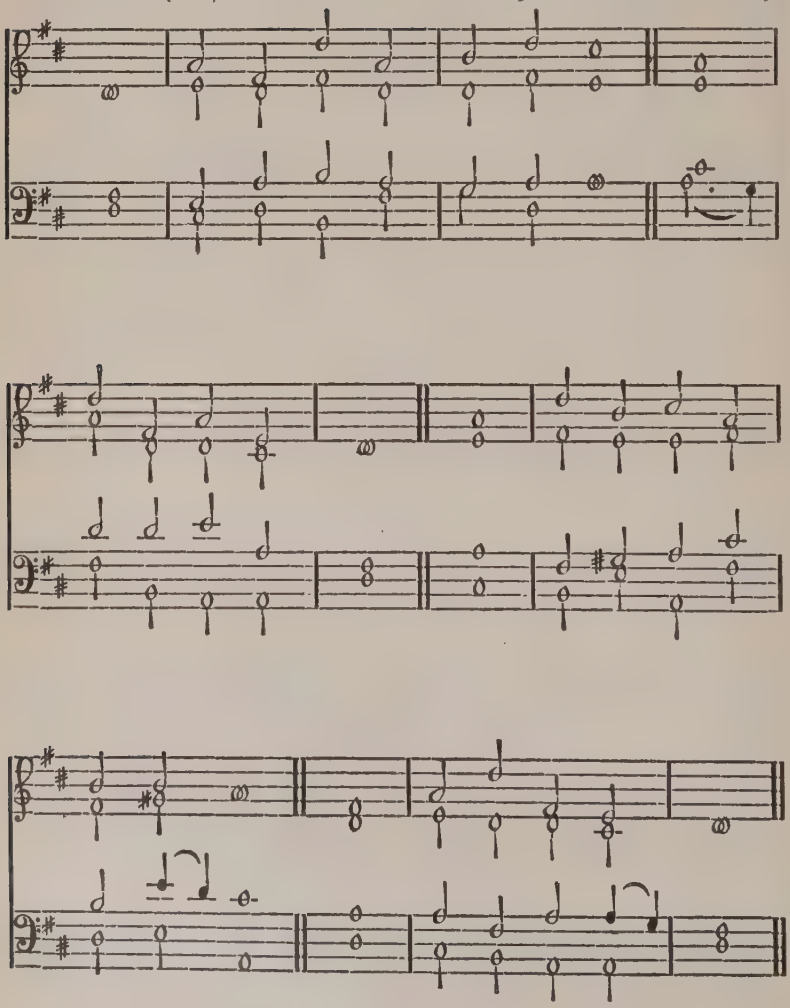
God be at mine end,
And at my departing.

208

Scotch Psalter (1635)

LONDON NEW (C.M.)

Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



208

William Cowper (1731–1800)

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

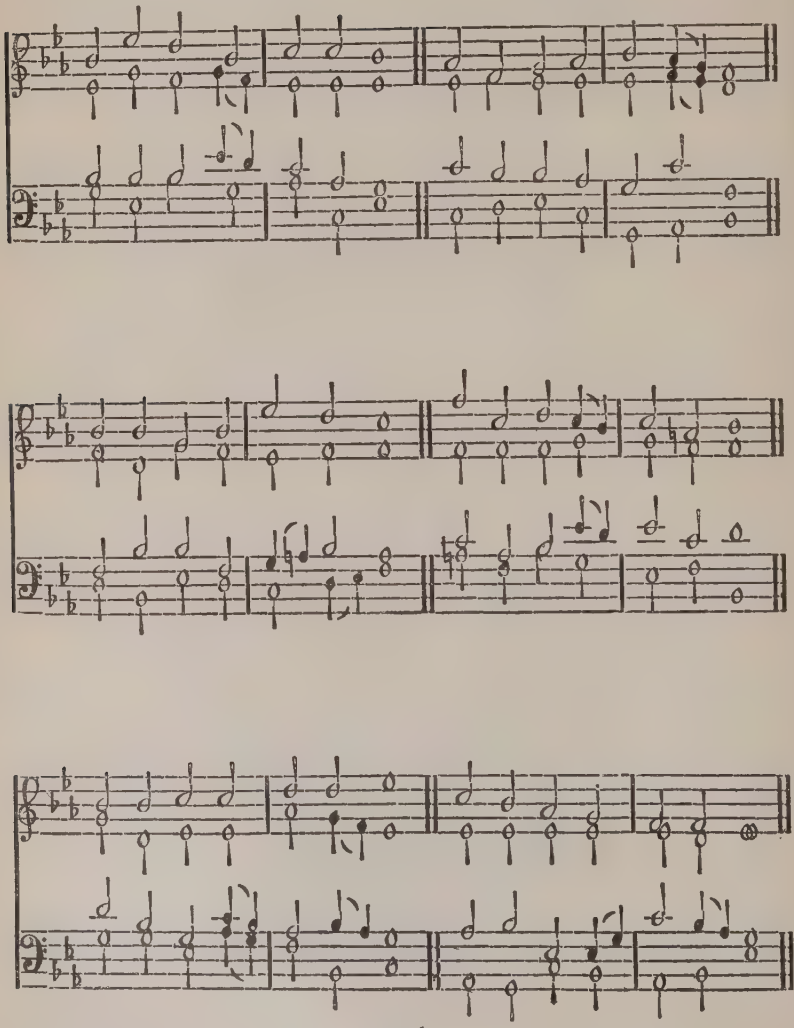
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

209

HEATHLANDS (77.77.77) *Henry Smart* (1813–1879)



209

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847) — *Psalm lxvii*

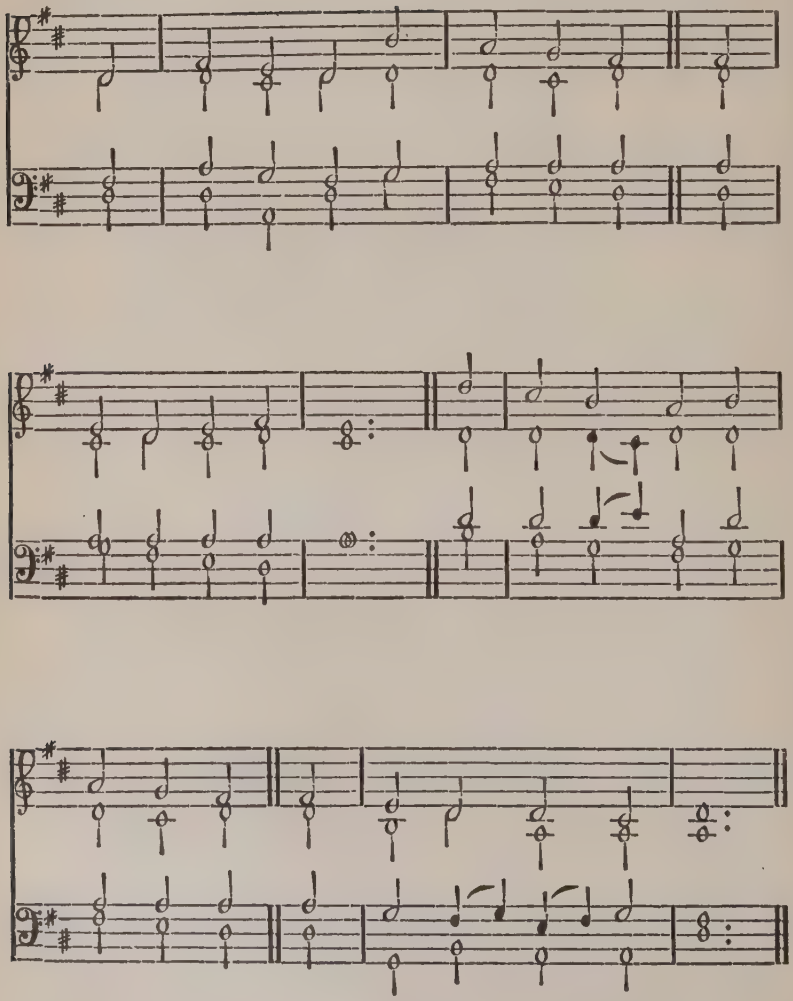
GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy Church with light divine;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

210

BAGINTON (C M.) *Frederick Gooch* (c. 1858)



210

John Newton (1725–1807)

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

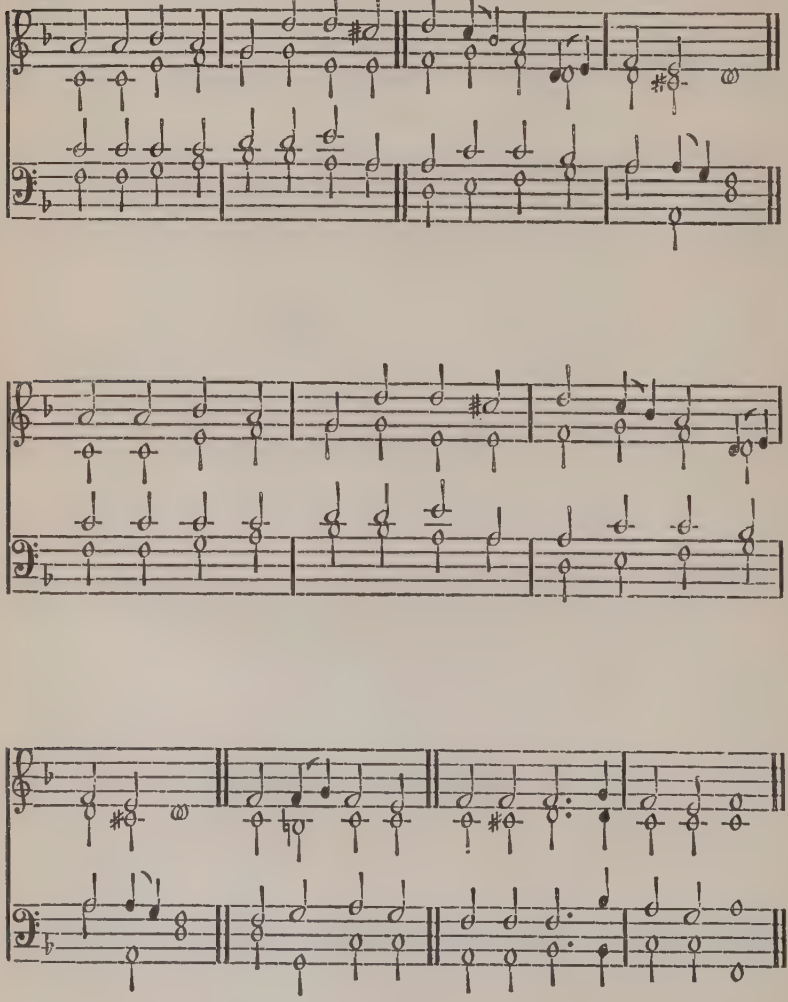
Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

211

ASHBURTON (87.87.47) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



211

William Williams (1717–1791)
Trans. Peter Williams (1771)

ARGLWYDD ARWAIN TRWY'R ANIALWCH

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

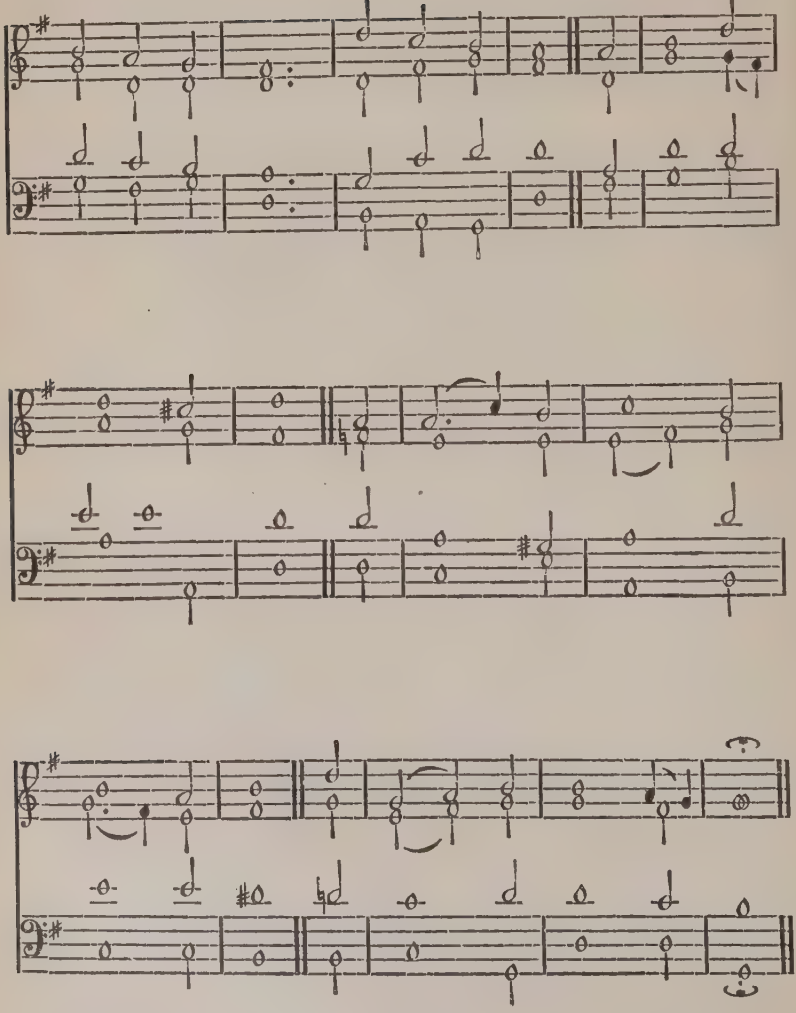
Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

212

William Croft (1678–1727)
Set by M. M. Bridges

BINCHESTER (C.M.)



212

Charles Coffin (1676–1749)
Trans. Tattendon Hymnal (1899)

O QUAM JUVAT, FRATRES, DEUS

HAPPY are they, they that love God,
Whose hearts have Christ confest,
Who by his cross have found their life,
And 'neath his yoke their rest.

Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing;
And strong the prayers, that bow the ear
Of heaven's eternal King.

Christ to their homes giveth his peace,
And makes their loves his own.
But ah, what tares the Evil one
Hath in his garden sown.

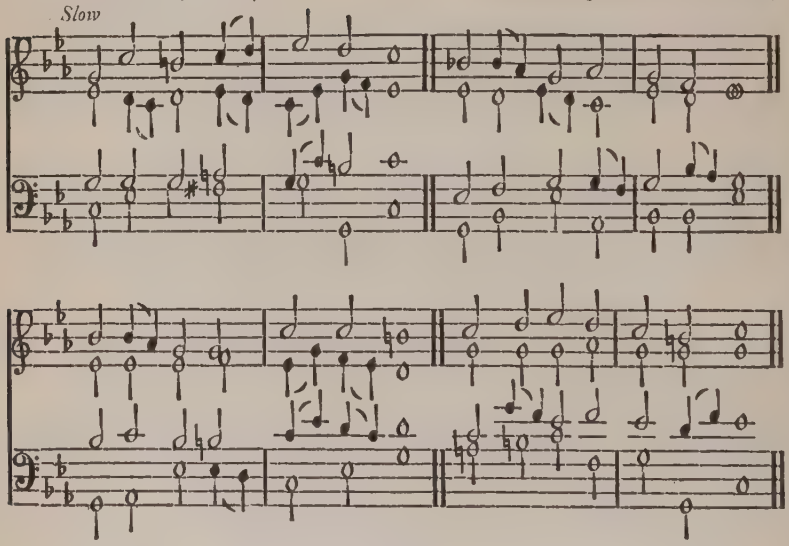
Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrows prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesu's love.

Then shall they know, they that love him,
How all their pain is good;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

213 (First Tune)

Crockernwell (77.77) *Conrad Kocher* (1786–1872)

Slow



William Cowper (1731–1800)

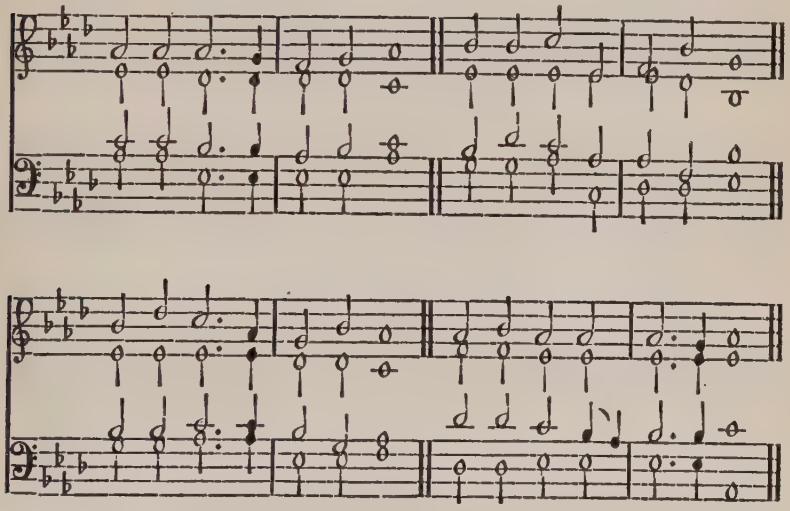
HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

213 (Second Tune)

St. Bees (77.77) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



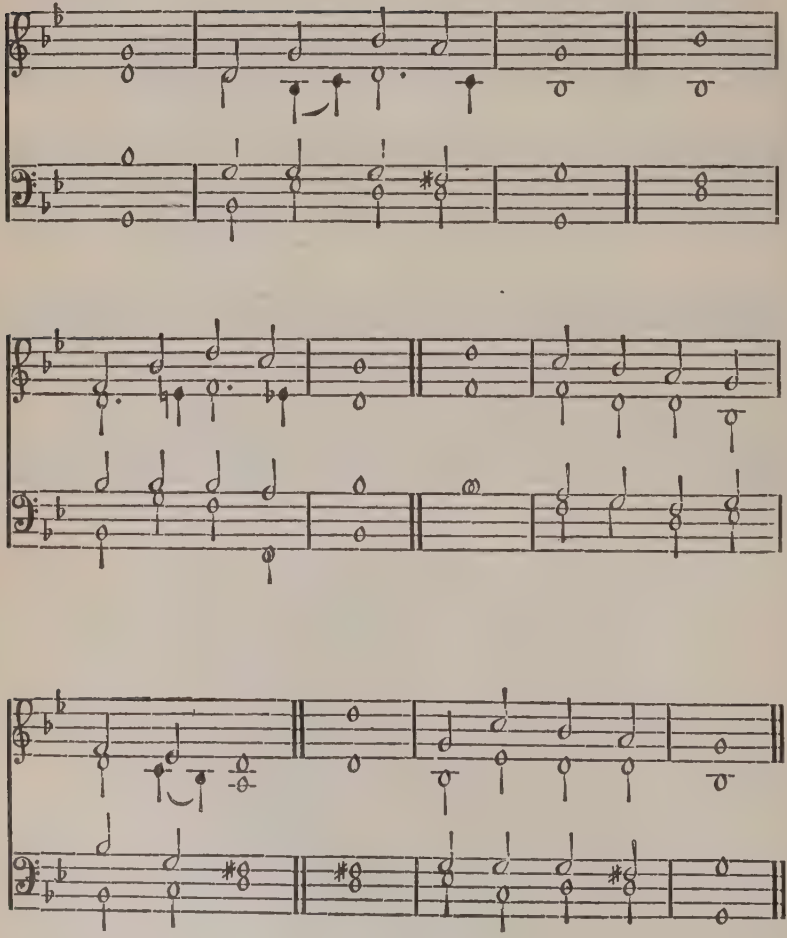
'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love thee more!

214

ST. BRIDE (S.M.) *Samuel Howard* (1710–1782)



214

Nahum Tate *Psalm li*
and Nicholas Brady (1696)

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that 's clean,
An upright mind renew.

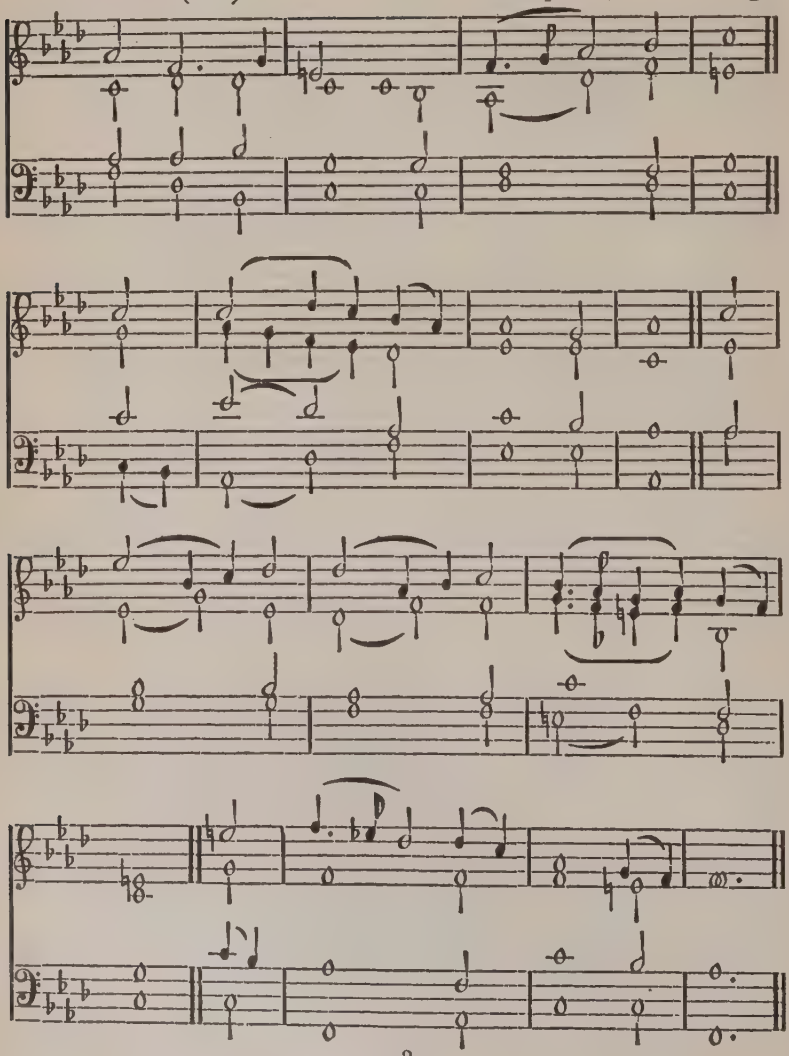
Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

215

Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Mean parts by M. M. Bridges

KING'S NORTON (C.M.)



215

John Bunyan (1628–1688)

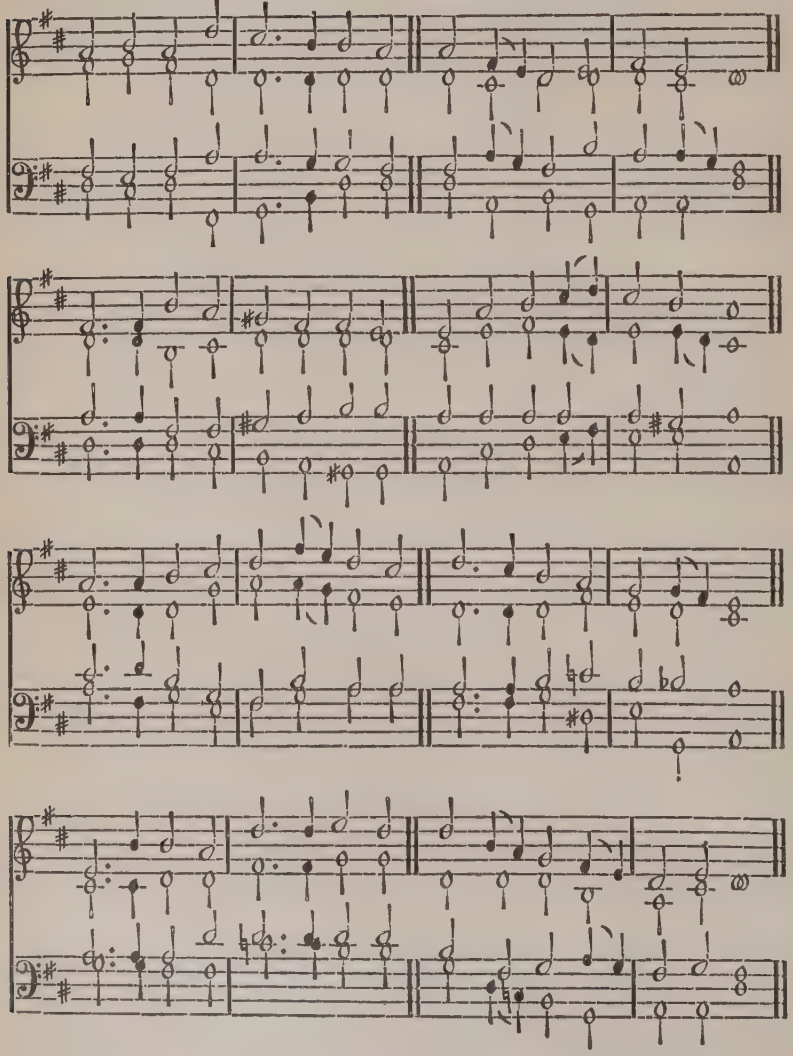
HE that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

216

EPWORTH (87.87 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



216

William Cowper (1731–1800)

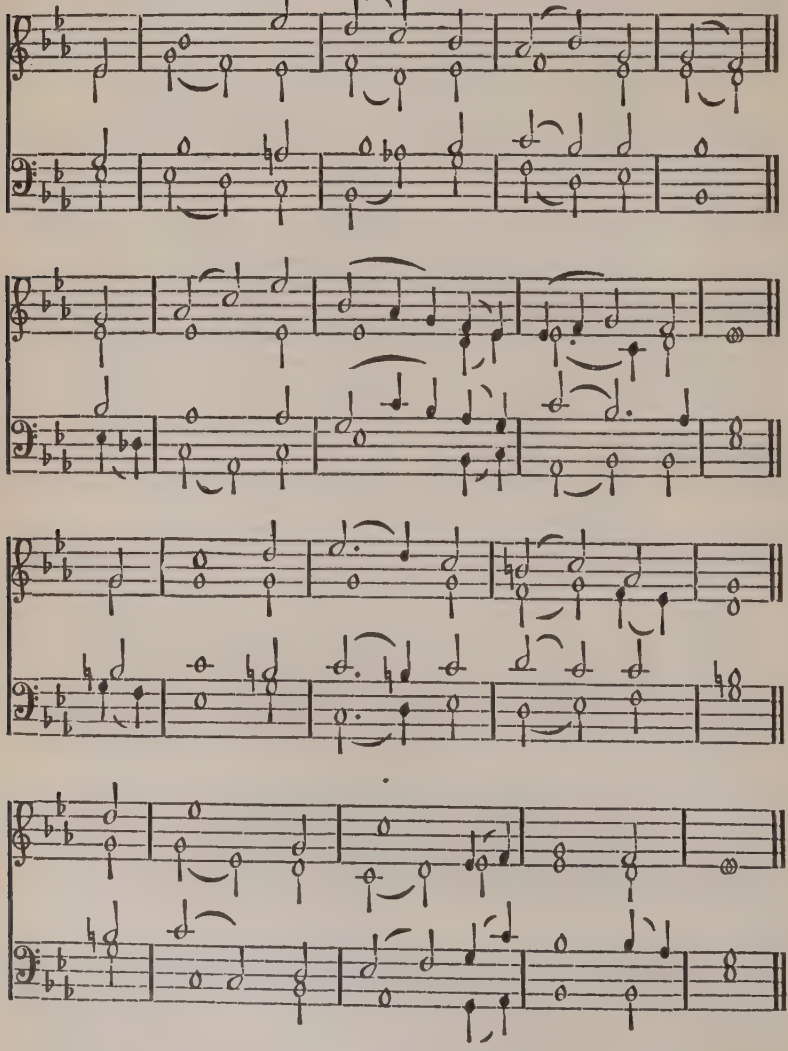
HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken —
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow;
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

217

St. Pancras (L.M.) *Jonathan Battishill* (1738–1801)



217

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm xxxvi*

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgements are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

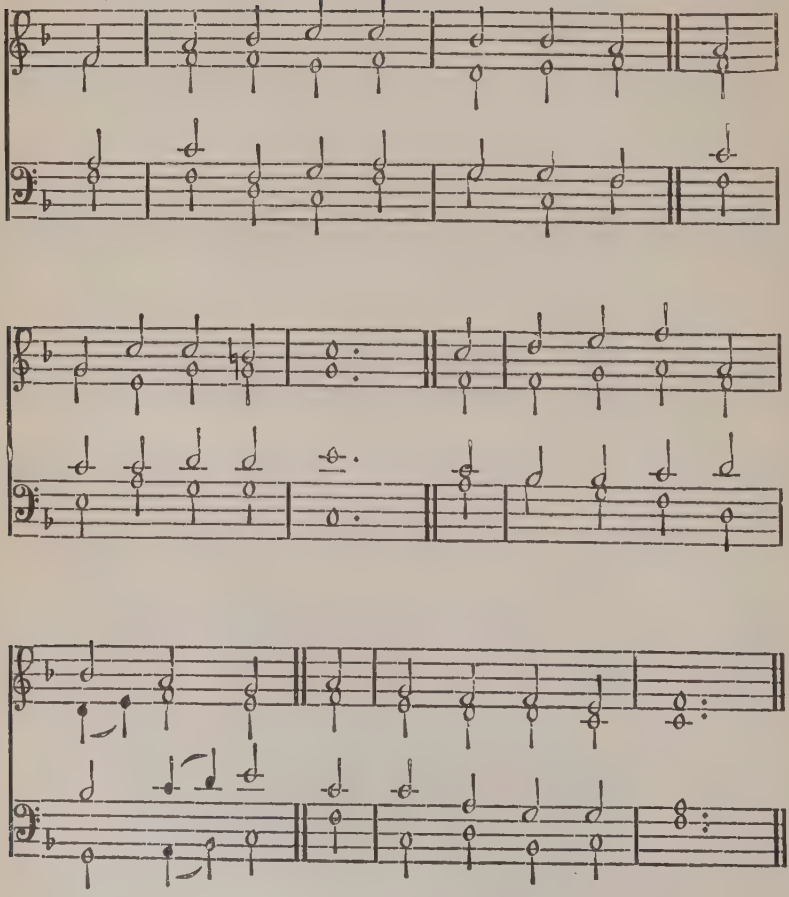
From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

218

Anon.
From the European Psalmist (1872) Founded on 'Duke's' in Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)

CHARLTON (C.M.)
Slow



218

Joseph Addison (1672–1719)

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

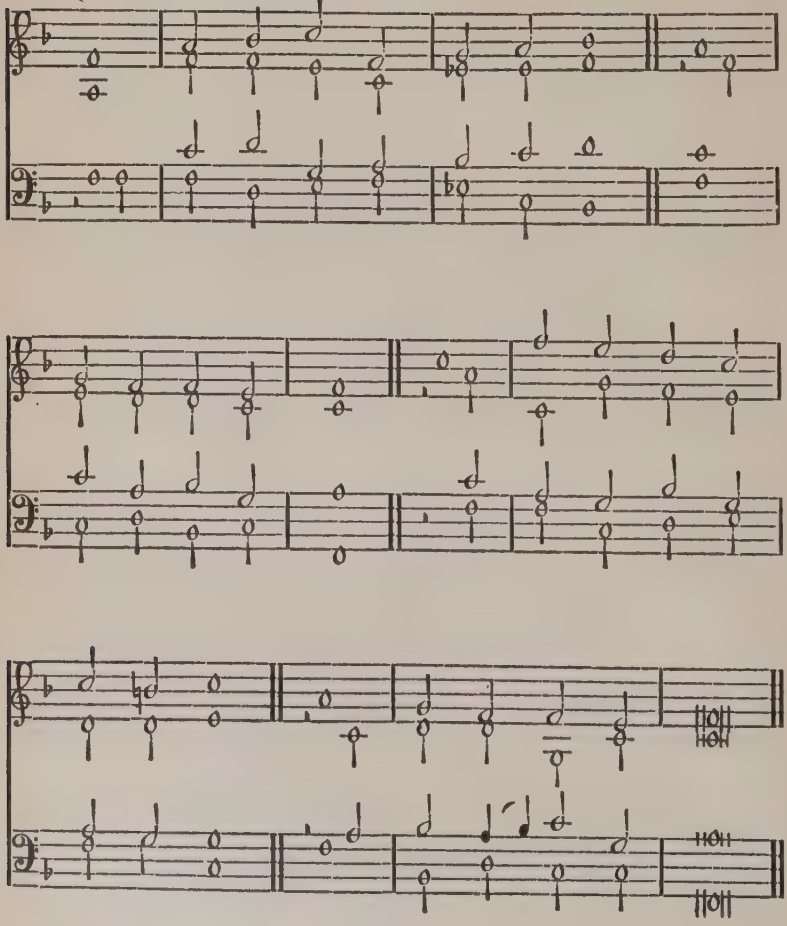
My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

219

DUNDEE (C.M.)

Quite slow

Scotch Psalter (1615)
Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft (1621)



219

Nahum Tate
and Nicholas Brady (1696)

Psalm i

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:

But makes the perfect law of God
His study and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find,
Untimely withered, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

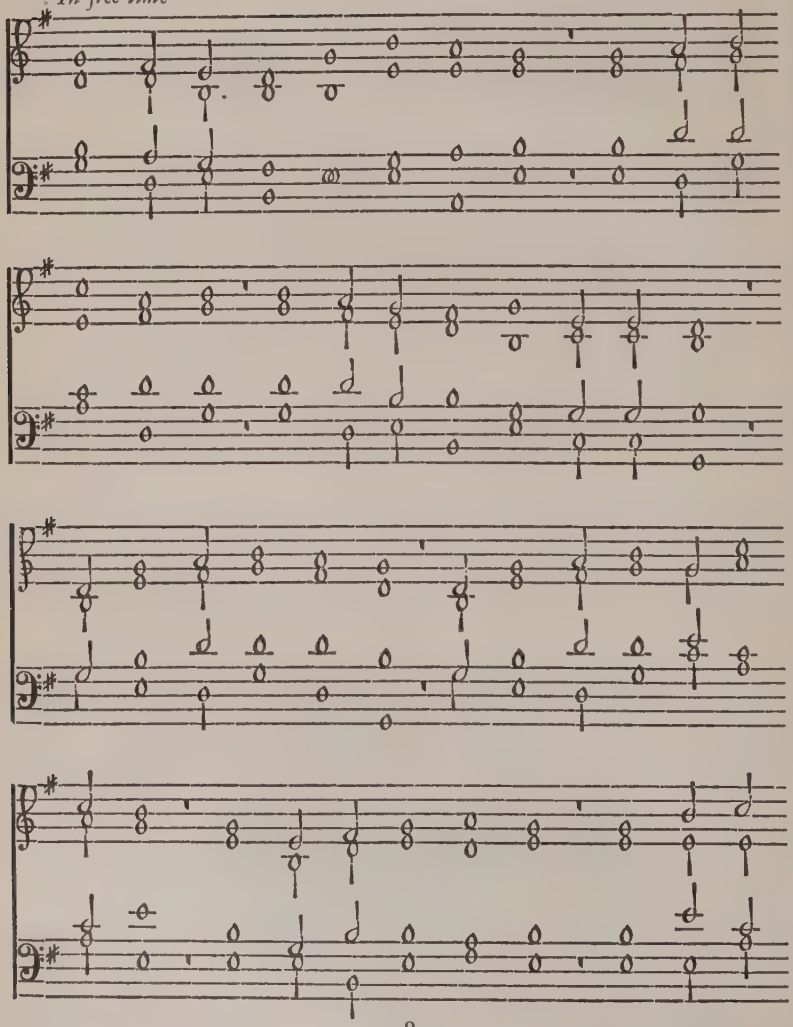
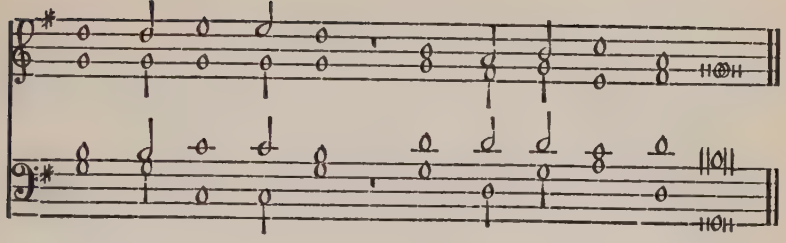
Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners and the paths they tread
Shall both in ruin end.

220 (First Tune)

Set by W. Parsons in John Day's 'The whole psalmes in foure partes' (1563)

Old 137th (D.C.M.)

In free time



John Mason (c. 1645–1694)

HOW shall I sing that Majesty
Which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly quire!
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears;
But they behold thy face:
They sing because thou art their sun:
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun,
There hallelujahs be.

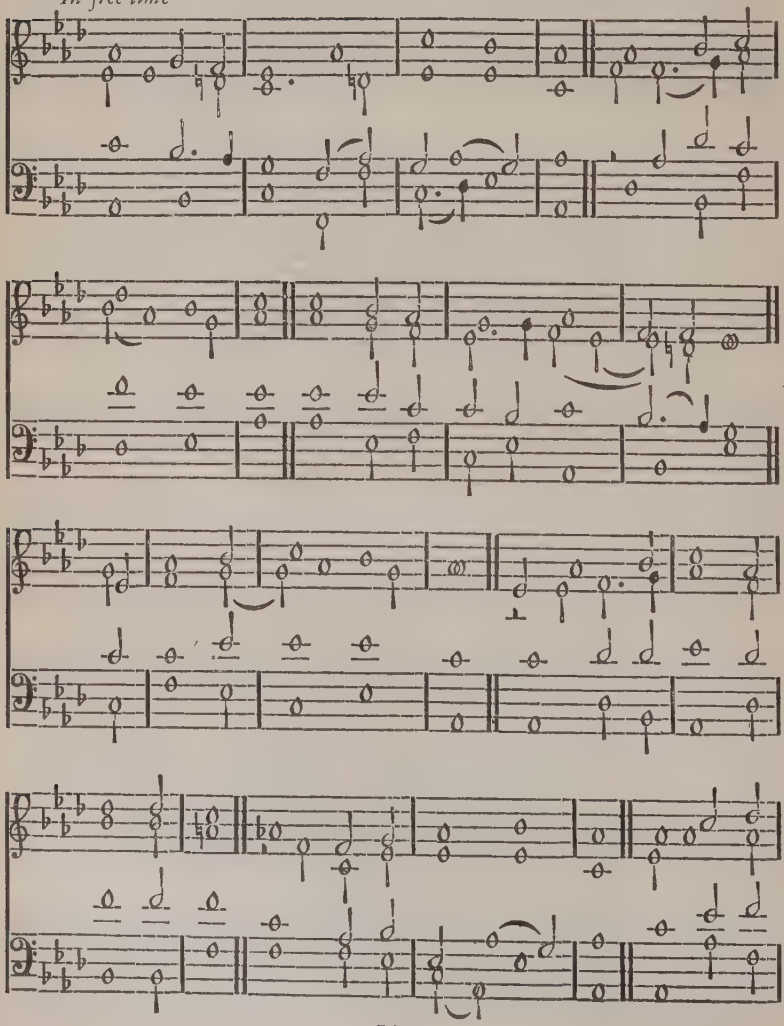
How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep:
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

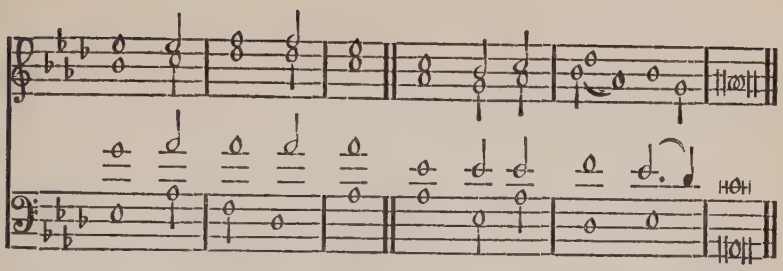
220 (Second Tune)

Old 137th (D.C.M.)

In free time

Crespin's Psalter (1556)
Set by Richard Allison (1599)





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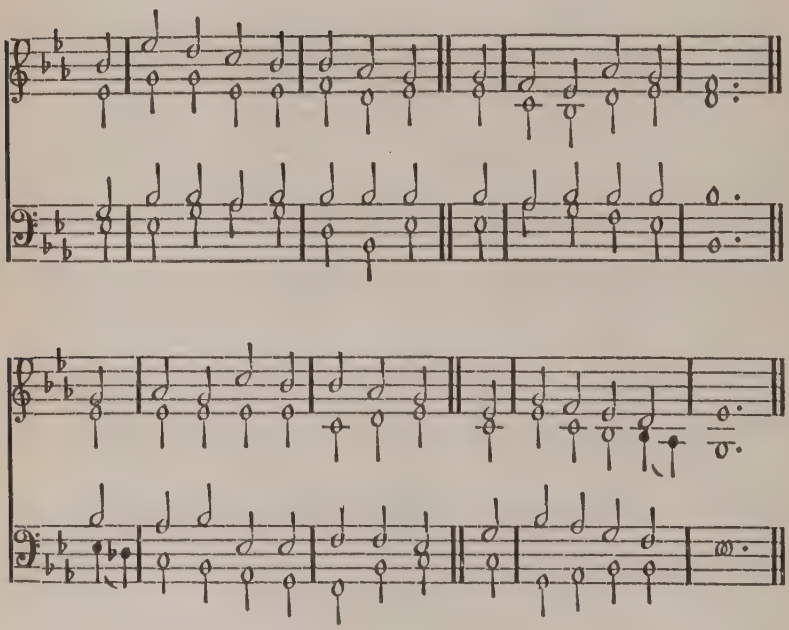
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep:
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

221

ST. PETER (C.M.) *Alexander Robert Reinagle* (1799–1877)



221

John Newton (1725–1807)

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

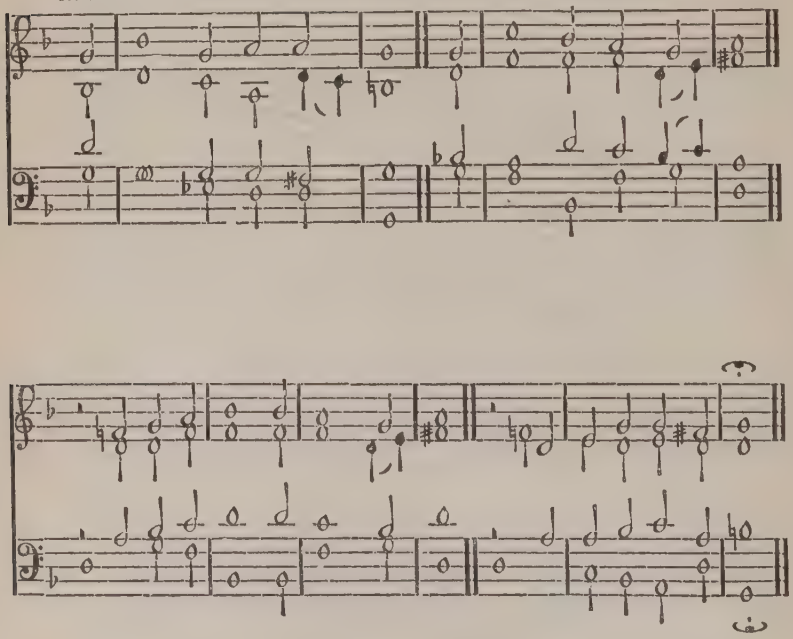
Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

222

Este's Whole Booke of Psalmes (1593)
Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft (1521)

LONDON OLD (S.M.)

Slow



222

Thomas Sternhold (d. 1549) *Psalm xxv*

I LIFT my heart to thee,
My God and guide most just;
Now suffer me to take no shame;
In thee alone I trust.

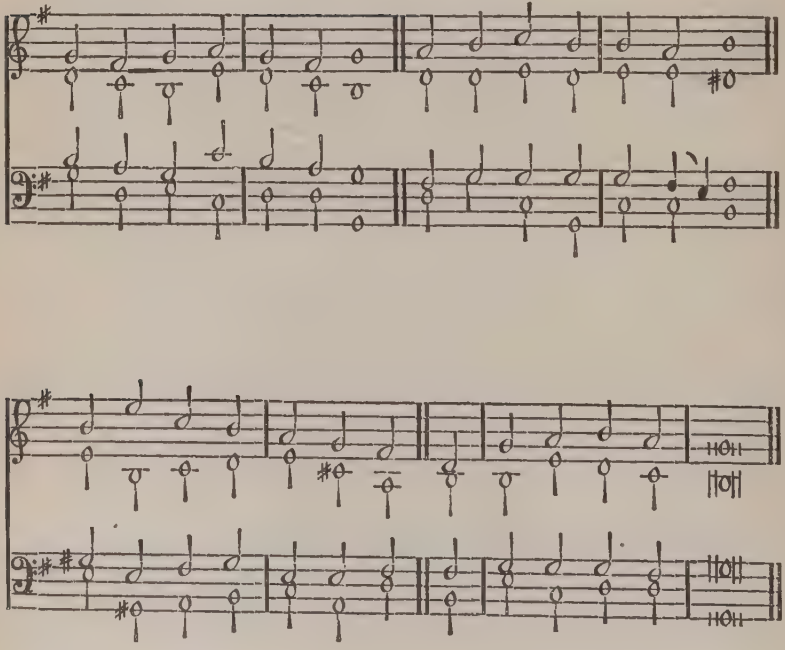
Thy mercies manifold
Remember, Lord, I pray;
In pity thou art plentiful,
And so hast been alway.

Remember not the faults
And frailty of my youth;
Call not to mind how ignorant
I have been of thy truth.

Nor after my deserts
Let me thy mercy find;
But of thine own benignity,
Lord, have me in thy mind.

223

BRIXTON (77.76) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



223

Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

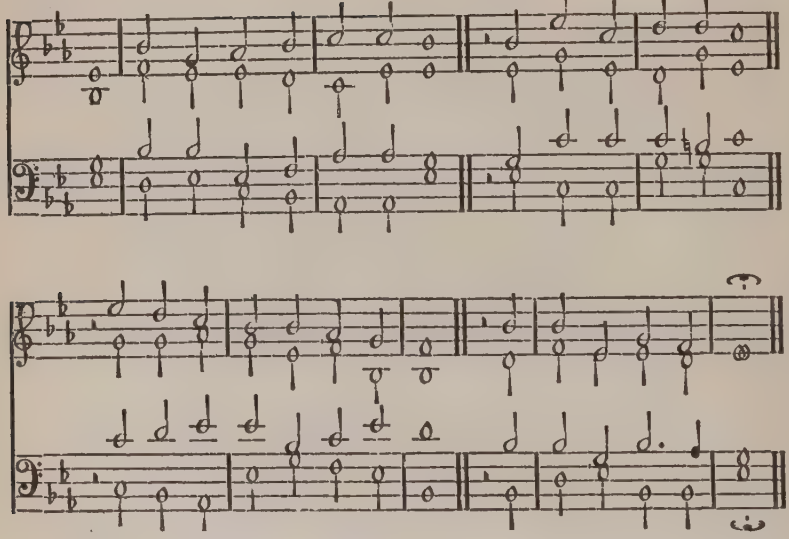
When, God knows, I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Judgement is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

224. Part I

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
Mean parts by M. M. Bridges

Song 67 (C.M.)



F. B. P. (*16th cent.*)

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
There is no death, nor ugly devil,
There 's life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker ay to be.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God, that I were there!

Within thy gates nothing doth come,
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

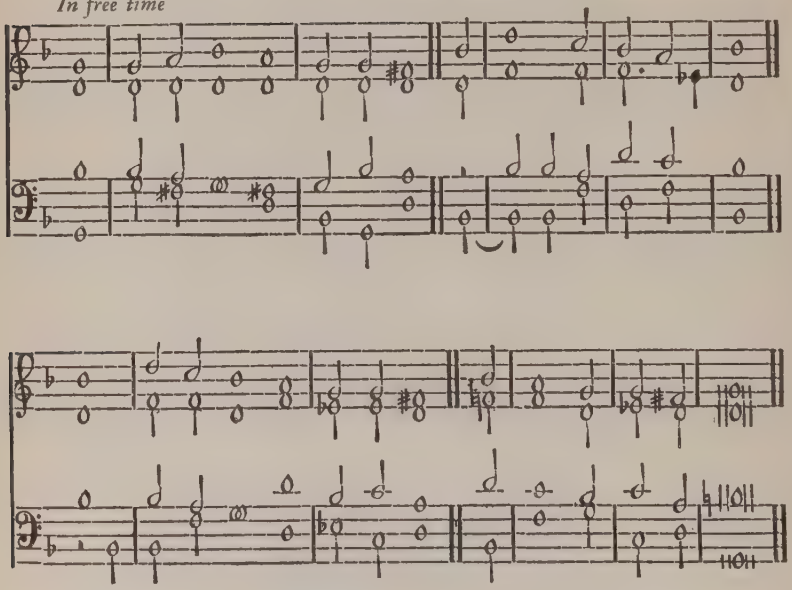
Ah! my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!

NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to 'Southwell'* (*No.* 225).

224. Part II

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
founded on a tune by Christopher Tye, 'Peter and John they took their way' (1553)
Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft

WINDSOR (C.M.)
In free time



THY Saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do mourn;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall;
Our pleasure is but pain;
Our joys scarce last the looking on;
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishèd with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet,
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound:
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive
The joys that there are found?

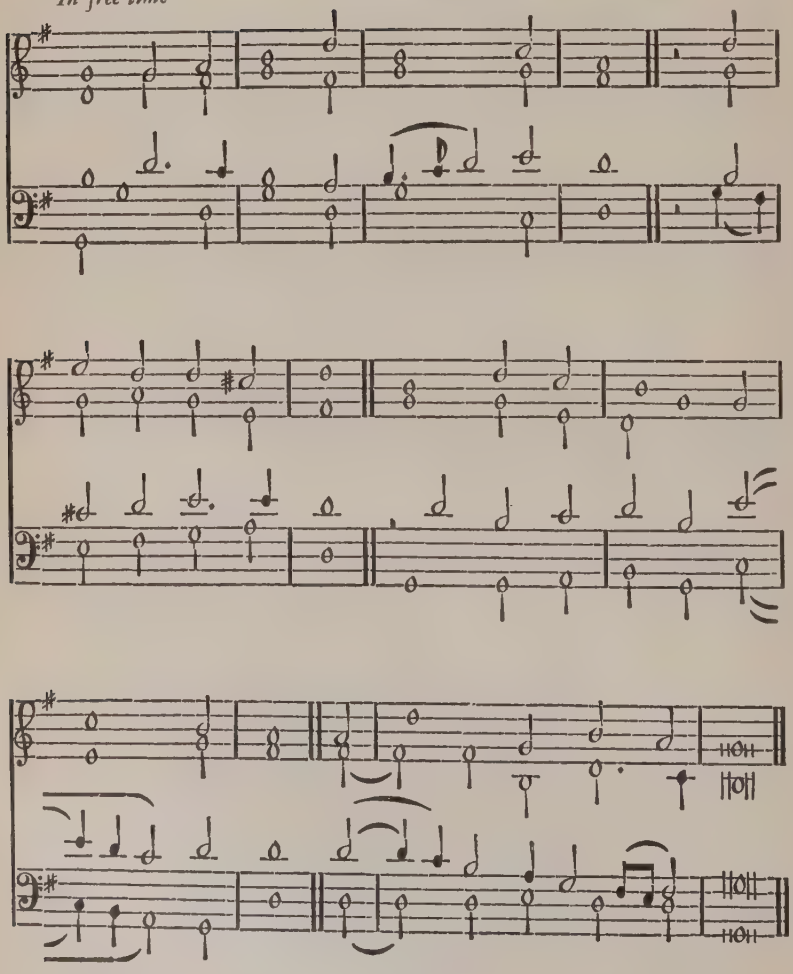
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to 'Charlton'* (*No.* 218).

224. Part III

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621). *Harm. adapted from William Cranford, alias Cranfield*

Ely (c.m.)

In free time

QUITE through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the quire;
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this musick hear.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tune surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Symëon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.

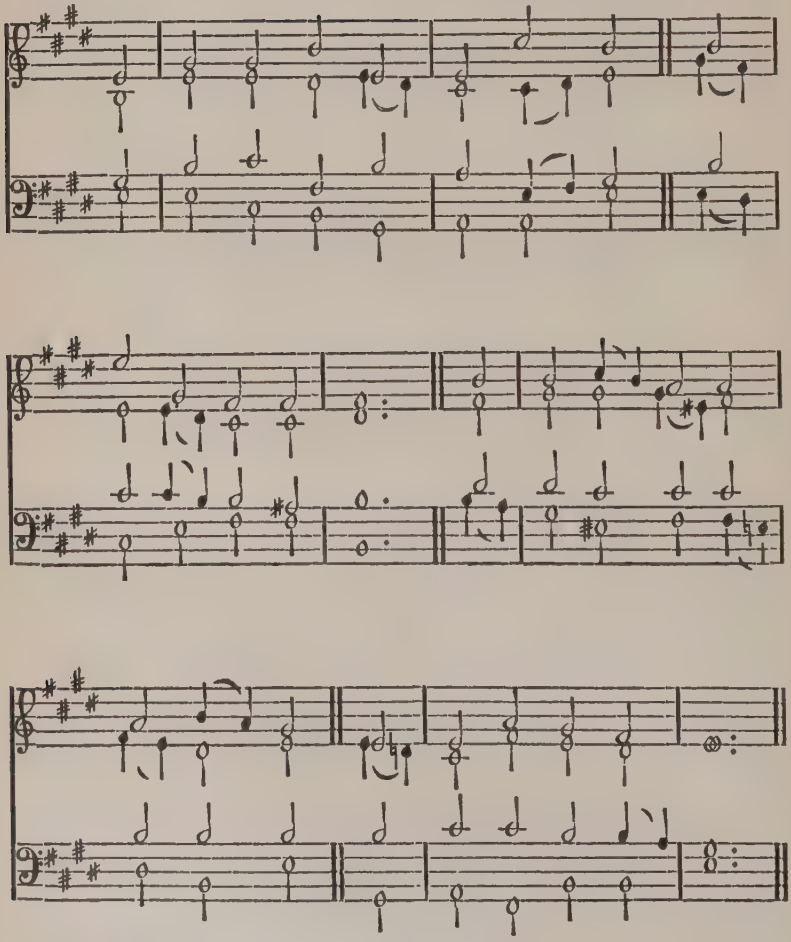
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessèd saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to* '*University*' (*No.* 180).

225

SOUTHWELL (C.M.) *Henry Stephen Irons* (1834–1905)



225

F. B. P. (*16th cent.*) *and*
James Montgomery (1771–1854)

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

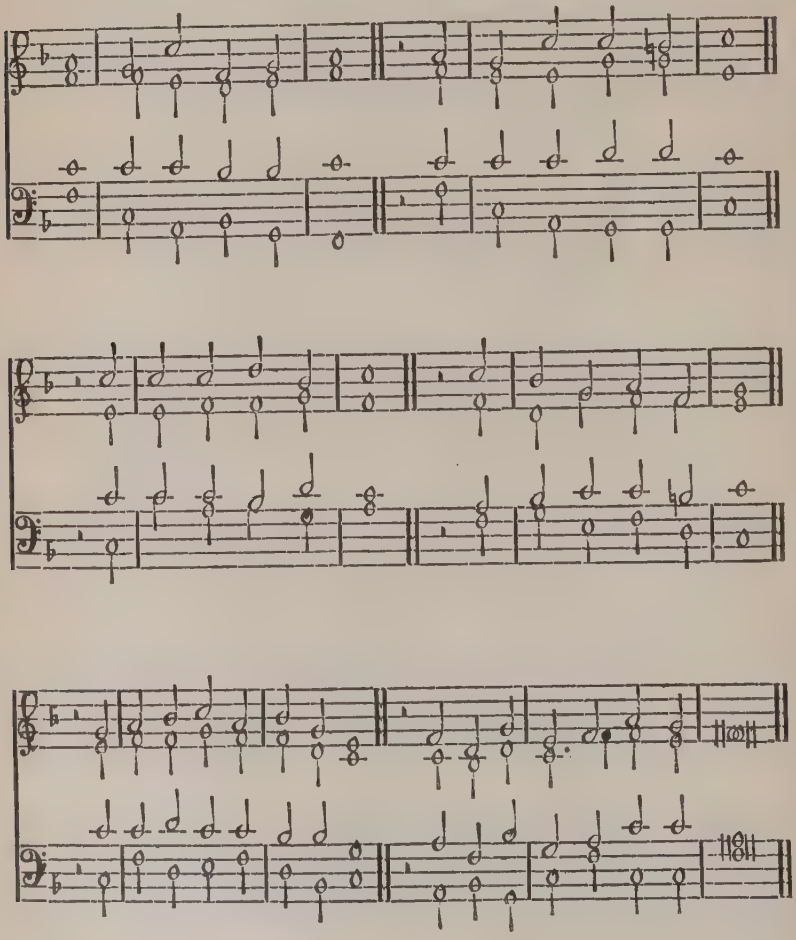
Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

226 (First Tune)

Henry Lawes (1595–1662)

Lawes' Psalm 47 (66. 66. 44. 44) *Mean parts by H. E. Wooldridge*



226

Samuel Crossman (1624–1683)

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.

Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give.

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.

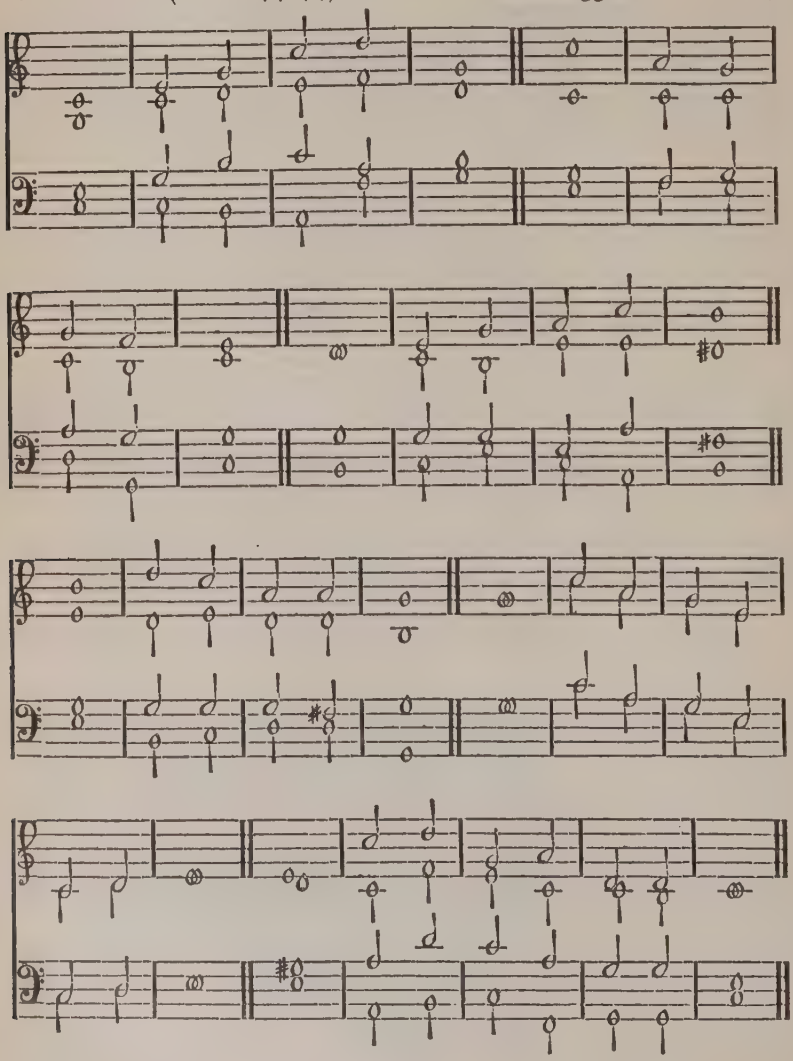
The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.

Ah me! Ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.

Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

226 (Second Tune)

CHRISTCHURCH (66.66.44.44) *Charles Steggall* (1826–1905)



226

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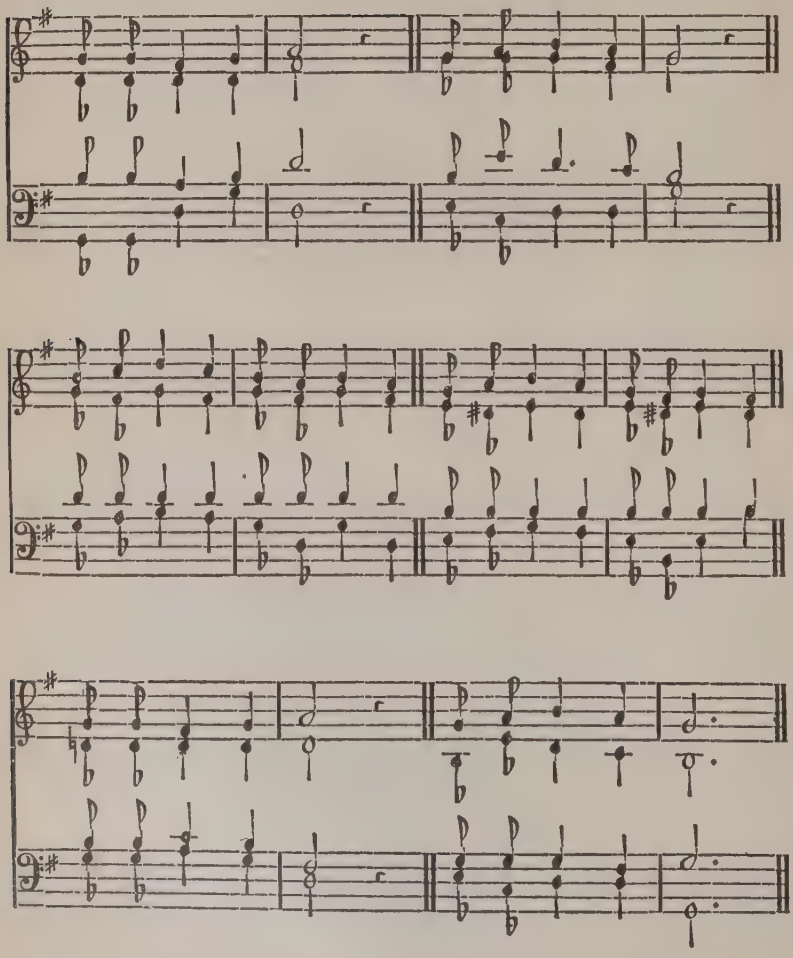
Thither, Lord, guide my way.

Oh happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face?

227 (First Tune)

Adam Drese (1620–1701)
The original form of melody
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley

Seelen-Bräutigam
(Rochelle) (55. 88. 55)
Slow and stately



227

Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700–1760)
Trans. Arthur Tozer Russell (1806–1874)
JESU, GEH' VORAN

JESU! guide our way
To eternal day:
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying:
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land.

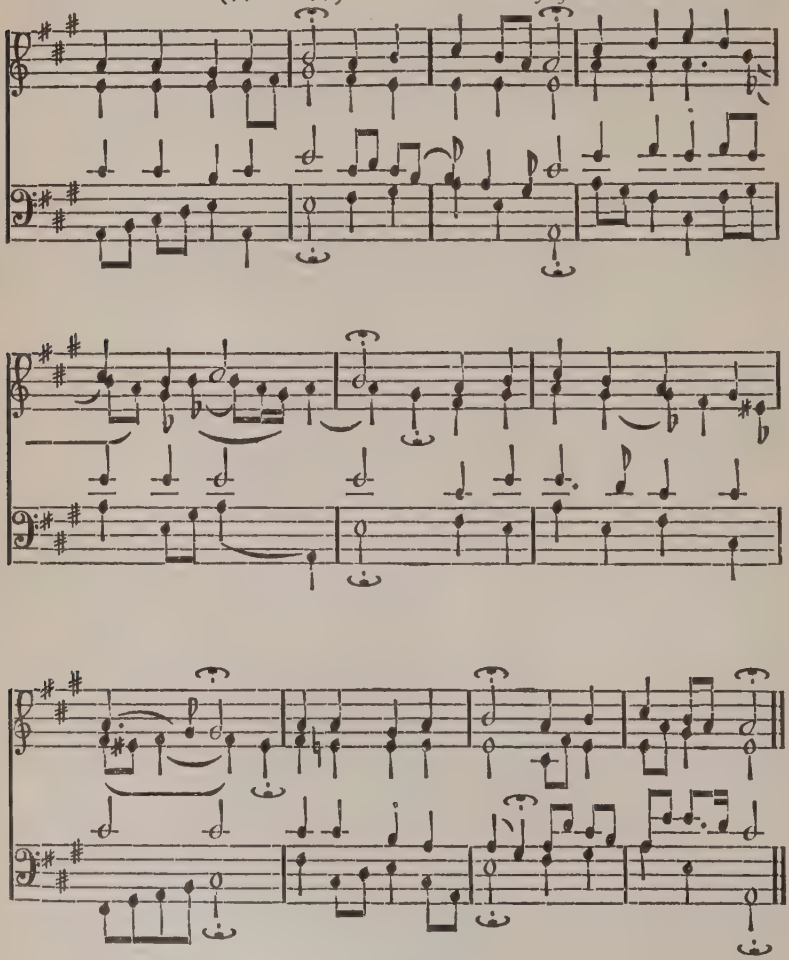
When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet:
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning:
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

Order all our way
Through the mortal day:
In our toil, with aid be near us;
In our need, with succour cheer us:
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door.

227 (Second Tune)

Adam Drese (1620–1701)
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach

Seelen-Bräutigam (55. 88. 55)



227

Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700–1760)
Trans. Arthur Tozer Russell (1806–1874)

JESU, GEH' VORAN

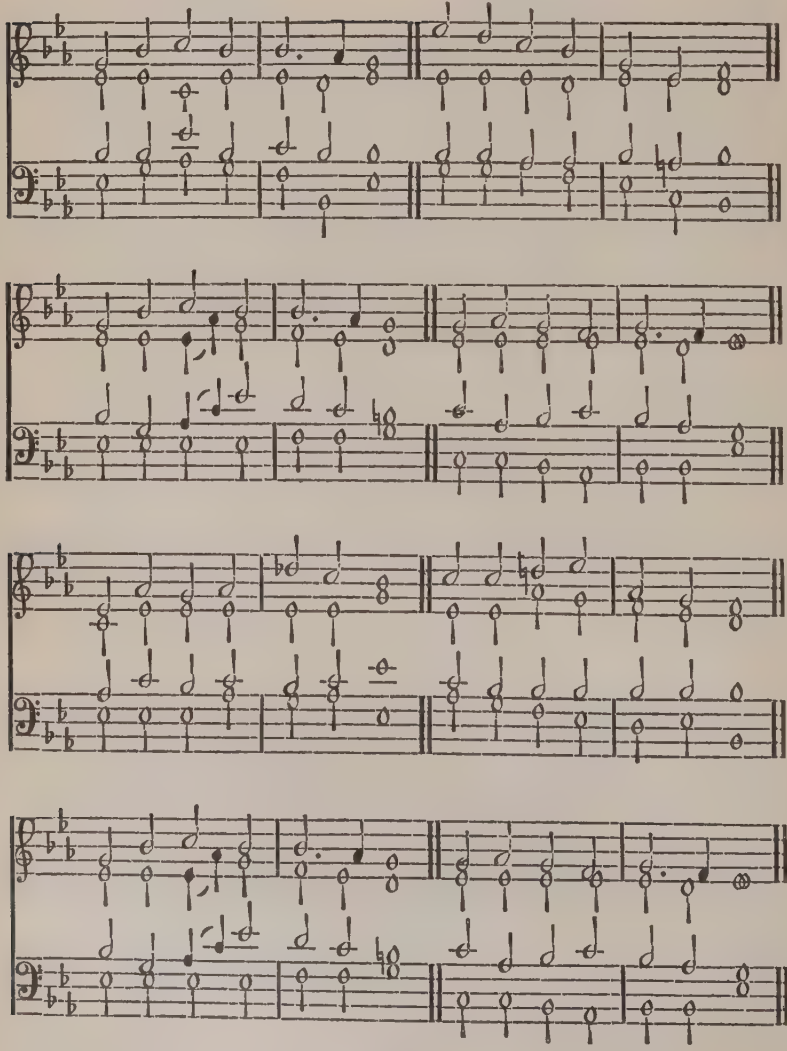
JESU! guide our way
To eternal day:
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying:
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land.

When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet:
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning:
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

Order all our way
Through the mortal day:
In our toil, with aid be near us;
In our need, with succour cheer us:
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door.

228

HOLLINGSIDE (77.77 D.) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



228

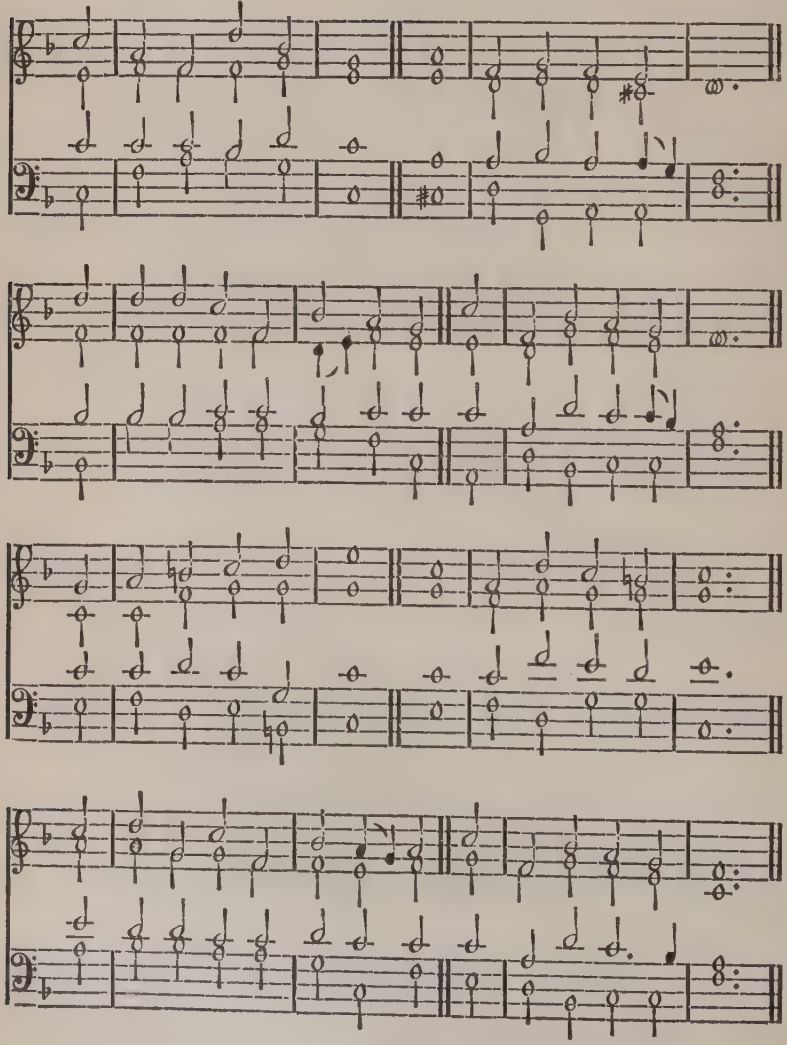
Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

229

ST. MARTIN'S NEW (D.S.M.) *Robert Cooke* (1768–1814)

229

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

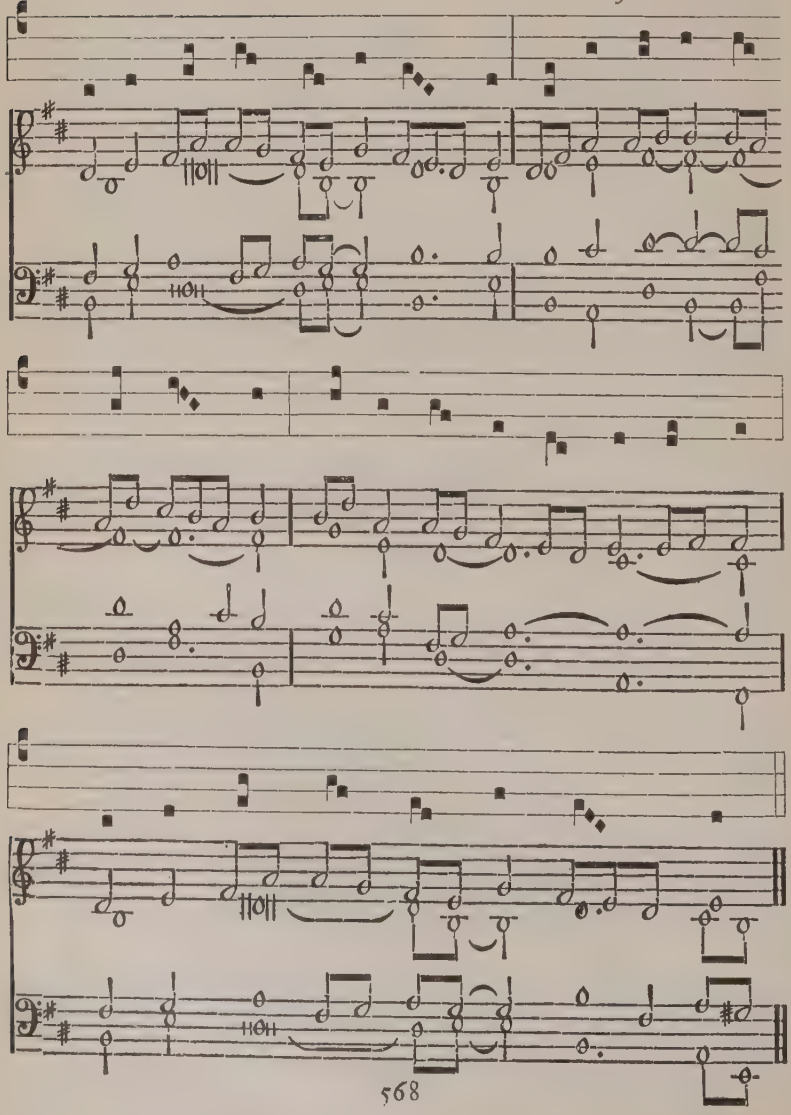
JESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

230 (First Tune)

Sarum. *Mode i*
Set by Basil Harwood



230

St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA

JESU! the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek thee, oh how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness,
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

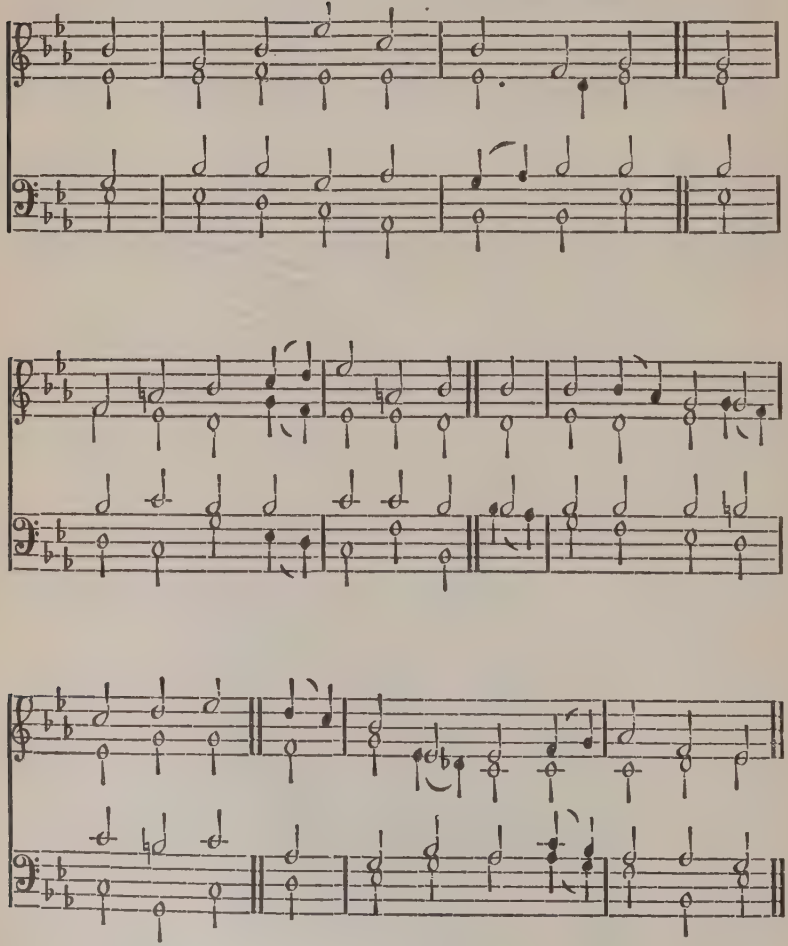
O Jesu, King of wondrous might,
O Victor, glorious from the fight,
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

Remain with us, O Lord, to-day,
In every heart thy grace display,
That, now the shades of night are fled,
On thee our spirits may be fed.

All honour, laud, and glory be
O Jesu, virgin-born, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete!

230 (Second Tune)

St. Bernard (L.M.) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



230

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Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

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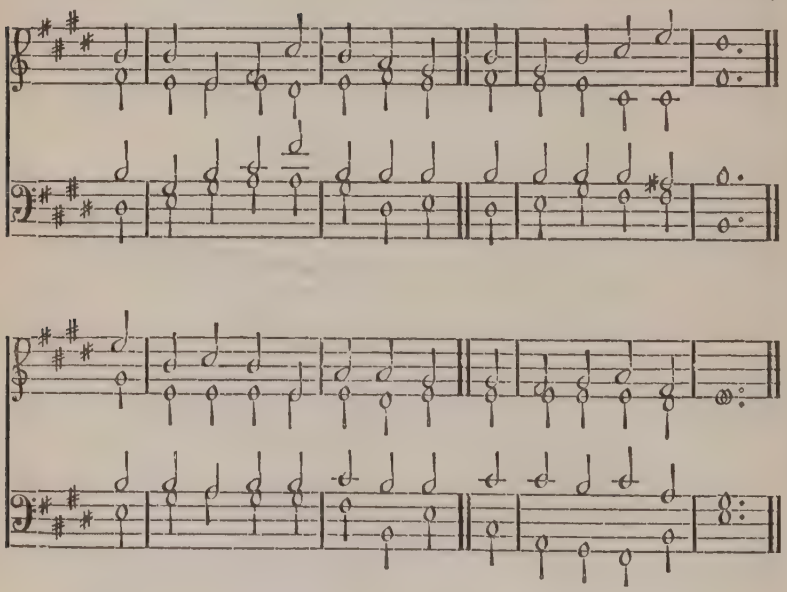
O Jesu, virgin-born, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete!

231 (First Tune)

St. Fulbert (c m.) *Henry John Gauntlett* (1805–1876)



St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

Part I

Jesu, dulcis memoria

JESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Part II

Jesu, Rex admirabilis

O JESU, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found;

When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore,
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

Part III

Amor Jesus dulcissimus

JESU, thy mercies are untold
Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
Whatever we can say;

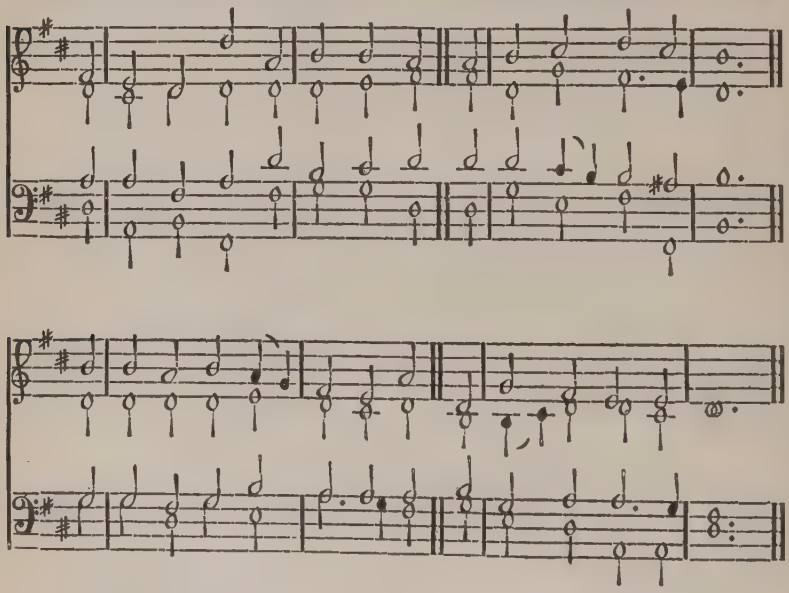
That love which in thy passion drained
For us thy precious blood;
That love whereby the saints have gained
The vision of their God.

'Tis thou hast loved us from the womb,
Pure source of all our bliss,
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this.

Lord, grant us, while on earth we stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
And, when from hence we pass away
To us thy glory show.

231 (Second Tune)

Metzler's Redhead No. 66 (c.m.) *Richard Redhead* (1820–1901)



St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)

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Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
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O Saviour of mankind.

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O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art,
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The love of Jesus, what it is
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And through eternity.

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Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

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Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

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And ever thee adore,
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
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That love whereby the saints have gained
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'Tis thou hast loved us from the womb,
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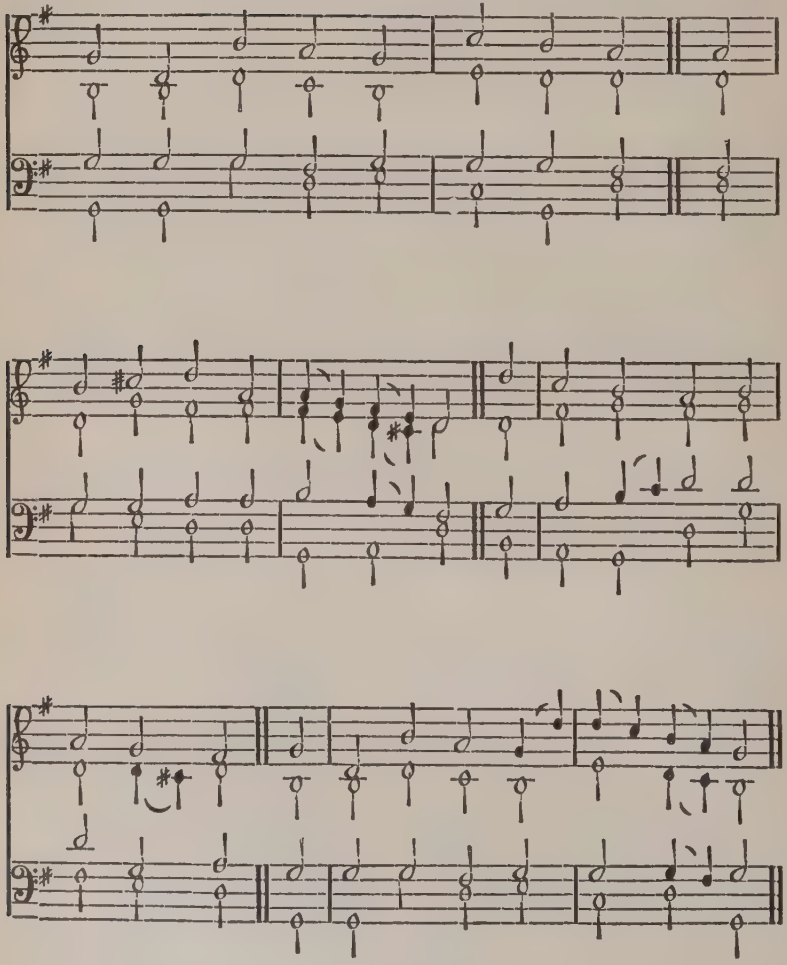
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this.

Lord, grant us, while on earth we stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
And, when from hence we pass away,
To us thy glory show.

232

ARUNDEL (L.M.) *Samuel Webbe the elder* (1740-1816)



232

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

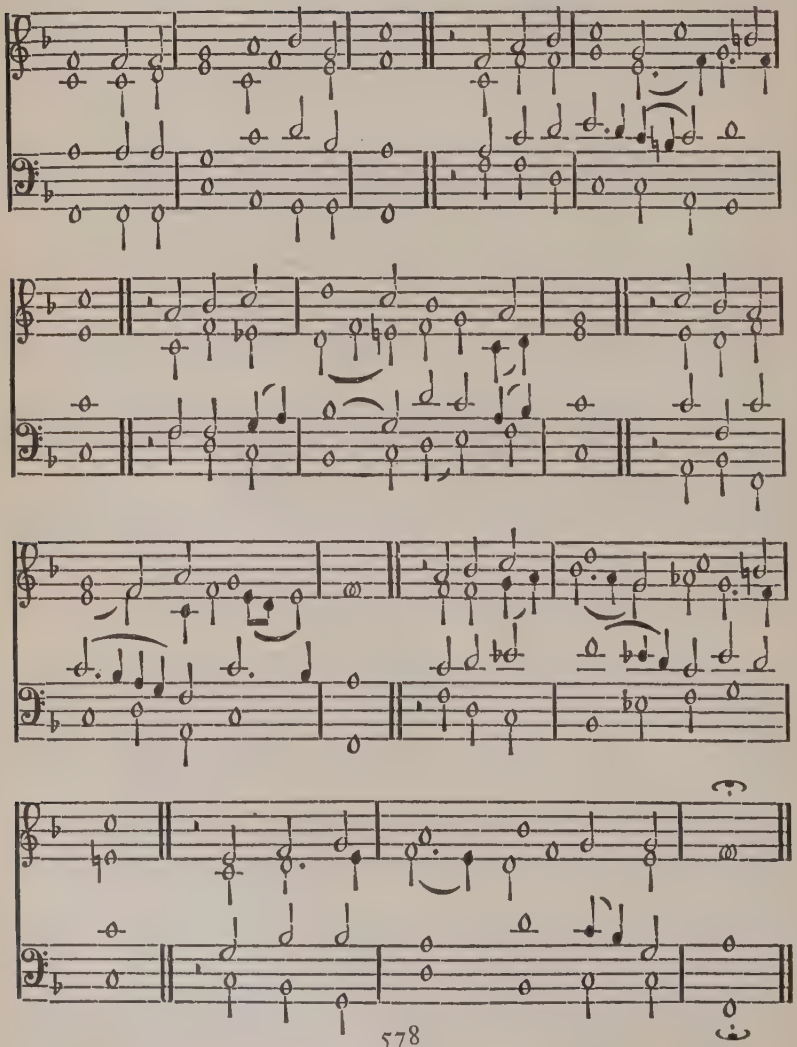
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

233

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)

SONG 9 (88.88.88)

Mean Parts by Basil Harwood



233

Paulus Gerhardt (1607–1676)
Trans. John Wesley (1703–1791)

O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht

JESUS! thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine only, thine alone, I am;
Lord, with thy love my heart inflame.

Oh grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
Oh may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
All coldness from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love.

O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that tremendous hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

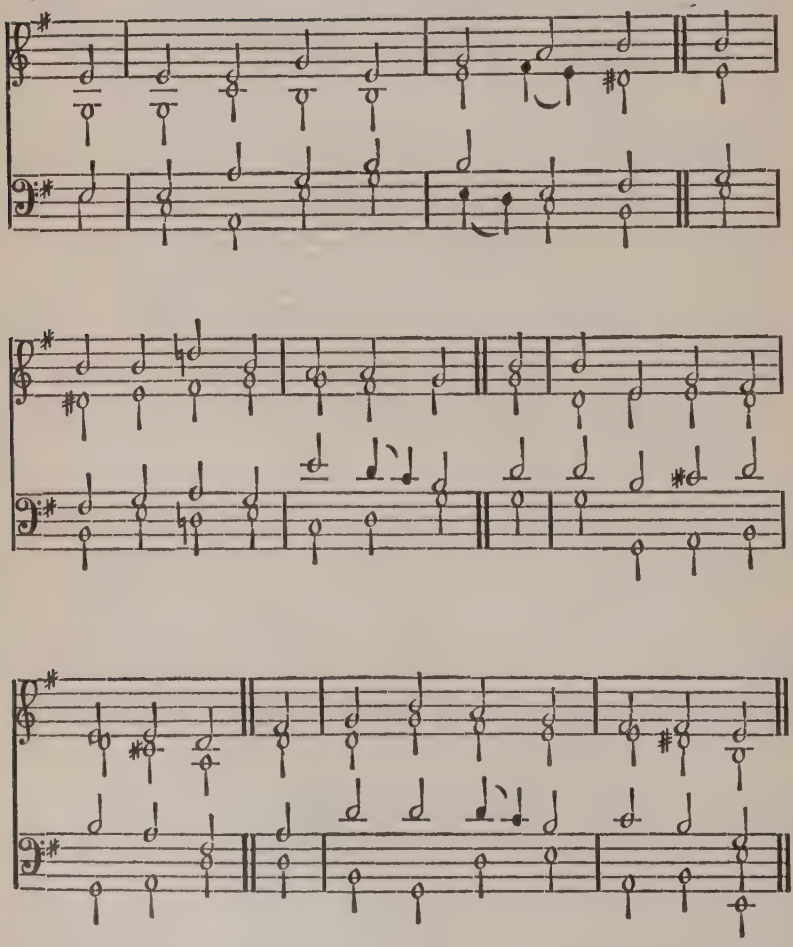
234 (First Tune)

Early German

Saxony (L.M.)

Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley

Slow



234

William Cowper (1731–1800)

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

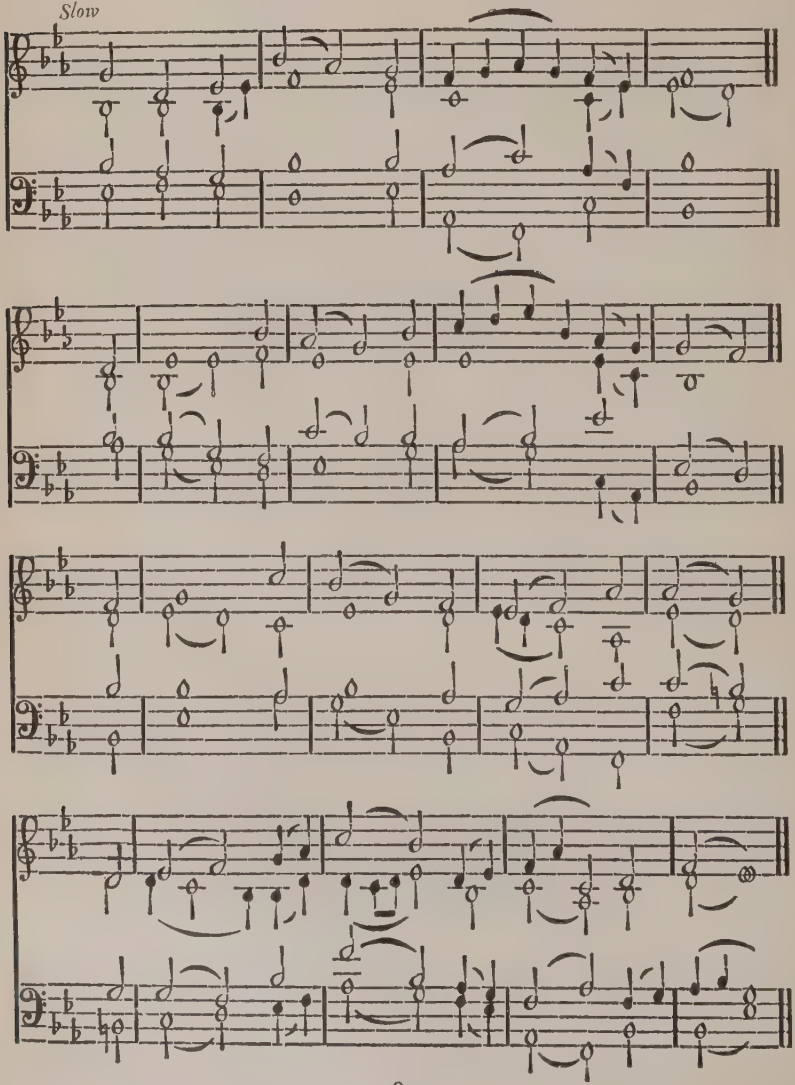
Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

234 (Second Tune)

CARADOC (L.M.) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)

Slow



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Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

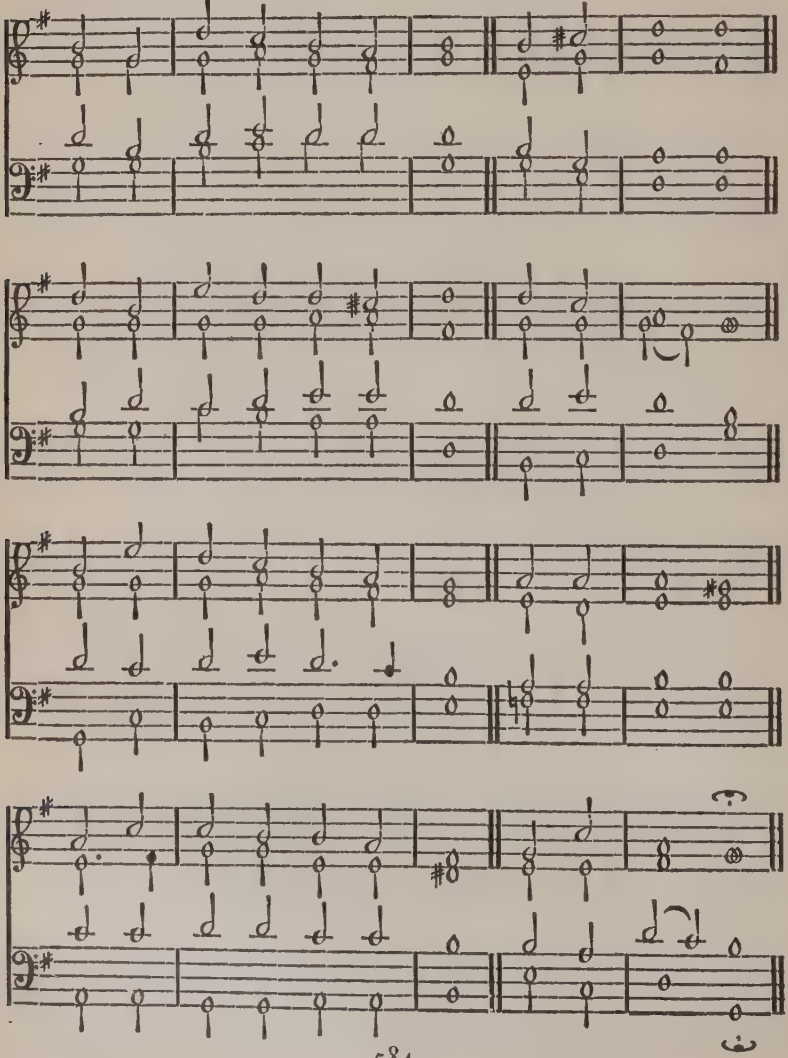
Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

235

YATTENDON No. 22 (74. 74 D.) *Harry Ellis Wooldridge* (1845–)



235

George Herbert (1593–1633)

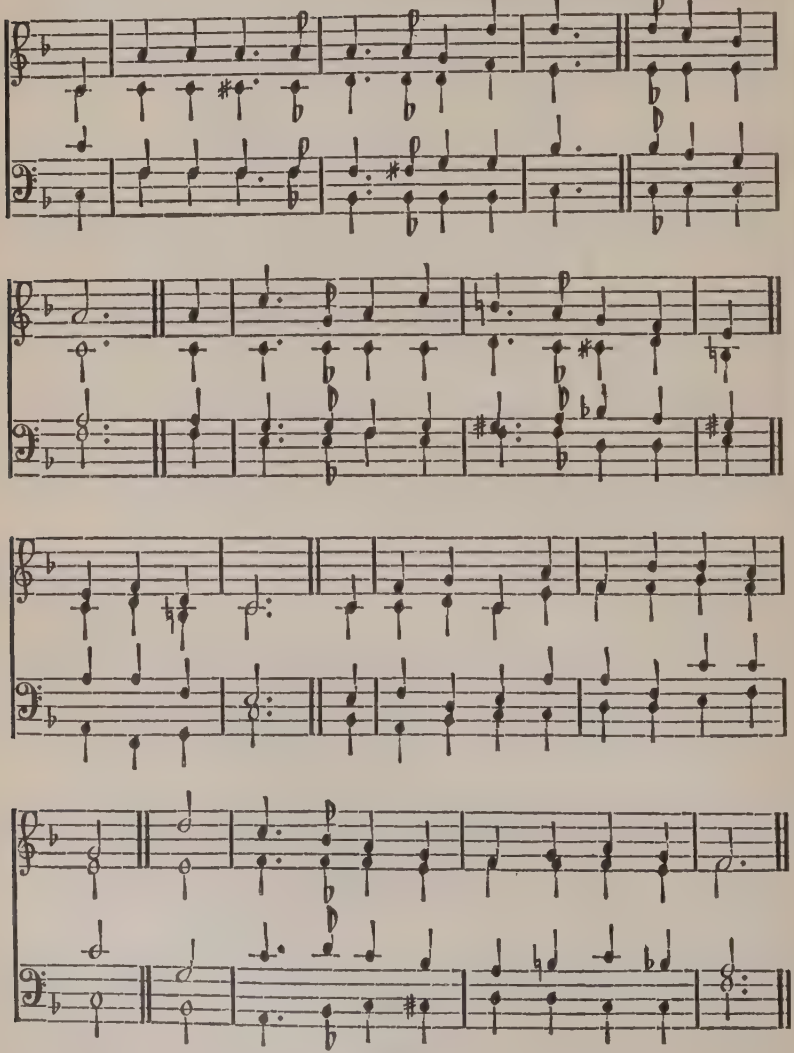
KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee;
And, that love may never cease,
I will move thee.
Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me,
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll thee;
E'en eternity 's too short
To extol thee.

236 (First Tune)

Patmos (104. 104. 1010) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



236

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

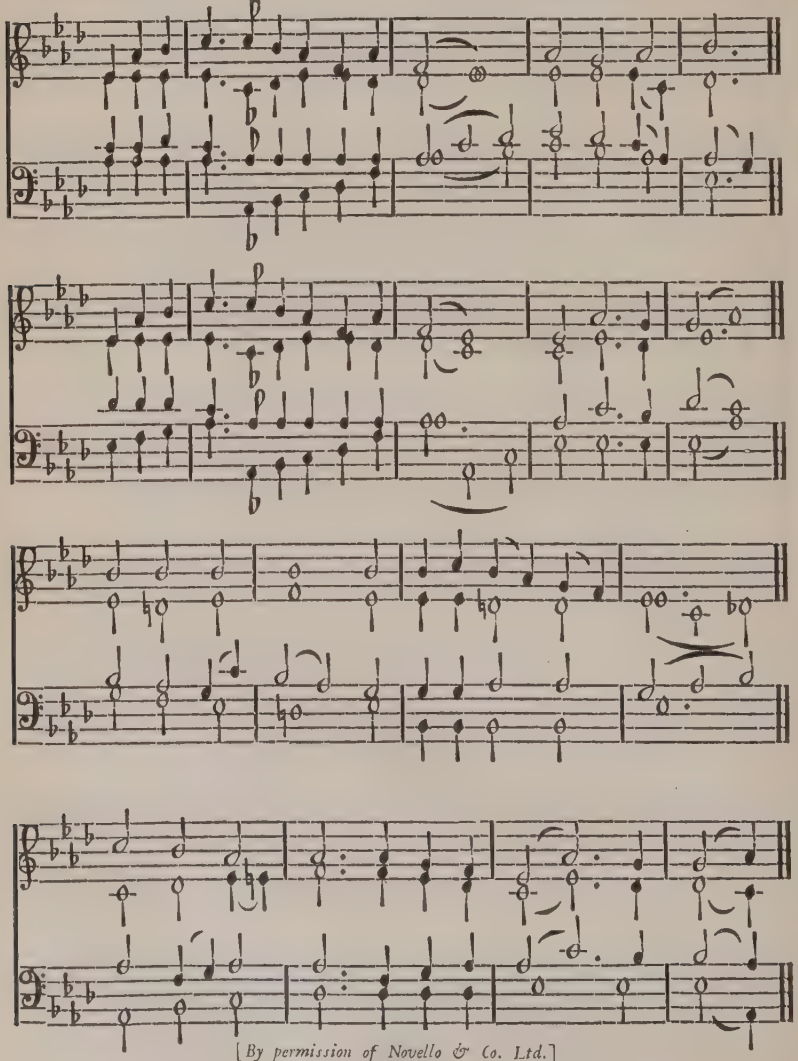
LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

236 (Second Tune)

Lux benigna (104 104. 10 10) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



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236

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

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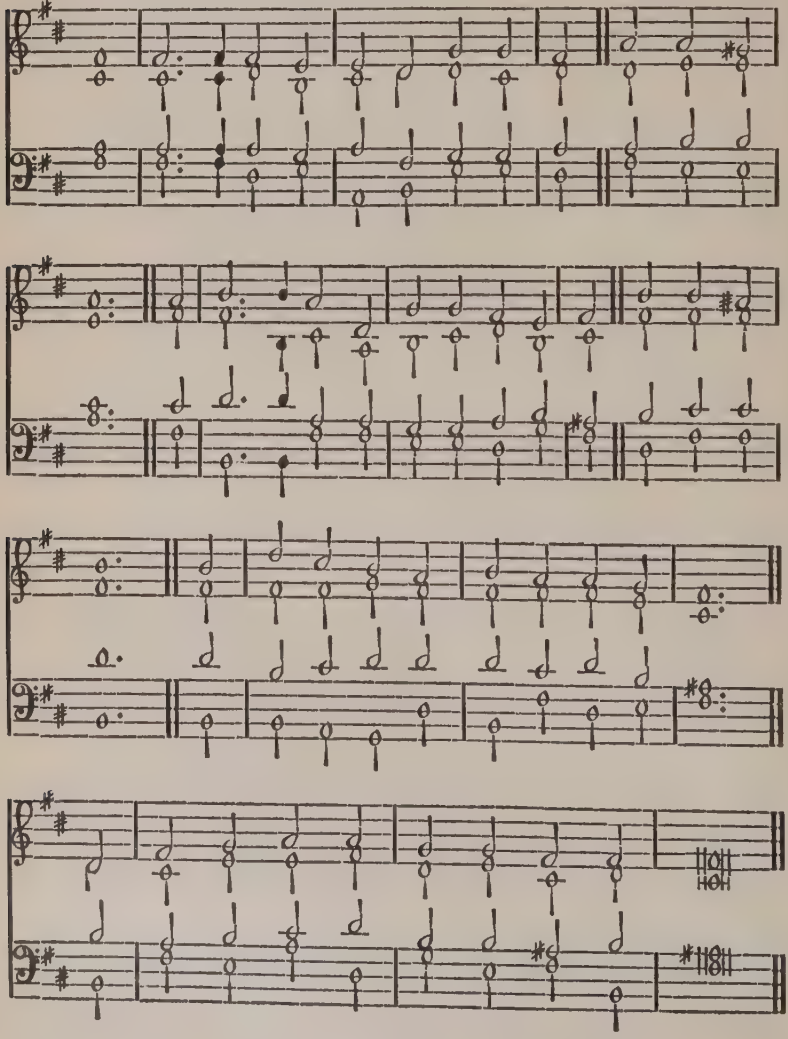
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

236 (Third Tune)

Harry Ellis Wooldridge (1845–)

YATTENDON No. 11 (104. 104. 1010) *Phrygian Mode*



236

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

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Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

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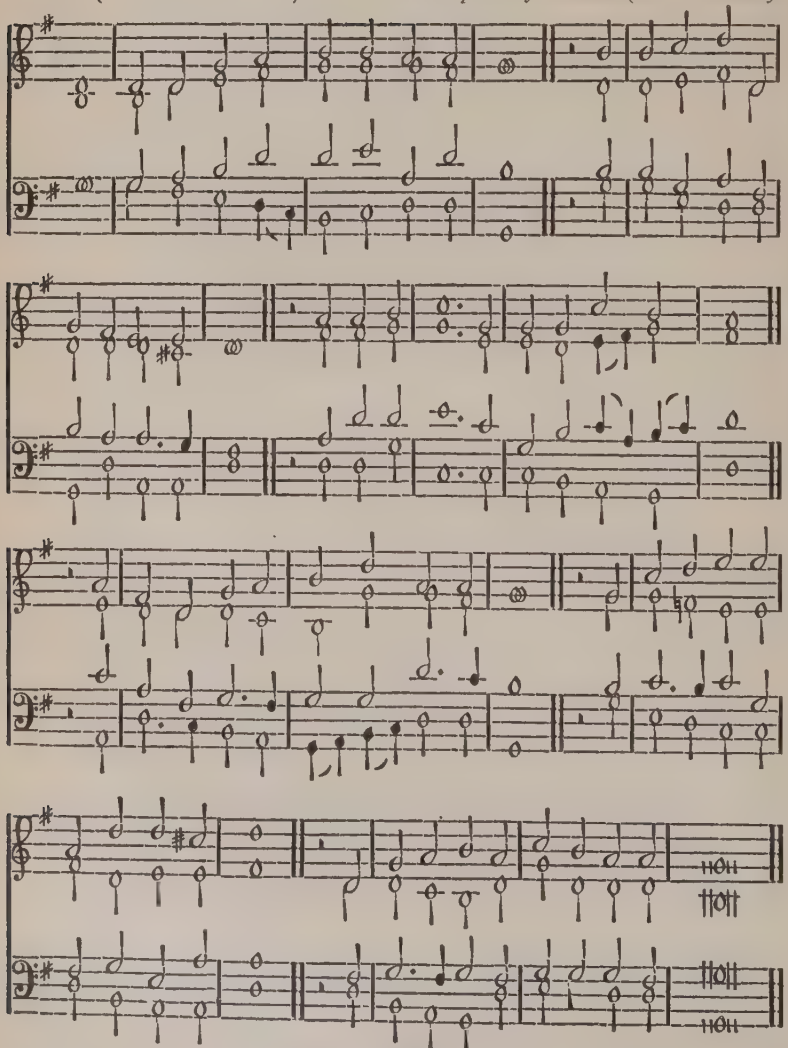
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

237

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)

SONG 1 (1010. 1010. 1010) *Mean parts by Frederick A. G. Ouseley*



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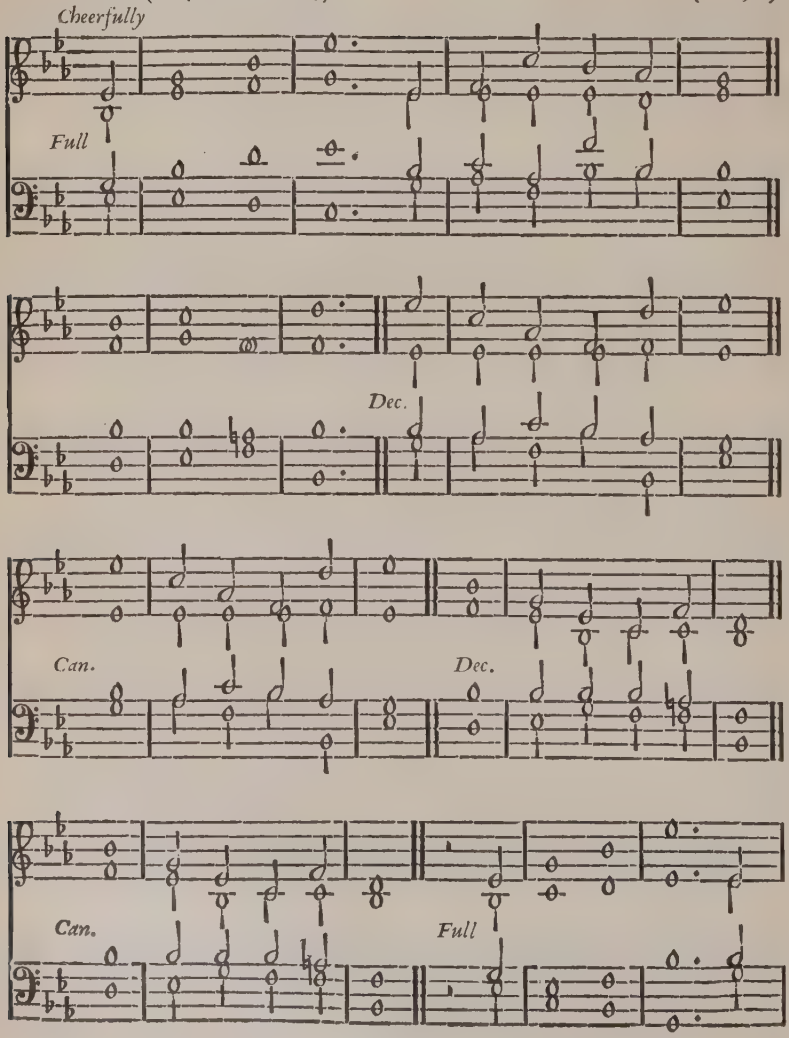
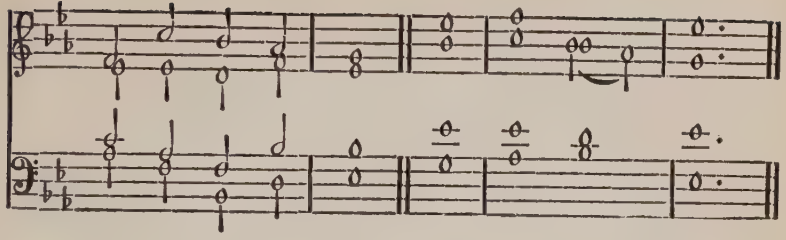
237

William Stubbs (1825–1901)

LEAD me, almighty Father, Spirit, Son,
Whither thou wilt—I follow—no delay.
My will is thine, and, even had I none,
Grudging obedience, still I will obey:
Faint-hearted, fearful, doubtful if I be,
Gladly or sadly, I will follow thee.

Into the land of righteousness I go,
The footsteps thither thine and not my own;
Jesu, thyself the way, alone I know;
Thy will be mine, for other have I none:
Unprofitable servant though I be,
Gladly or sadly, let me follow thee.

238

LUCKINGTON (104. 6666. 104) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)



George Herbert (1593–1633)

LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

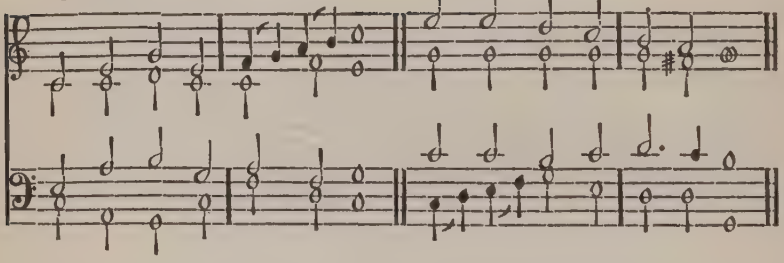
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

239

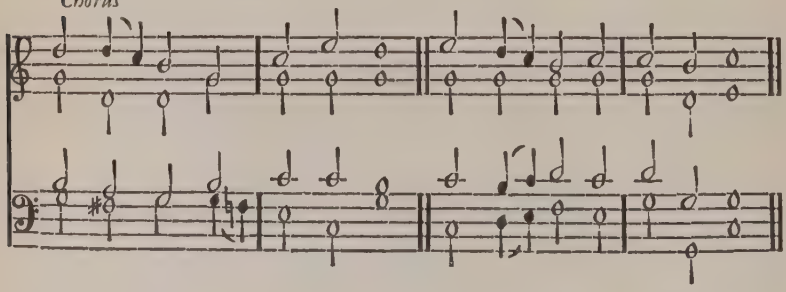
Anon.

MONKLAND (77.77 *irregular*) *Arranged by John Wilkes* (1861)

Semi-Chorus



Chorus



NOTE.—*The whole of the first and last verses should be sung in Chorus, the others as above.*

239

John Milton (1608–1674) *Psalm cxxxvi*

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God:

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazèd heaven and earth to shake:

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state:

Who did the solid earth ordain,
To rise above the watery plain:

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light:

And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run:

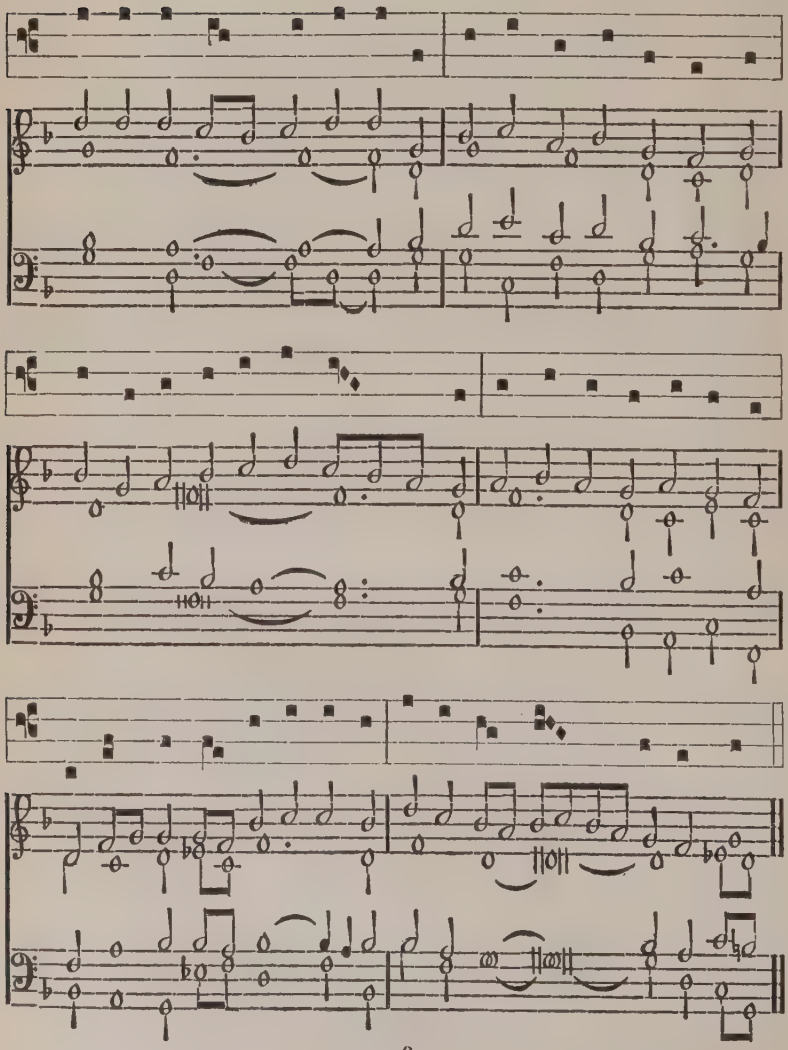
The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need:

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

240 (First Tune)

Sarum. Mode ii
Set by Basil Harwood

240

Anon. (*15th cent.?*)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

JERUSALEM LUMINOSA

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision dear, whence peace hath spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-poured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud or passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
There unknown are toil and care.

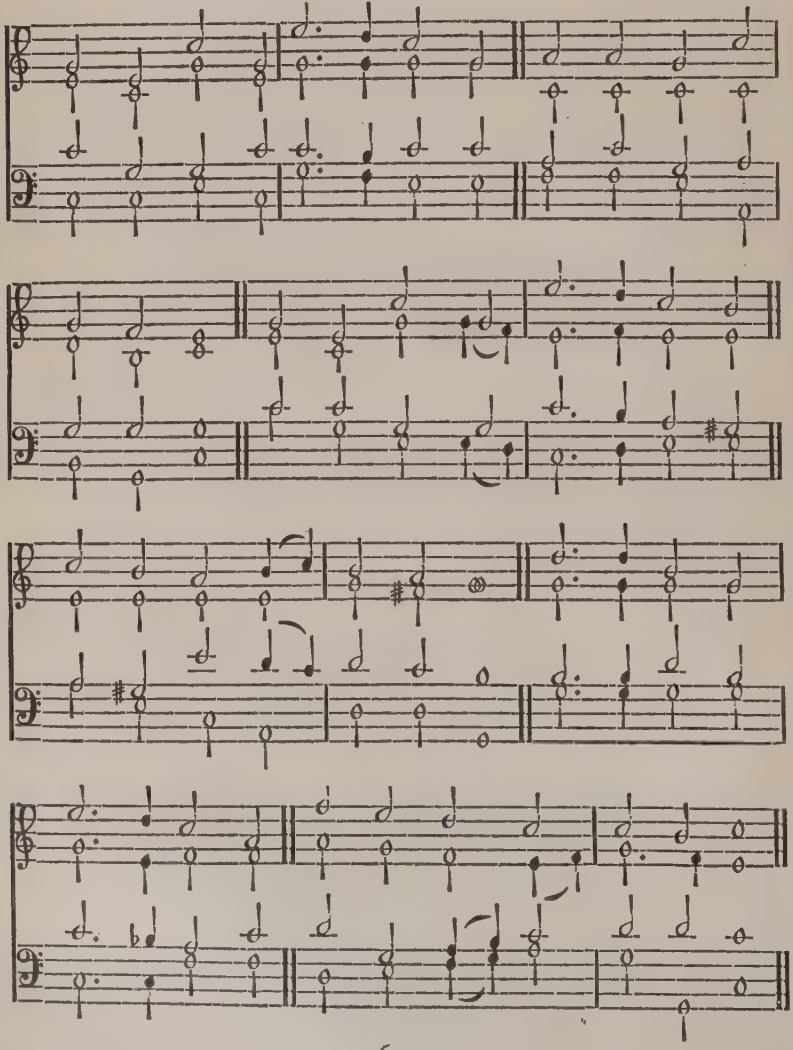
Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st be arrayed.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

240 (Second Tune)

Regent Square (87.87.87) *Henry Smart* (1813–1879)



240

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Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

JERUSALEM LUMINOSA

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There unknown are toil and care.

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
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Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

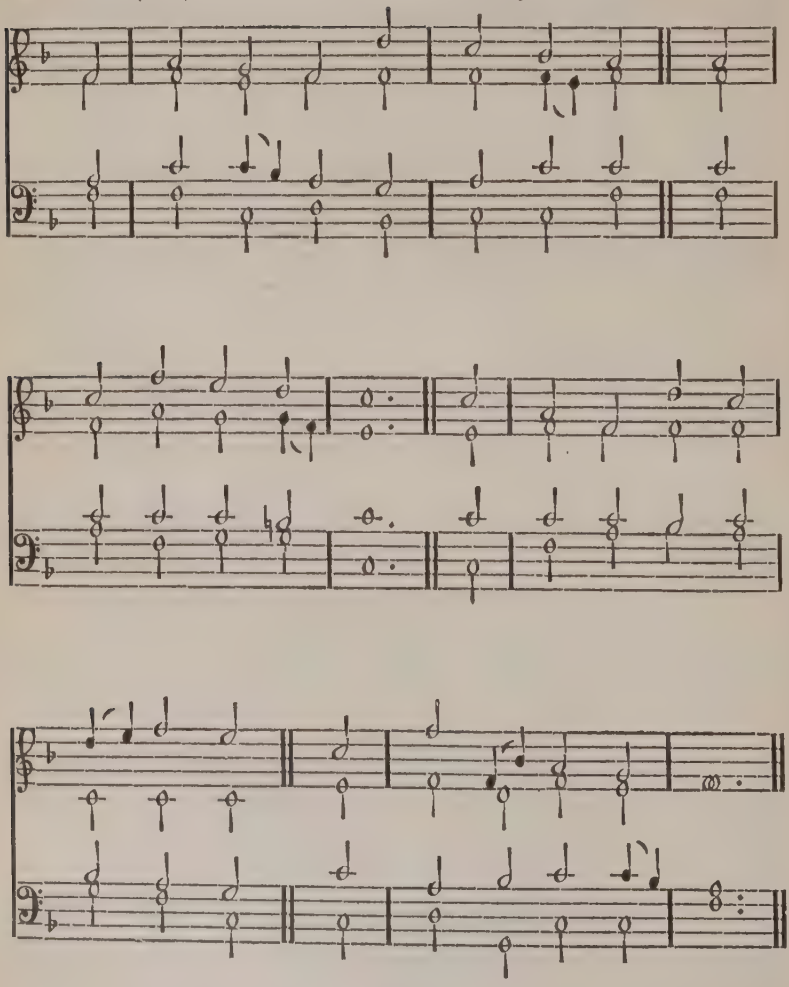
Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy may'st be arrayed.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

241

CASTLEFORD (C.M.)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



241

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and sea are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending king.

'The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.

'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears,
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.'

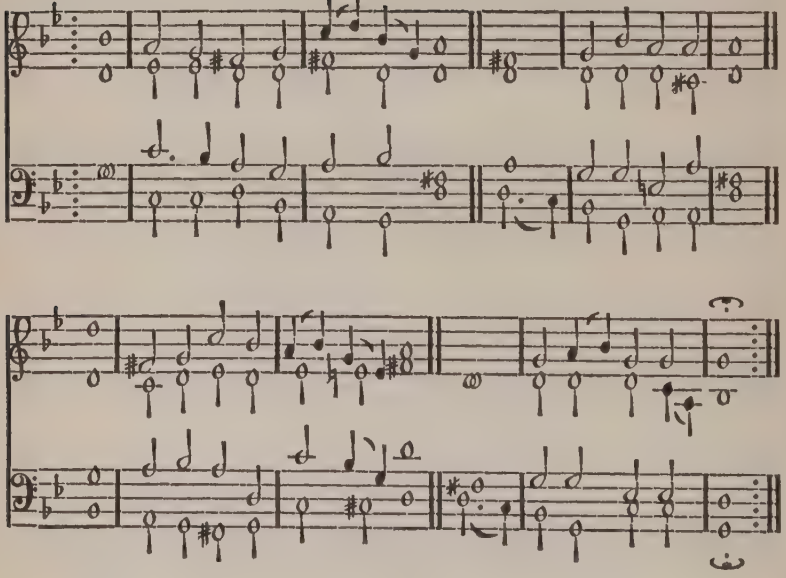
How long, dear Saviour, oh how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

242

RAGLETH HILL (C.M.) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)

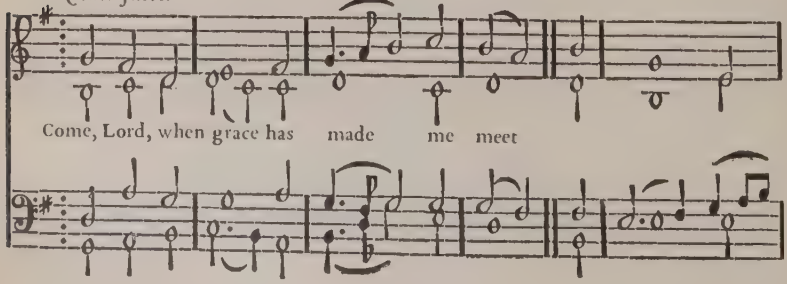
Part I. (*Verses* 1, 2, 3)

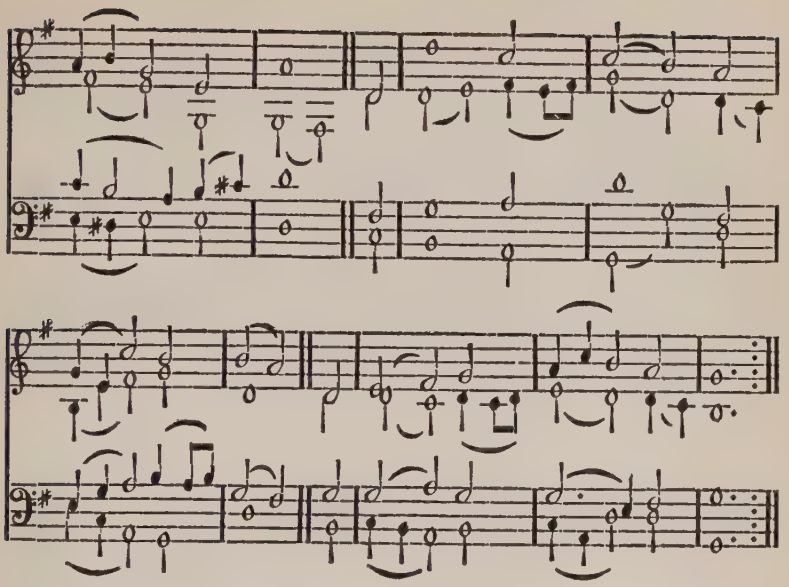
Slow



Part II. (*Verses* 4, 5, 6)

Rather faster





Richard Baxter (1615–1691)

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

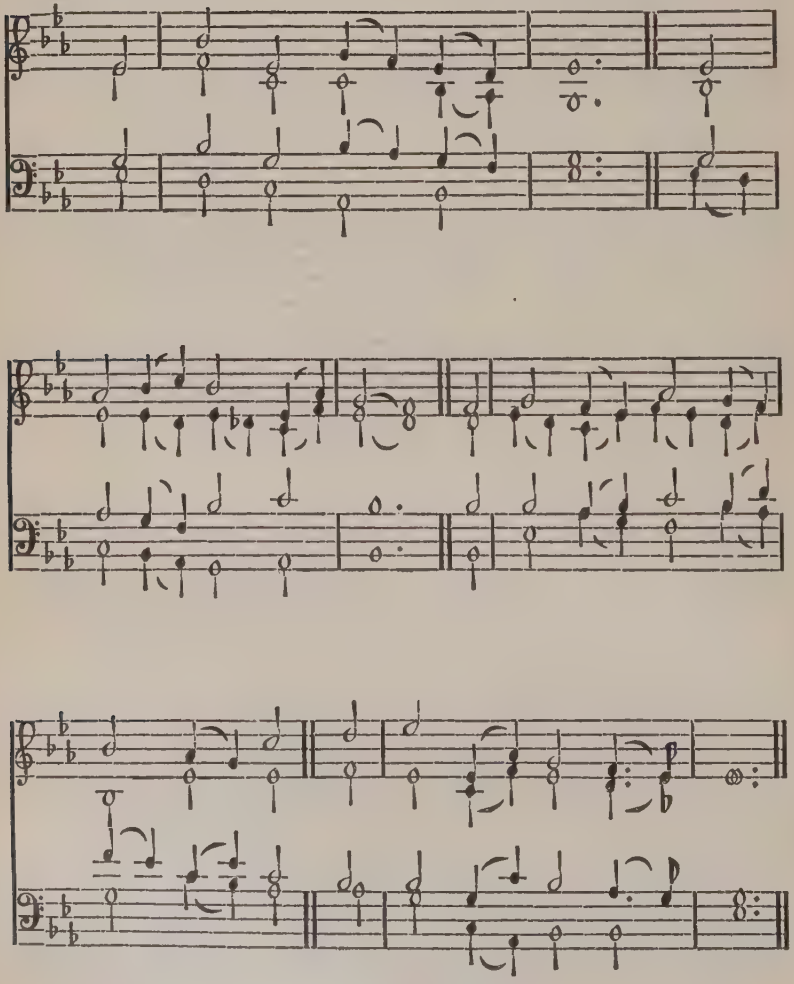
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to* '*London New*' (*No.* 208).

243

CARLISLE (S.M.)

Charles Lockhart (1745–1815)
Harm. by Basil Harwood



243

Synesius (375–430)
Trans. Allen William Chatfield (1808–1896)

Μνώεο Χριστέ

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest;
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery
Be thou my health and life.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high;
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be thou nigh.

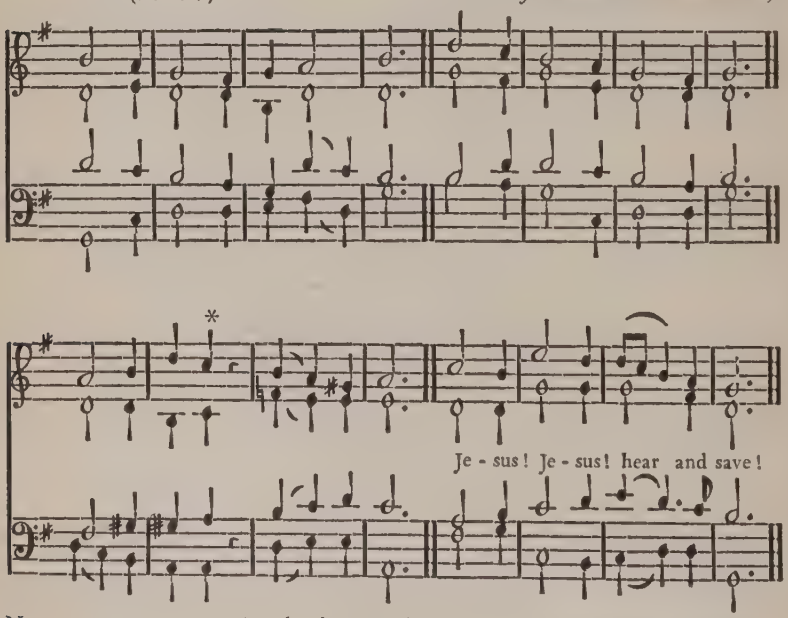
Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE LIBRARY

244 (First Tune)

Anon.

STREATLEY (77. 75) *Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley*



NOTE.—*In verses 2 and 4 the chord marked with an asterisk should be sung as a minim, the crotchet rest being omitted.*

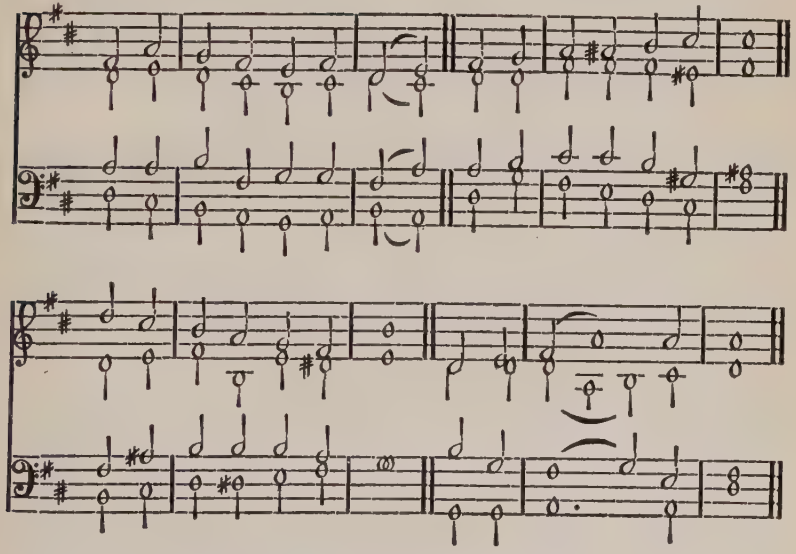
Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus! hear and save!

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the virgin's womb,
Jesus! hear and save!

244 (Second Tune)

HUDDERSFIELD (77.75) *Walter Parratt* (1841–)



Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus! hear and save!

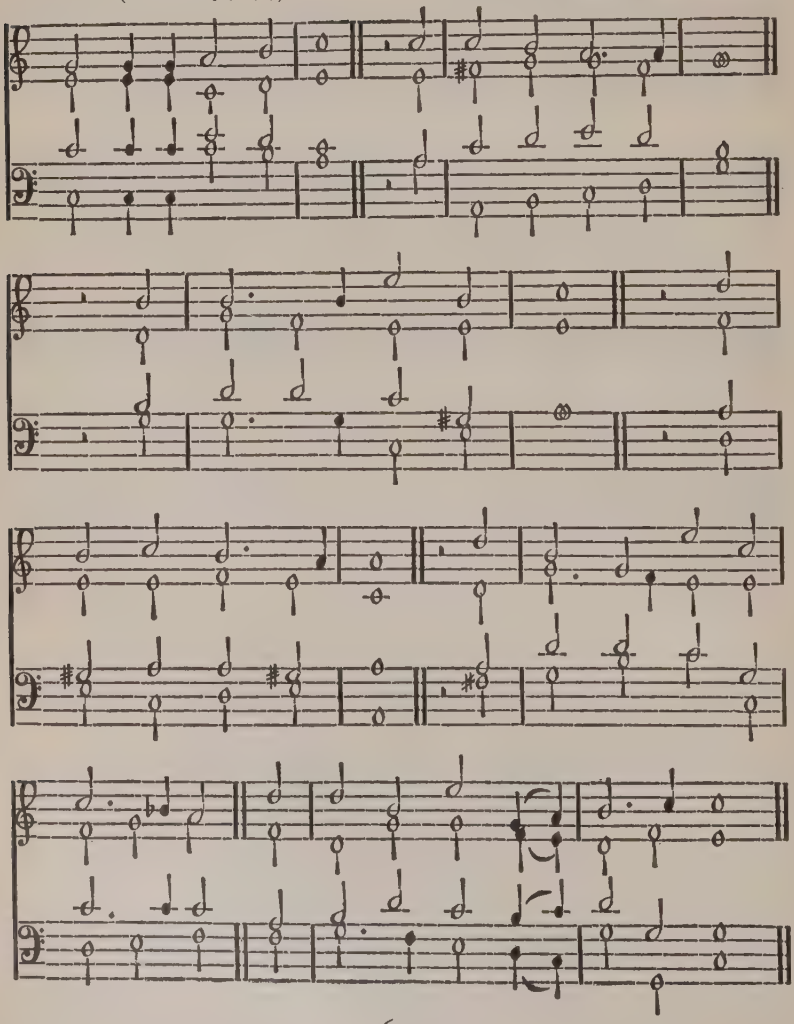
Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus! hear and save!

Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry;
Jesus! hear and save!

245 (First Tune)

Henry Lawes (1595–1662)
From 'Choice Psalms' (1648)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

Ivybridge (66.66.44.44)



245

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm lxxxiv*

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

Oh happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
Oh happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still,
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

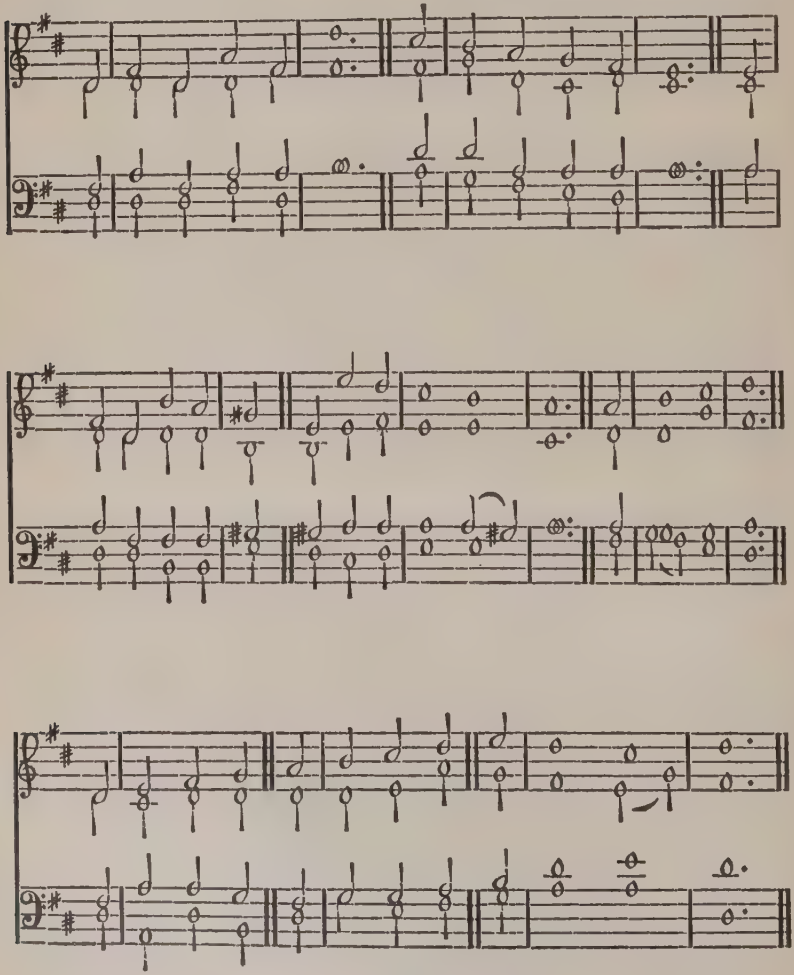
They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

245 (Second Tune)

John Darwall (1731–1789)

Darwall's 148th (66.66.44.44) *Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley*



245

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm lxxiv*

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

Oh happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear!
Oh happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still,
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

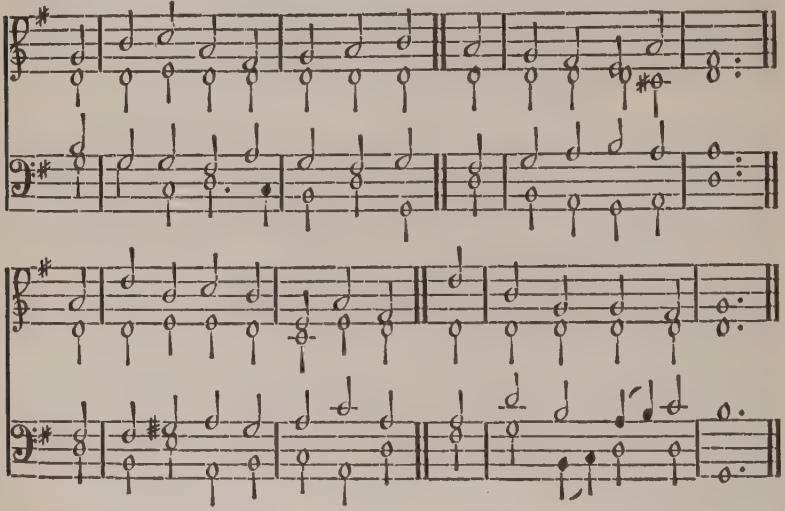
They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

246 (First Tune)

William Croft (1678–1727)
From 'The Divine Companion' (1700)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

EATINGTON (C.M.)



George Hickes (1701)

LORD, who shall dwell above with thee
There on thy holy hill?
Who shall those glorious prospects see
That heaven with gladness fill?

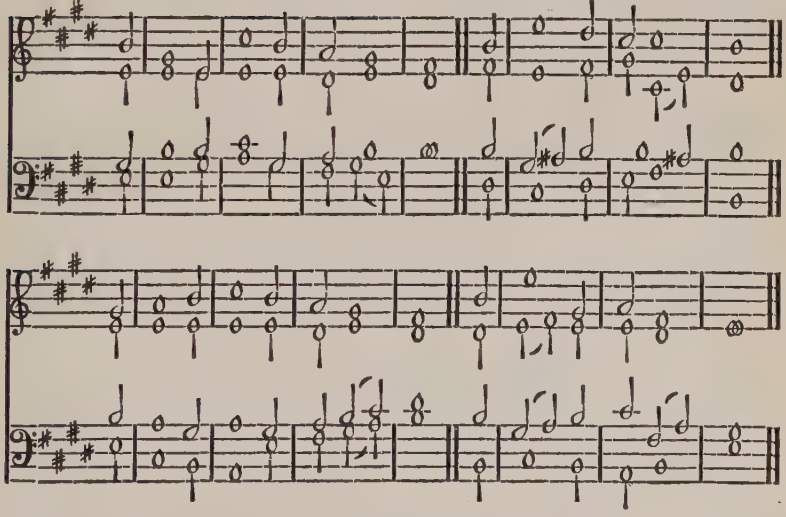
Those happy souls who prize that life
Above the bravest here;
Whose greatest hopes, whose eagerest strife
Is once to settle there.

They use this world, but value that;
That they supremely love;
They travel through this present state,
But place their home above.

246 (Second Tune)

William Weale alias Wheal (*d.* 1727)
Melody from '*The Divine Musick Scholars Guide*' (*c.* 1715)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

BEDFORD (C M.)



Lord, who are they that thus choose thee,
But those thou first didst choose,
To whom thou gav'st thy grace most free
Thy grace not to refuse?

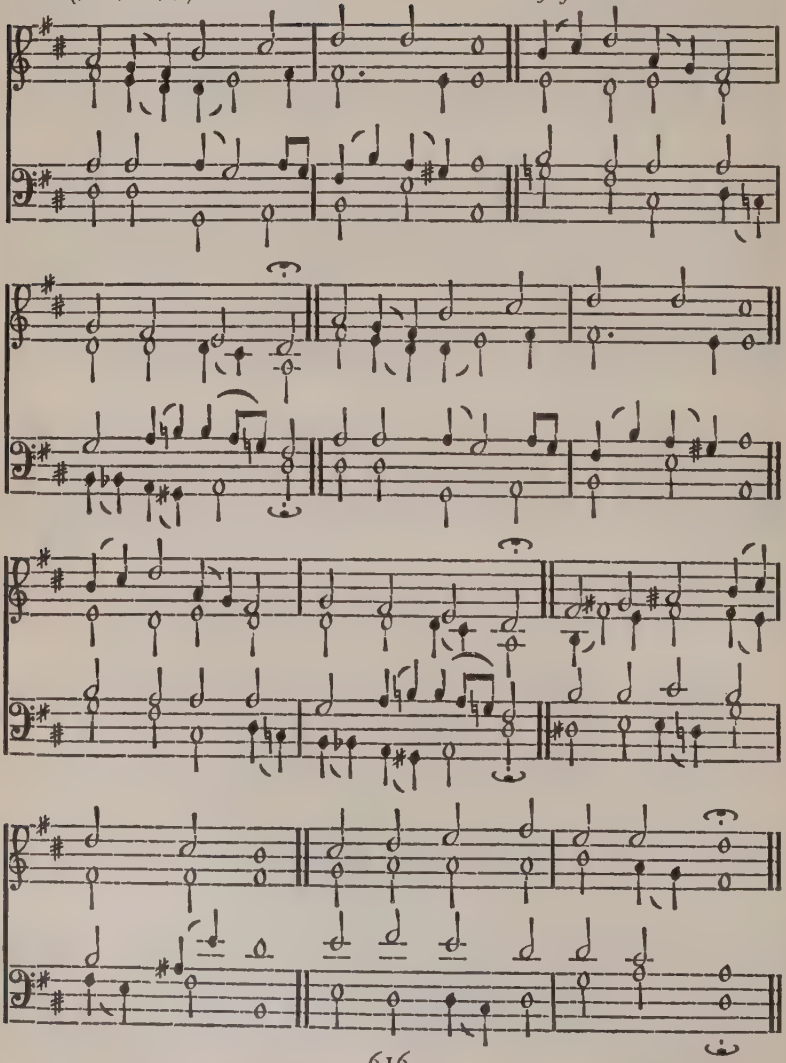
We of ourselves can nothing do,
But all on thee depend;
Thine is the work and wages too,
Thine both the way and end.

Oh make us still our work attend,
And we'll not doubt our pay;
We will not fear a blessed end
If thou but guide the way.

247

JESUS MEINE ZUVER-
SICHT (78.78.77)

Johann Crüger (1598–1662)
in 'Praxis Pietatis' (1644)
Set by Johann Sebastian Bach



247

Yattendon Hymnal (1899)

LOVE of love, and Light of light,
Heavenly Father all maintaining;
Wisdom hid in highest height,
To thy creature fondly deigning;
Maker wonderful and just,
Thou hast called my heart to trust.

What are life's unnumbered cares,
Sorrow, torment, passing measure?
O'er my short-lived pains and fears
Surely ruleth thy good pleasure.
Boundless is thy love for me,
Boundless then my trust shall be.

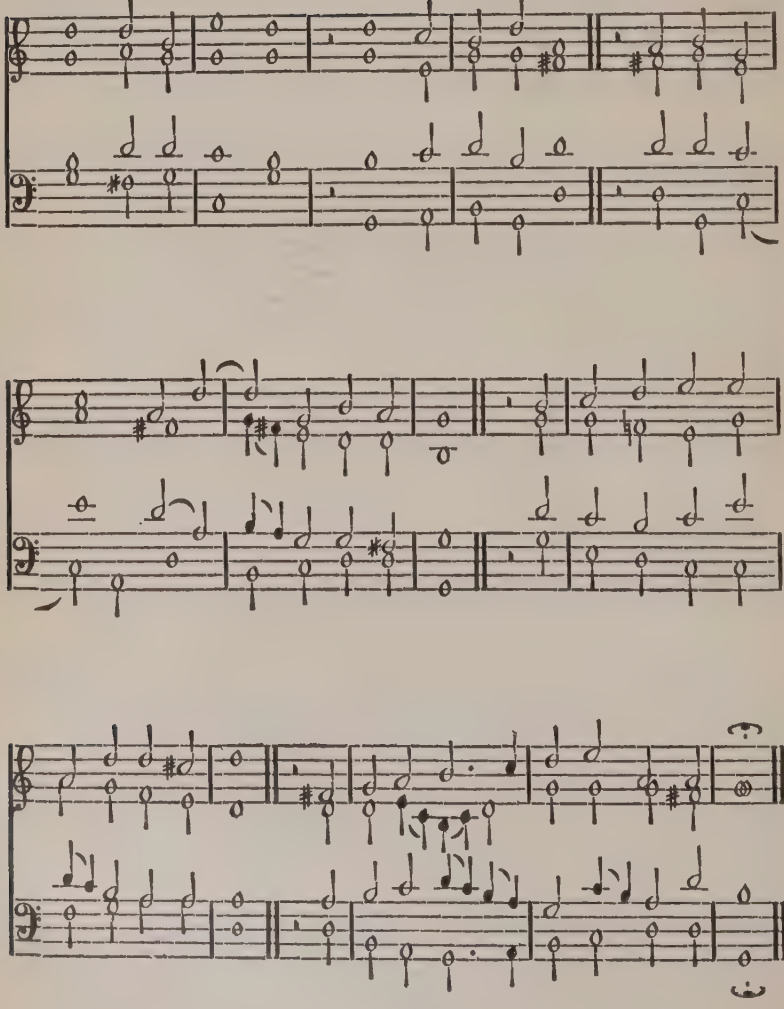
Every burden weigheth light,
Since in thee my hope abideth:
Sweetly bright my darkest night,
While on thee my mind confideth.
Give thy gift, I thee implore,
Thee to trust for evermore.

248

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)

SONG 22 (1010. 1010)

Mean parts by M. M. Bridges



248

Anon. (*14th cent.?*)
Trans. Tattendon Hymnal (1899)

AMOR PATRIS ET FILII

LOVE of the Father, love of God the Son,
From whom all came, in whom was all begun,
Who formest heavenly beauty out of strife,
Creation's whole desire and breath of life.

Thou the all-holy, thou supreme in might,
Thou dost give peace, thy presence maketh Right:
Thou with thy favour all things dost enfold,
With thine all-kindness free from harm wilt hold.

Hope of all comfort, splendour of all aid,
That dost not fail nor leave the heart afraid:
To all that cry thou dost all help accord,
The angels' armour, and the saints' reward.

Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in thy trust:
Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,
And bring through Christ to him, for whom are all.

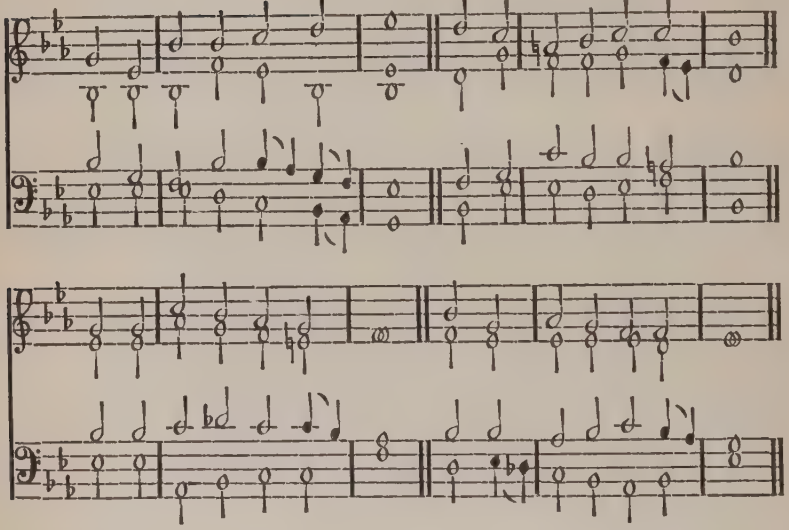
Eternal glory, all men thee adore,
Who art and shalt be worshipped evermore.
Us whom thou madest, comfort with thy might,
And lead us to enjoy thy heavenly light.

249 (First Tune)

Anon.

ULM (77.77)

Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876)



Henry Kirke White (1785–1806)
and Frances Sara Fuller-Maitland (1827)

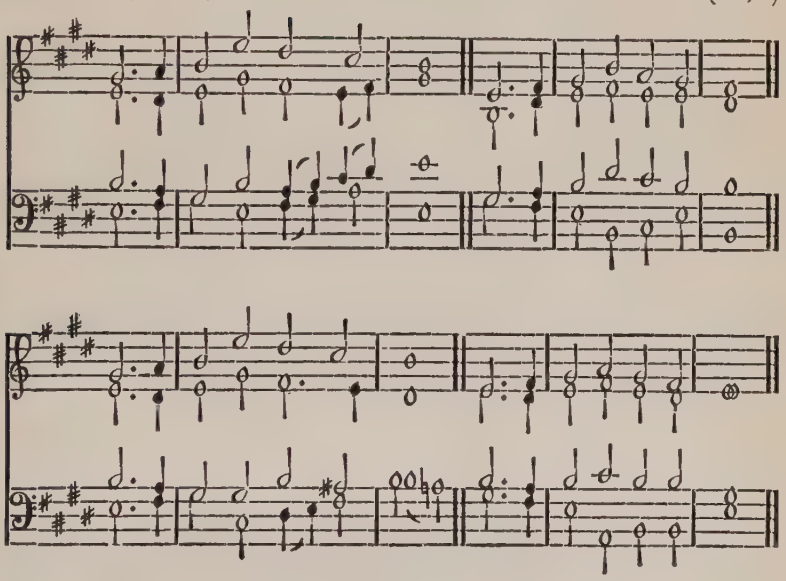
MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not—much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

249 (Second Tune)

Innocents (77.77)

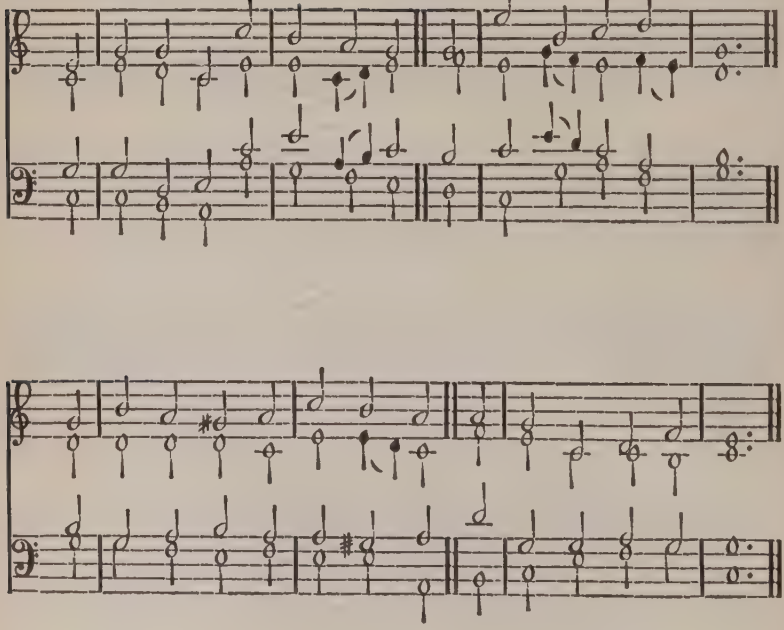
Anon.
From the 'Parish Choir' (1850)

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

250

WESTMINSTER (C.M.) *James Turle* (1802–1882)



250

Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

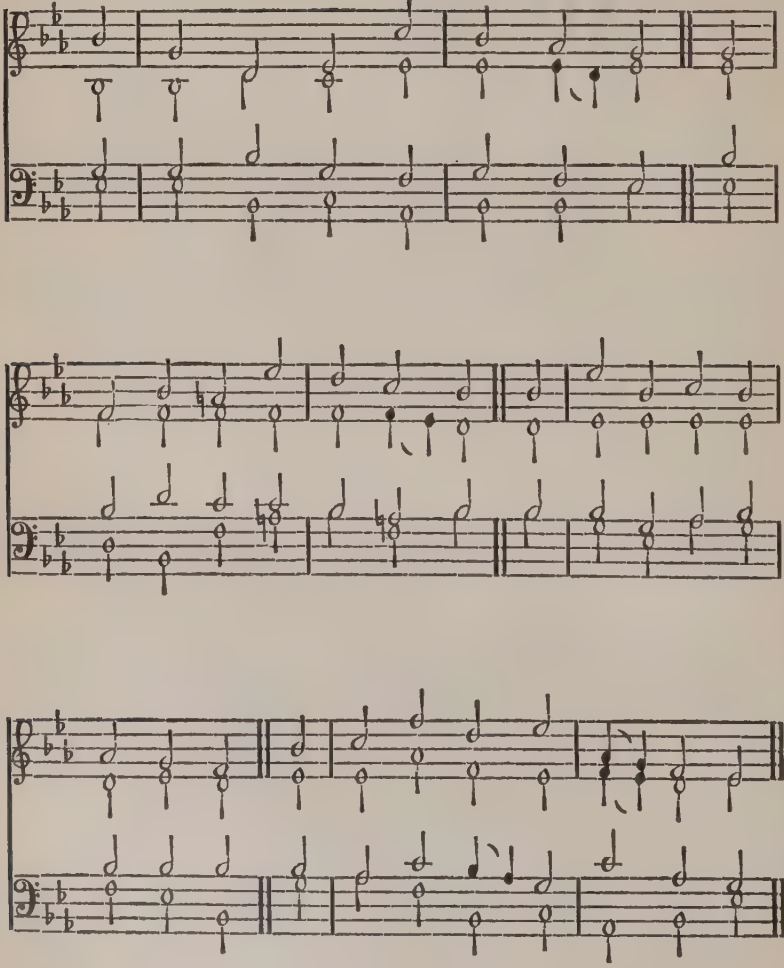
Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Oh then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love thee, for thyself
And for thy glory's sake.

251

DEVONSHIRE (L.M.)

John Frederick Lampe (1703–1751)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



251

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm cxliv*

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

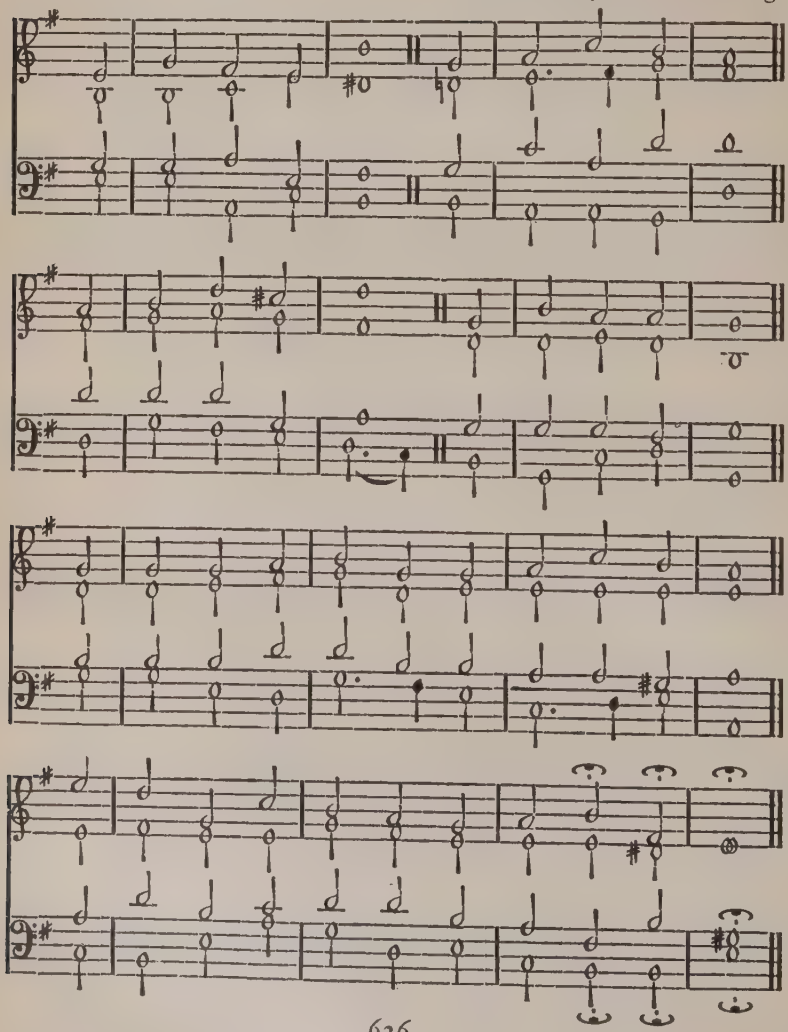
Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

252

Anon. Modern form of Melody from Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge

RAVENSCROFT'S 104TH (55.55 65.65)



252

Yattendon Hymnal (1899) — *Psalm civ*

MY soul, praise the Lord!
O God, thou art great:
In fathomless works
Thyself thou dost hide.
Before thy dark wisdom
And power uncreate,
Man's mind, that dare praise thee,
In fear must abide.

This earth where we dwell,
That journeys in space,
With air as a robe
Thou wrappest around:
Her countries she turneth
To greet the sun's face,
Then plungeth to slumber
In darkness profound.

All seemeth so sure,
Yet nought doth remain:
Unending their change
Obeys thy decree.
The valleys of ocean
Stand up a dry plain,
Thou whelmest the mountains
Beneath the deep sea.

The clouds gather rain
And melt o'er the land,
Then back to the sun
Are drawn by his shine:
Whereby the corn springeth
Through toil of man's hand,
And vineyards that gladden
His heart with good wine.

All beasts of the field
Rejoice in their life;
Among the tall trees
Are light birds on wing;
With strains of their music
The woodlands are rife;
They nest in thick branches
And welcome sweet spring.

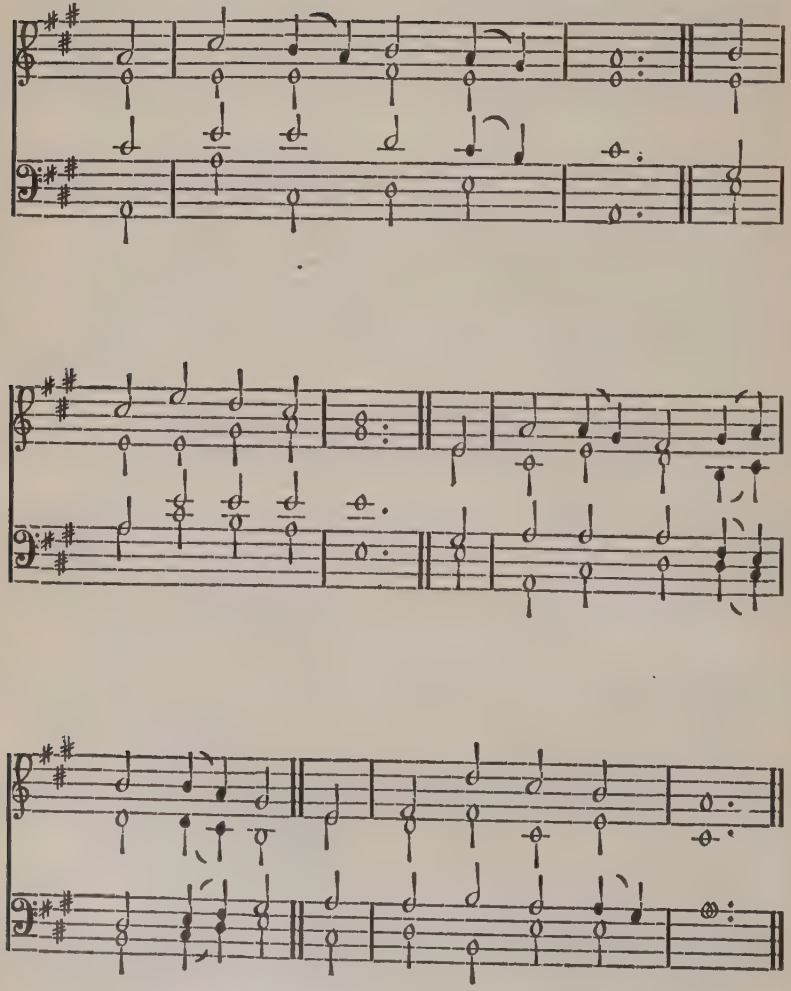
Lo, there is thy sea,
Whose bosom below
With creatures doth teem,
Scaled fishes and finned.
Above, the ships laden
With merchandise go,
Nor fear the wild waters,
Nor rage of rude wind.

O God, thou art great!
No greatness I see,
Except thee alone,
Thy praise to record.
On all thy works musing
My pleasure shall be:
My joy shall be singing
'My soul, praise the Lord!'

253

CAMBERWELL (S.M.)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



253

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm ciii*

MY soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

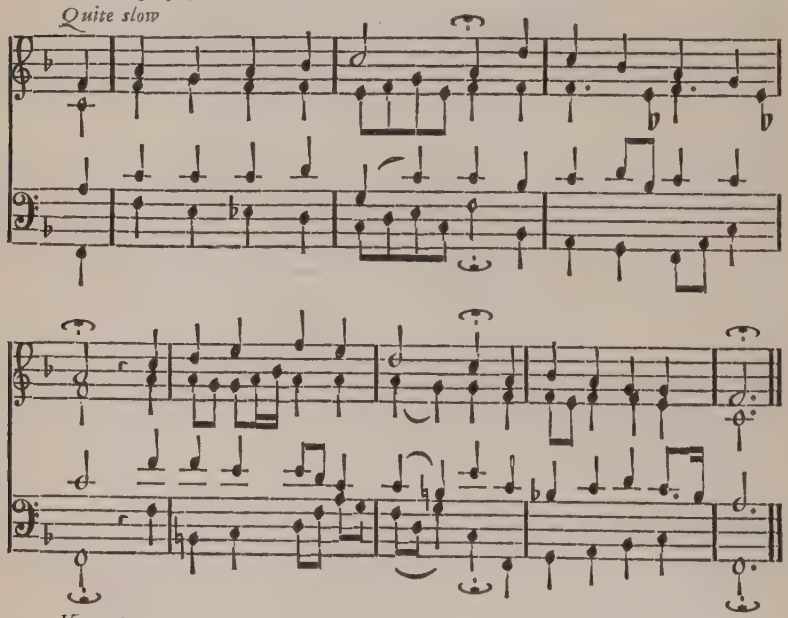
But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

254

CHRISTUS, DER IST
MEIN LEBEN (76. 76 IRREGULAR)

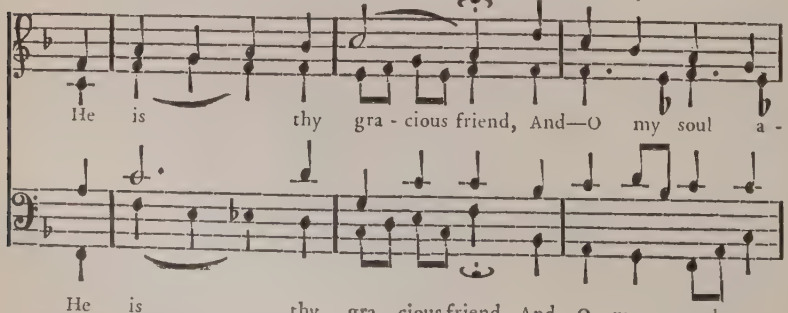
Melchior Vulpius (c. 1560–1616)
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach

Verses 1, 2, 4, 5
Quite slow



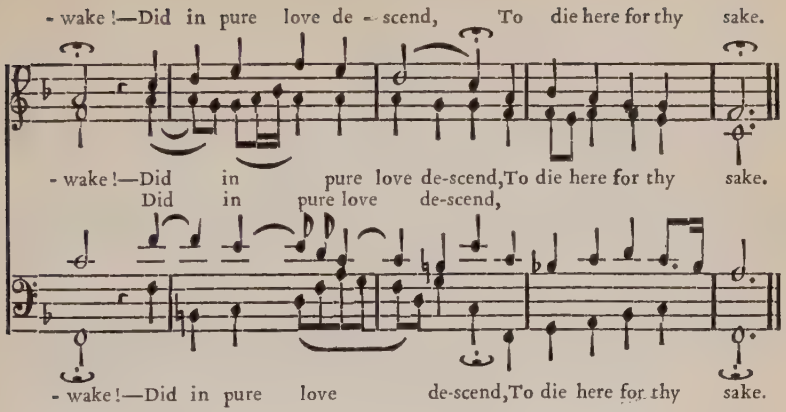
Verse 3

He is thy gra - cious friend, And— O my soul a -



He is thy gra - cious friend, And—O my soul a -

He is thy gra - cious friend, And—O my soul a -


- wake!—Did in pure love de - scend, To die here for thy sake.
- wake!—Did in pure love de-scend, To die here for thy sake.
Did in pure love de-scend,
- wake!—Did in pure love de-scend, To die here for thy sake.

Henry Vaughan (1621–1695)

MY soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:

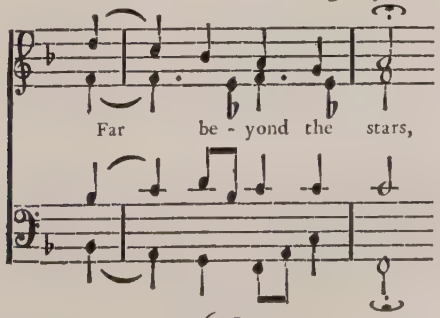
There above noise, and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
And—O my soul awake!—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

In Verse 1 *the second line must be sung as follows:—*



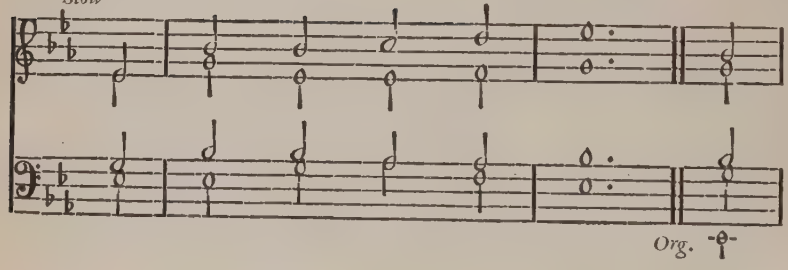
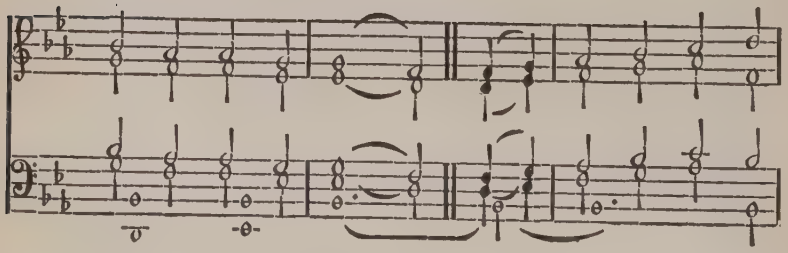
255

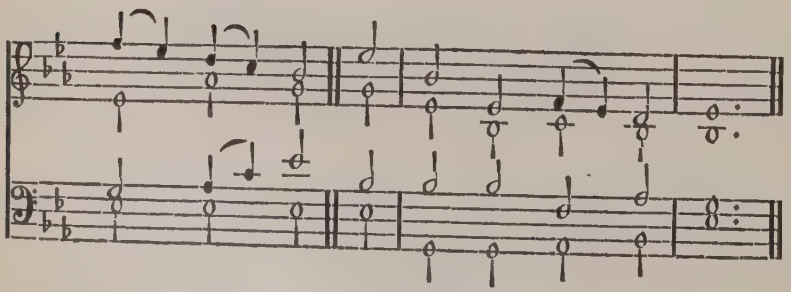
GRATZ (C.M.)

Slow

Anon.

From an Ely MS.





255

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady (1696) — *Psalm cxxx*

MY soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

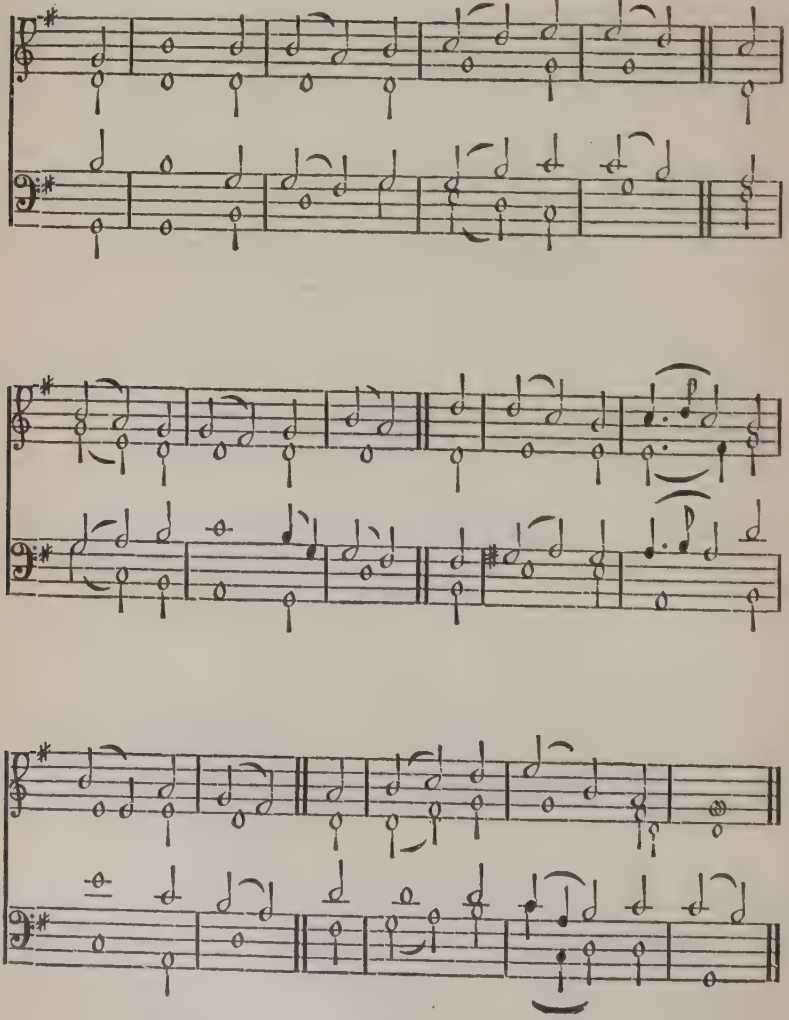
Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows—
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows;

Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

256

WESTMINSTER NEW (C.M.)

James Nares (1715–1783)



256

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
His sympathy and love.

Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the heavenly host,
With matchless honour crowned,

The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

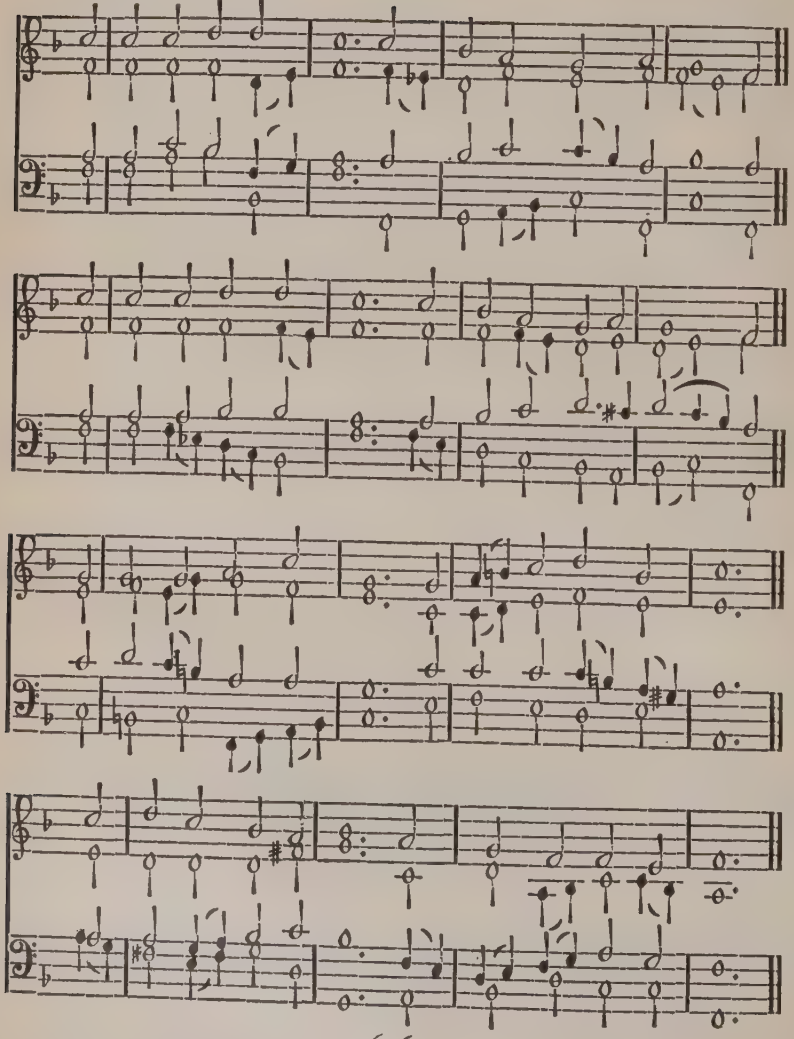
So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

257

NUN DANKET (67.67.66.66)

Slow and stately

Johann Crüger (1598–1662)



257

Martin Rinkart (1586–1649)
Trans. Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

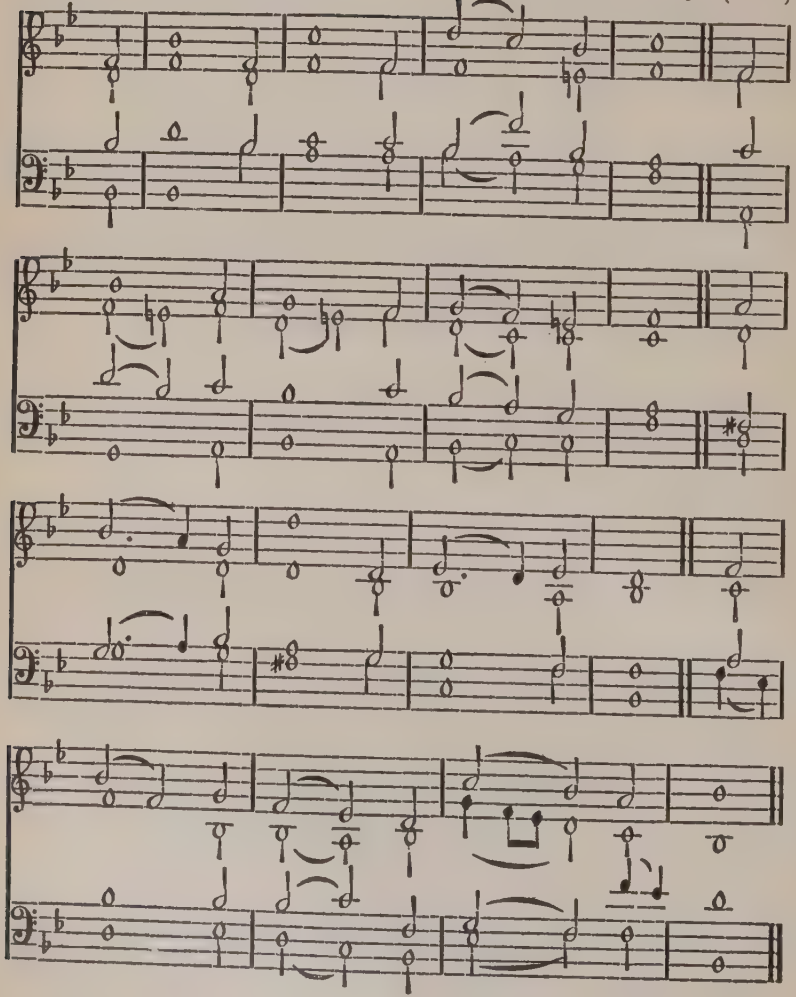
Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

258

Henry Duncalf (18*th cent.*)
from William Riley's
'Parochial Harmony' (1762)

ST. BARTHOLOMEW (L.M.)



258

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady (1696) — *Psalm lvii*

O GOD, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

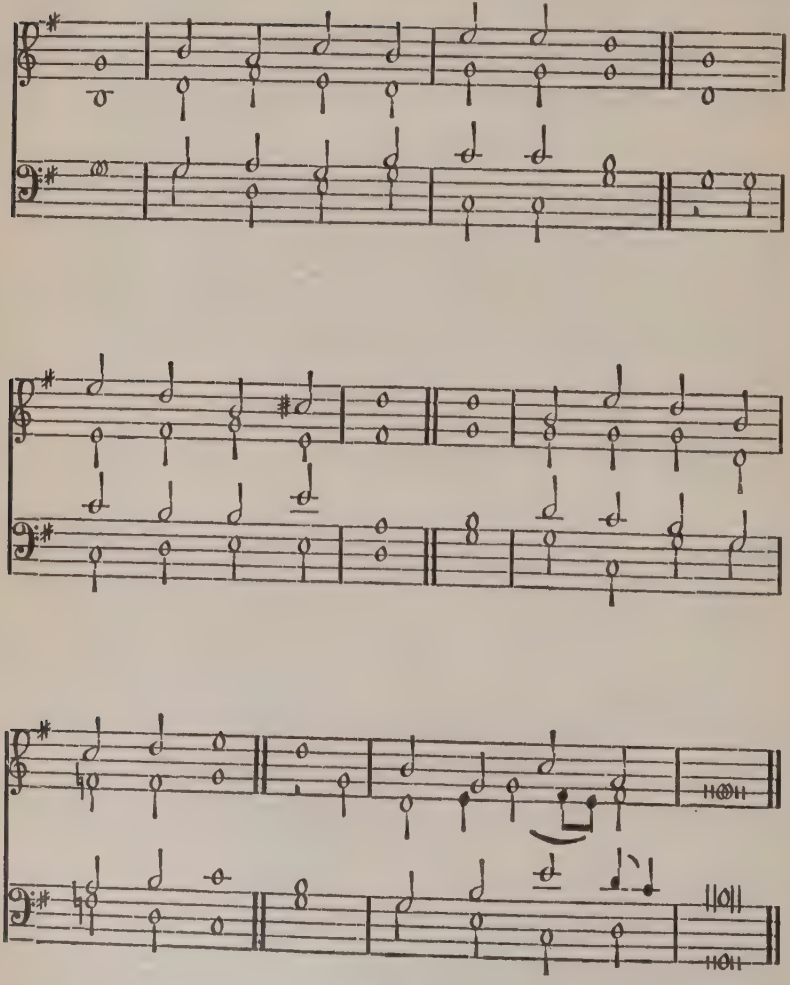
Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

259

CHICHESTER (C.M.)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft



259

Thomas Sternhold (*d.* 1549) *Psalm xviii*

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity:

My God, my rock in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

I when beset with pain and grief
Did pray to God for grace,
And he forthwith did hear my plaint
Out of his holy place.

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens on high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky;

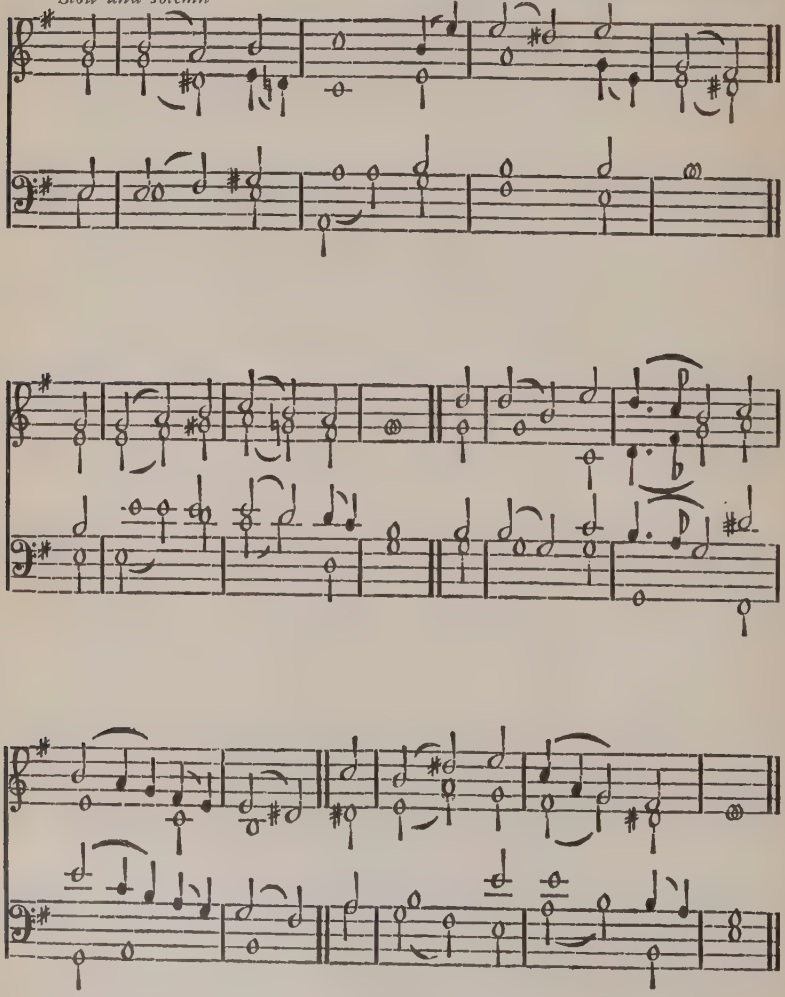
On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried;
He is a sure defence to such
As in his faith abide.

260 (First Tune)

TARA (C.M.) *James Morris Coombs* (1769–1820)

Slow and solemn



260

Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)
and John Logan (1770)

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

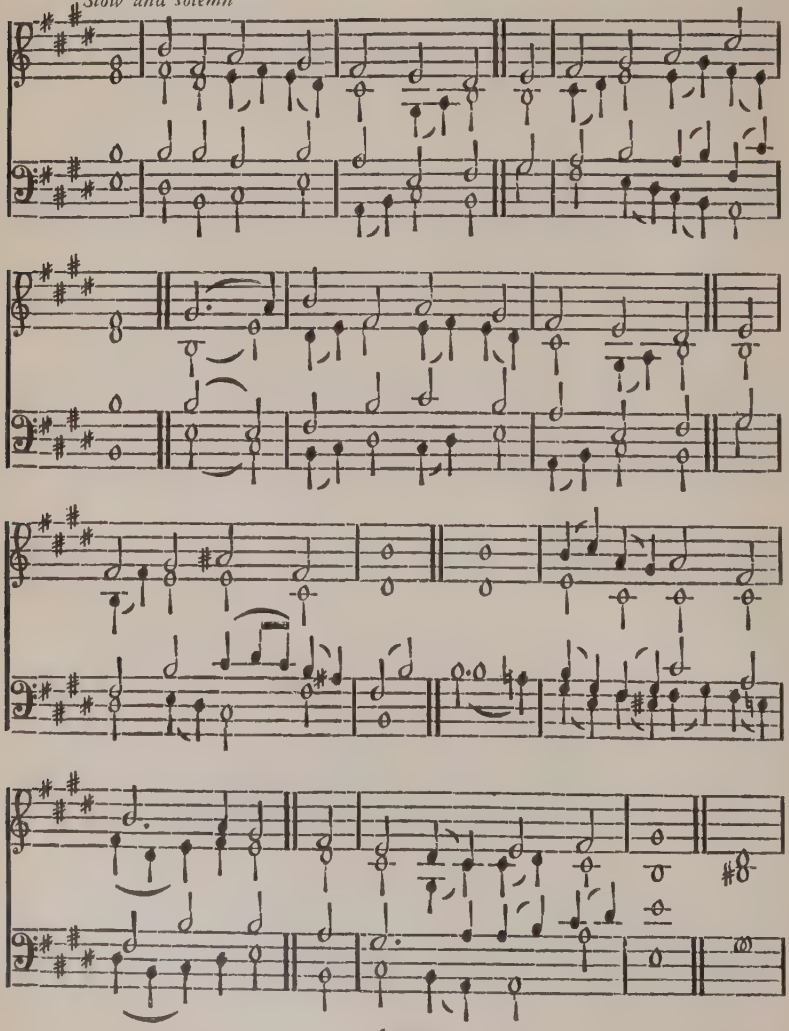
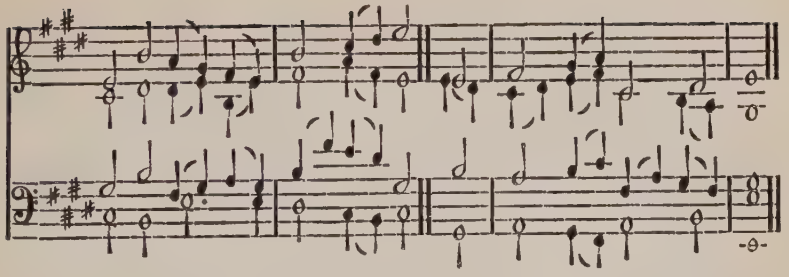
Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

260 (Second Tune)

Hope Bowdler (d.c.m.) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)

Slow and solemn



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Oh spread thy covering wings around
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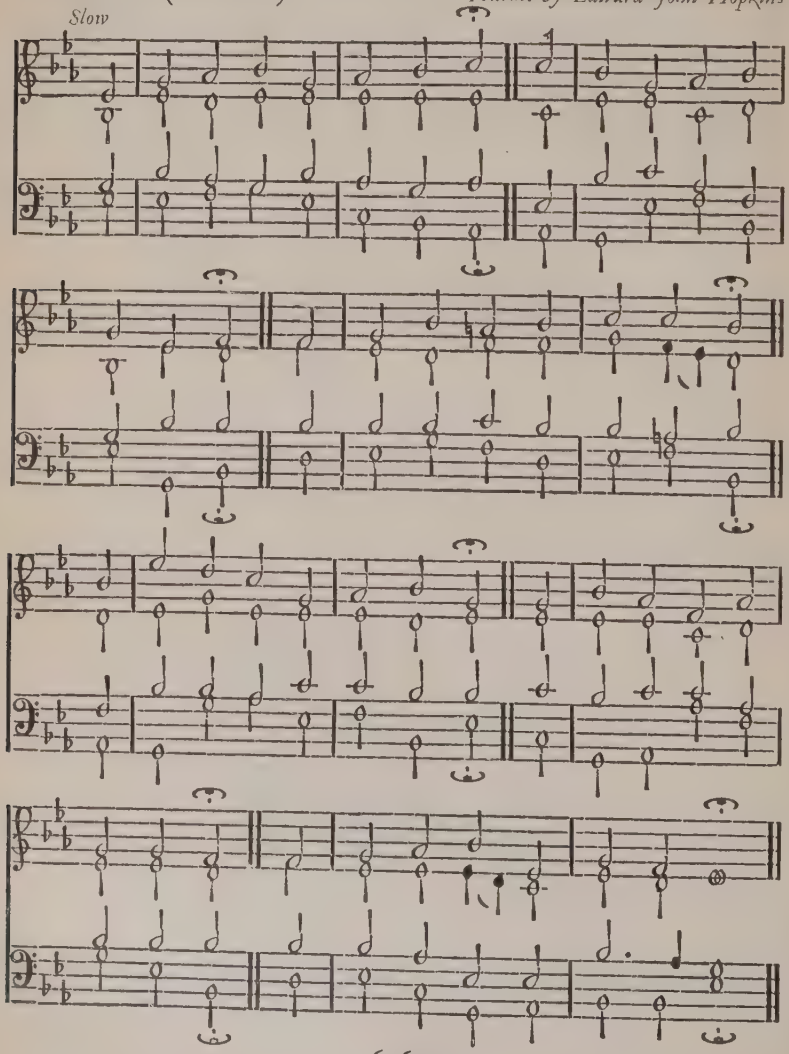
Our souls arrive in peace!

261 (First Tune)

BRIDGEWATER (888. 888)

Henry Lawes (1595–1662)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

Slow



261

Johann Scheffler (1624–1677)
Trans. John Wesley (1703–1791)

DU UNVERGLEICHLICH'S GUT

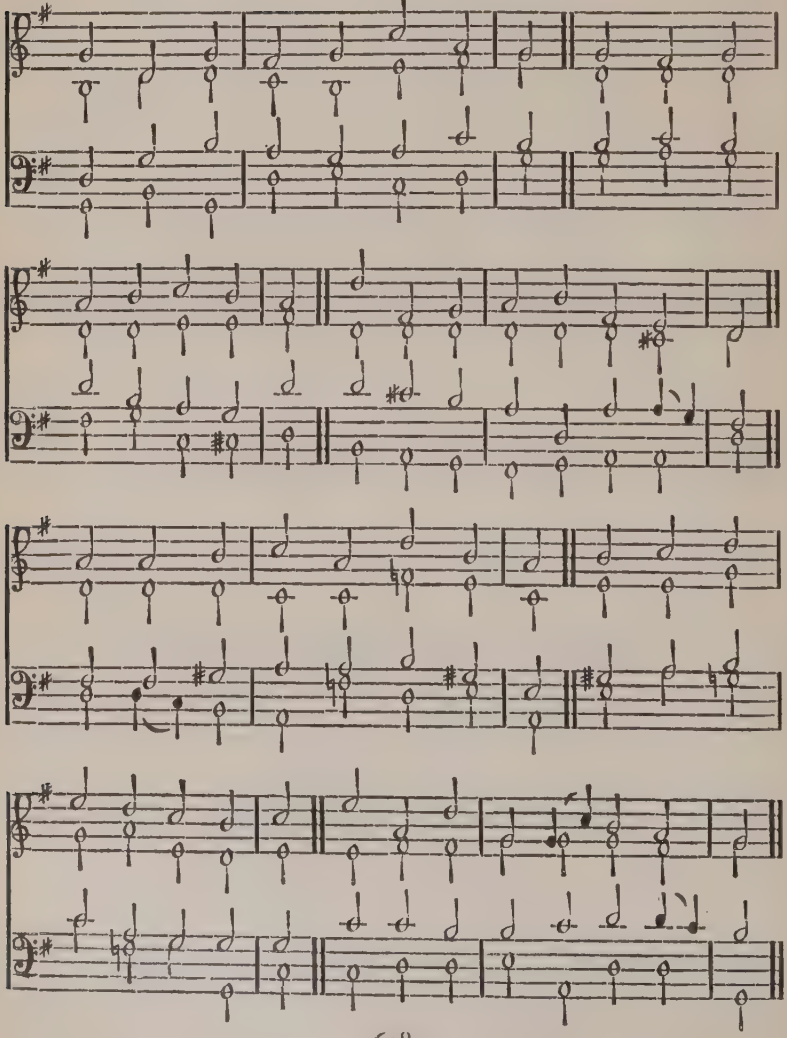
O GOD, of good the unfathomed sea,
Who would not give his heart to thee?
Who would not love thee with his might,
O Jesu, lover of mankind?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to thee unite?

High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I with thee
Enthroned may reign in endless bliss.

Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fullness knows;
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yes, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, thou dost require.

261 (Second Tune)

Bolton (888.888) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



261

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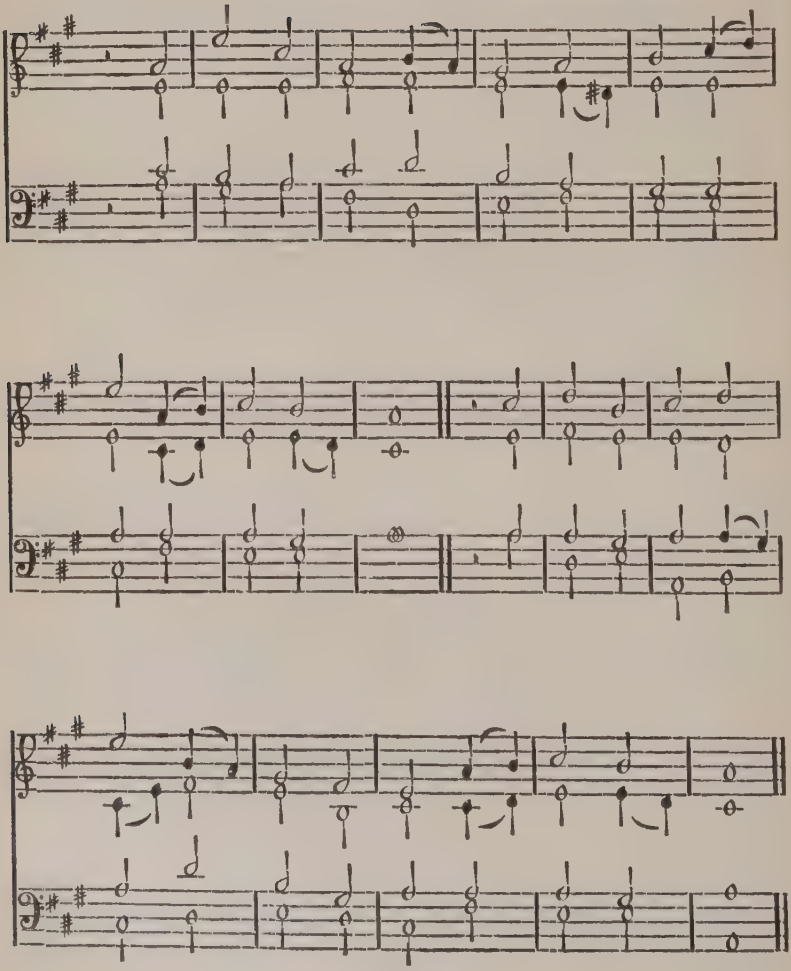
From thee; no want thy fullness knows;
What but thyself canst thou desire?
Yes, self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, thou dost require.

262

William Jones (1726–1800)
at the end of 'Ten Church Pieces for the Organ' (1789)

ST. STEPHEN (C.M.)



262

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady (1696) — *Psalm lxxxiv*

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made!
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!

For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

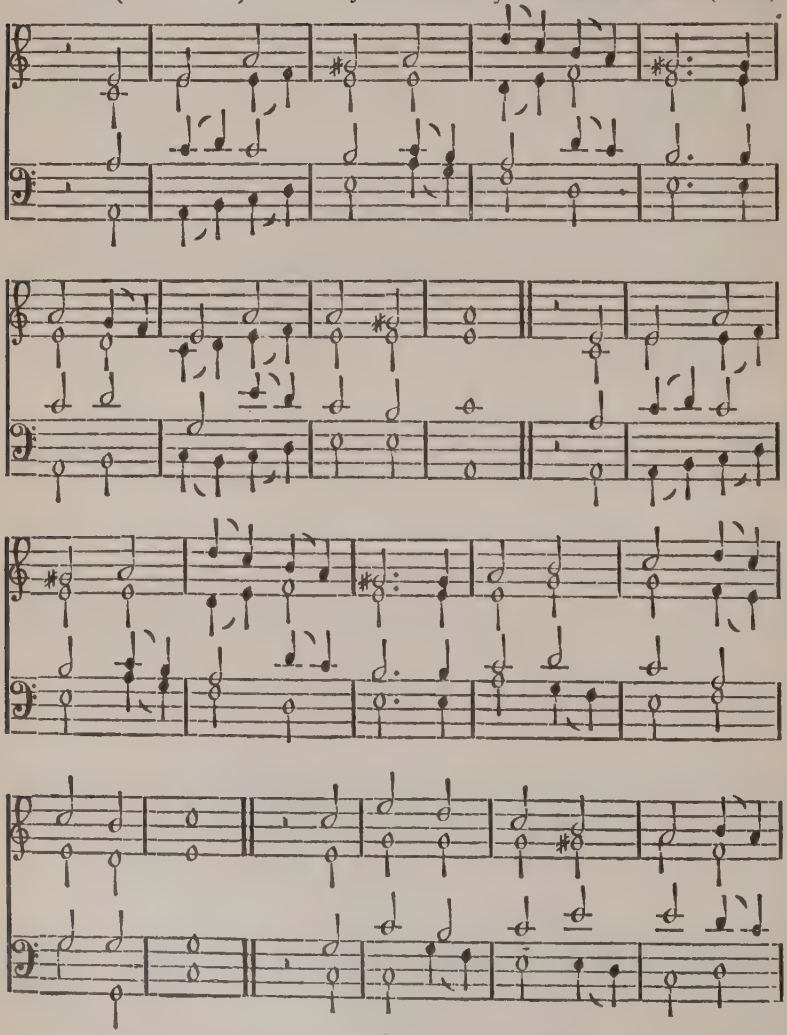
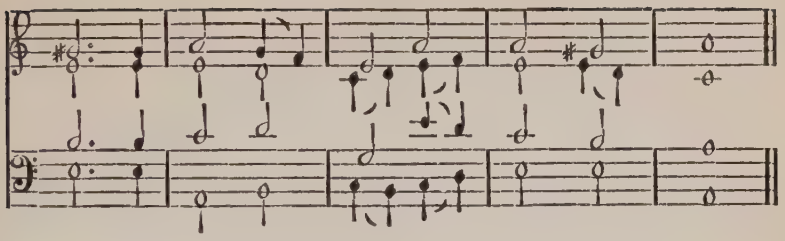
For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on thee!

263

LEICESTER (88. 88. 88)

John Bishop (c. 1665–1737)
from 'A Sett of New Psalm Tunes' (1700)



John Quarles (1624–1665)
and Thomas Darling (1857)

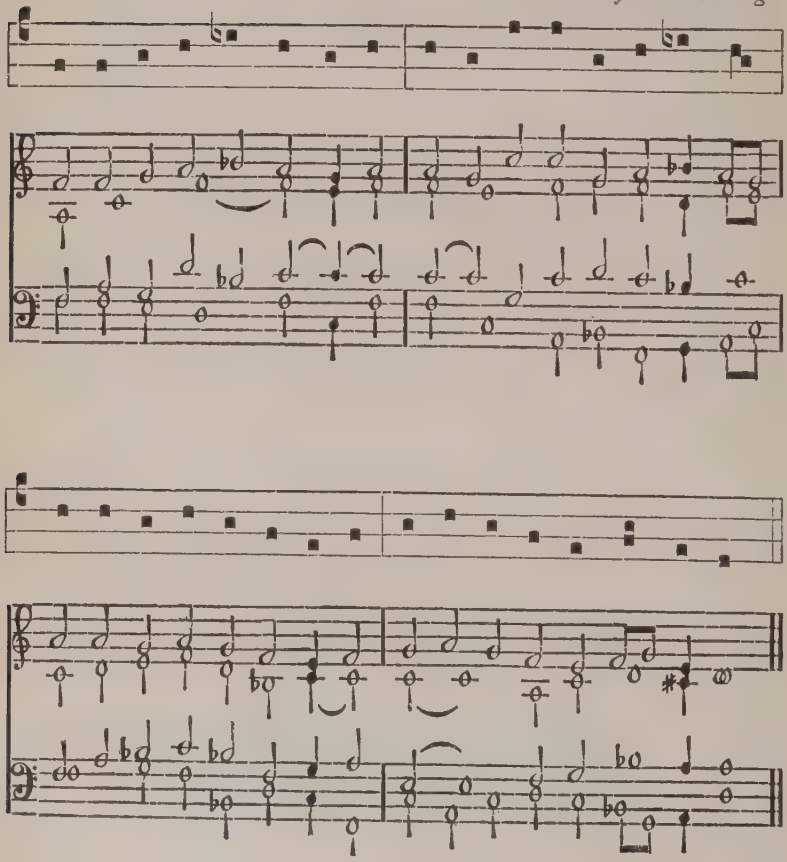
O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to thee;
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With thine eternal Father plead
For all thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth thy succour need;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we through all our days
May share thy gifts, and sing thy praise.

264 (First Tune)

Sarum. Mode i
Set by M. M. Bridges



264

St. Ambrose (340–397)
Trans. Tattendon Hymnal (1899)

SPLENDOR PATERNAE GLORIAE

O SPLENDOUR of God's glory bright,
O thou that bringest light from light,
O Light of light, light's living spring,
O Day, all days illumining!

O thou true Sun, on us thy glance
Let fall in royal radiance;
The Spirit's sanctifying beam
Upon our earthly senses stream.

The Father too our prayers implore,
Father of glory evermore,
The Father of all grace and might,
To banish sin from our delight:

To guide whate'er we nobly do,
With love all envy to subdue,
To make ill-fortune turn to fair,
And give us grace our wrongs to bear.

Our mind be in his keeping placed,
Our body true to him and chaste,
Where only faith her fire shall feed
To burn the tares of Satan's seed.

And Christ to us for food shall be,
From him our drink that welleth free,
The Spirit's wine, that maketh whole,
And mocking not, exalts the soul.

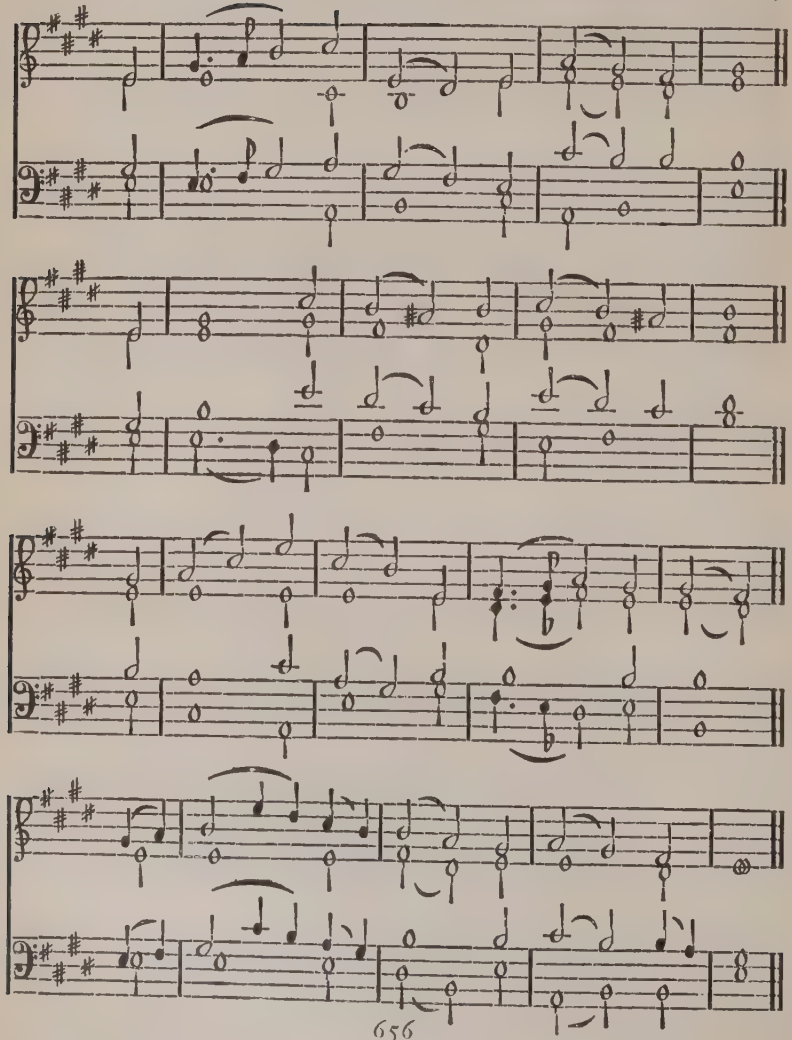
Rejoicing may this day go hence,
Like virgin dawn our innocence,
Like fiery noon our faith appear,
Nor know the gloom of twilight drear.

Morn in her rosy car is borne;
Let him come forth our perfect morn,
The Word in God the Father one,
The Father perfect in the Son.

264 (Second Tune)

St. Olave (L.M.)

Robert Hudson (1732–1815)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



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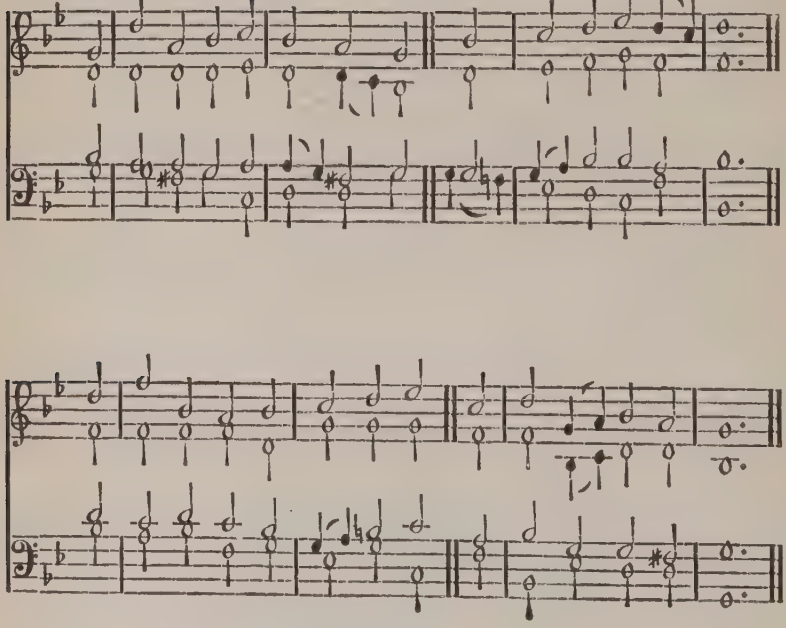
The Father perfect in the Son.

265 (First Tune)

COVENTRY (C.M.) *Samuel Howard* (1710–1782)

Slow



265

Thomas Haweis (1732–1820)

O THOU from whom all goodness flows
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

Distressed with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear! and remember me.

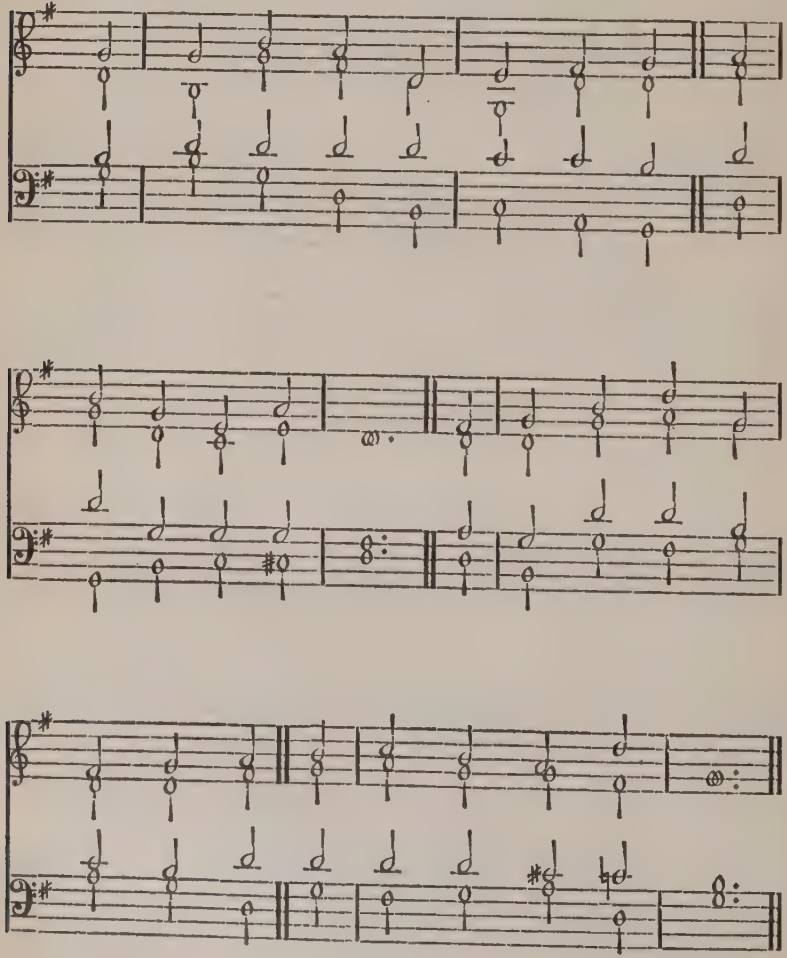
If on my face for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail, reproach, and welcome, shame,
If thou remember me.

The hour is near, consigned to death
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, 'Remember me.'

265 (Second Tune)

Memento mei, Domine (c.m.) *Thomas Turton* (1780–1864)

Rather slow



265

Thomas Haweis (1732–1820)

O THOU from whom all goodness flows
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

Distressed with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
Hear! and remember me.

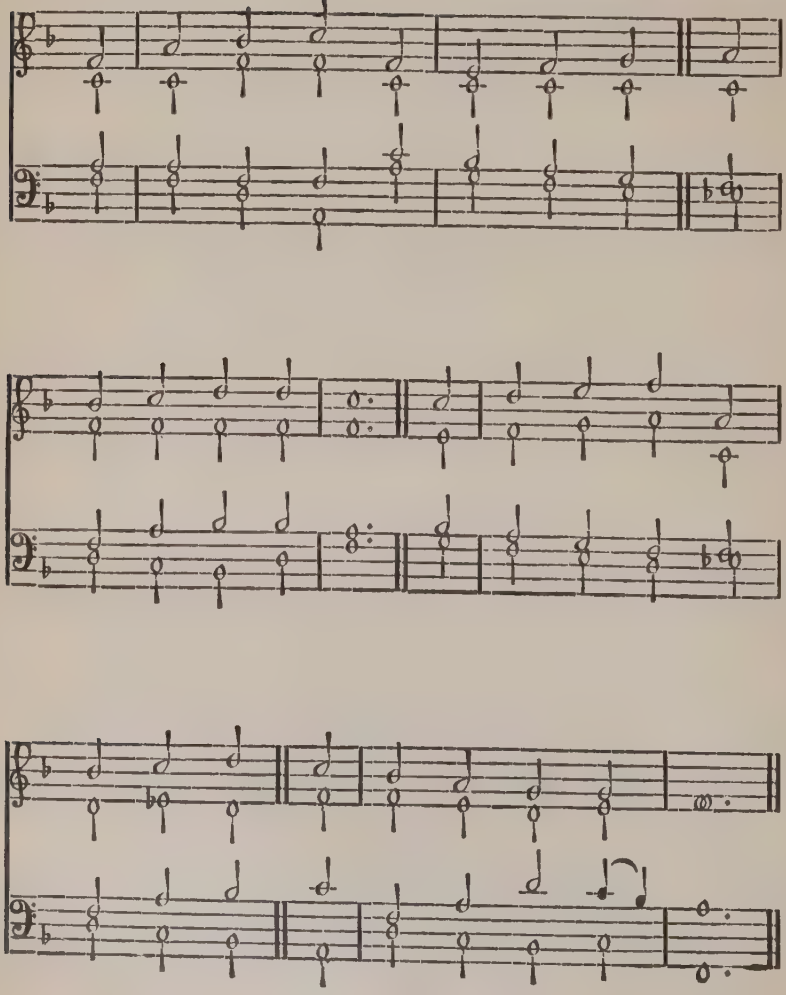
If on my face for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail, reproach, and welcome, shame,
If thou remember me.

The hour is near, consigned to death
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, 'Remember me.'

266

CAITHNESS (C.M.)

Scotch Psalter (1635)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins



266

William Cowper (1731–1800)

OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

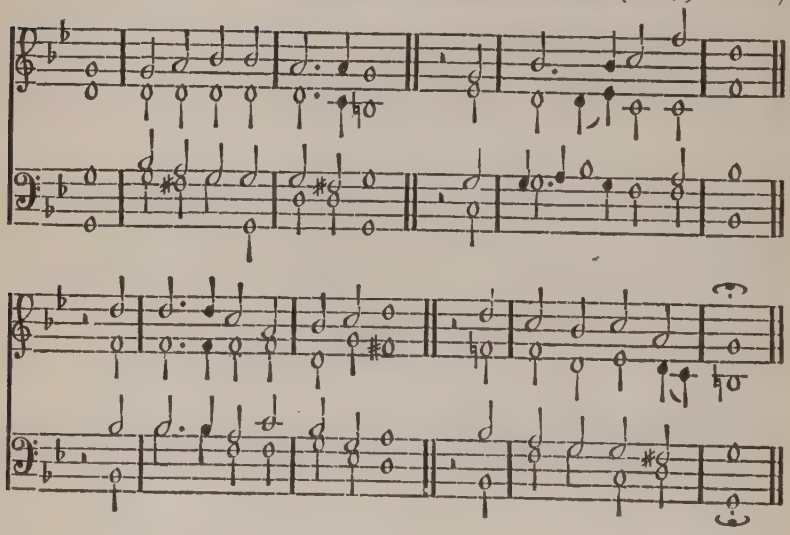
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

267 (First Tune)

CHESHIRE (C.M.)

Este's Whole Booke of Psalmes (1592)
Harm. adapted from John Farmer (fl. 1591–1601)



Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

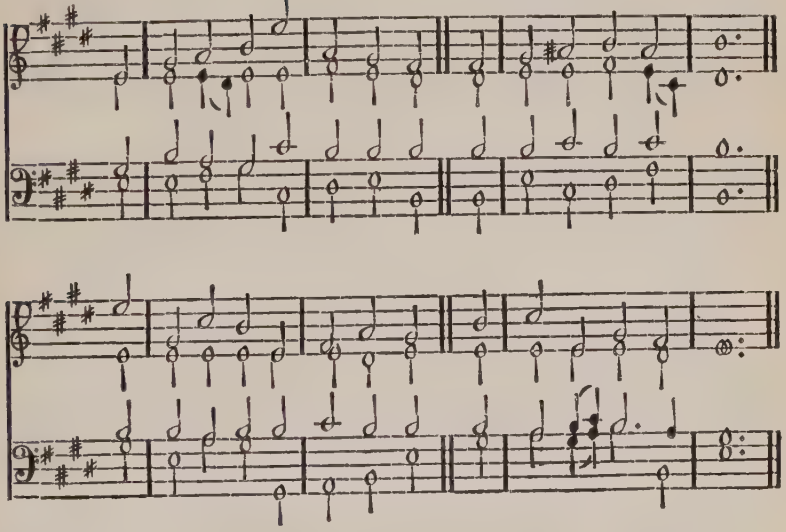
OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

267 (Second Tune)

Stockton (c.m.) *Thomas Wright* (1763–1829)



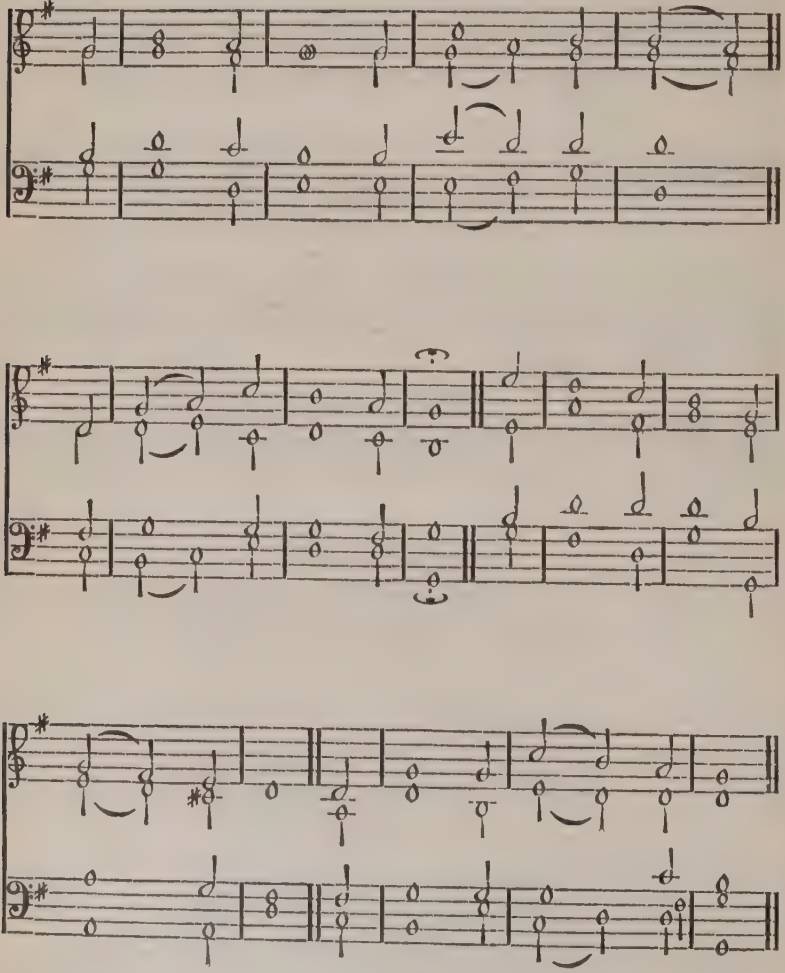
A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

My heart, thou knowest, can never rest
Till thou create my peace;
Till of mine Eden repossest
From self and sin I cease.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name, of Love!

268

BUDE (C.M.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



268

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace!

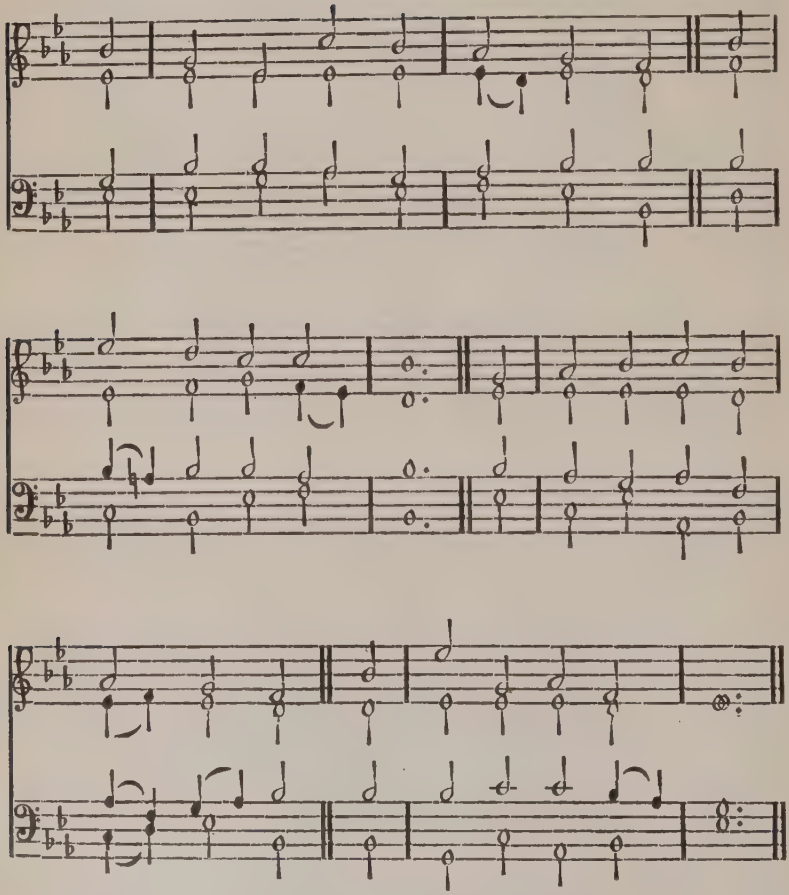
He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

269

William Weale alias Wheal (*d.* 1727)
Modern version of melody

BEDFORD (C.M.)



NOTE.—*For the original form of melody of* '*Bedford*' *see No.* 246 (*Second Tune*).

269

Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868)

OH help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

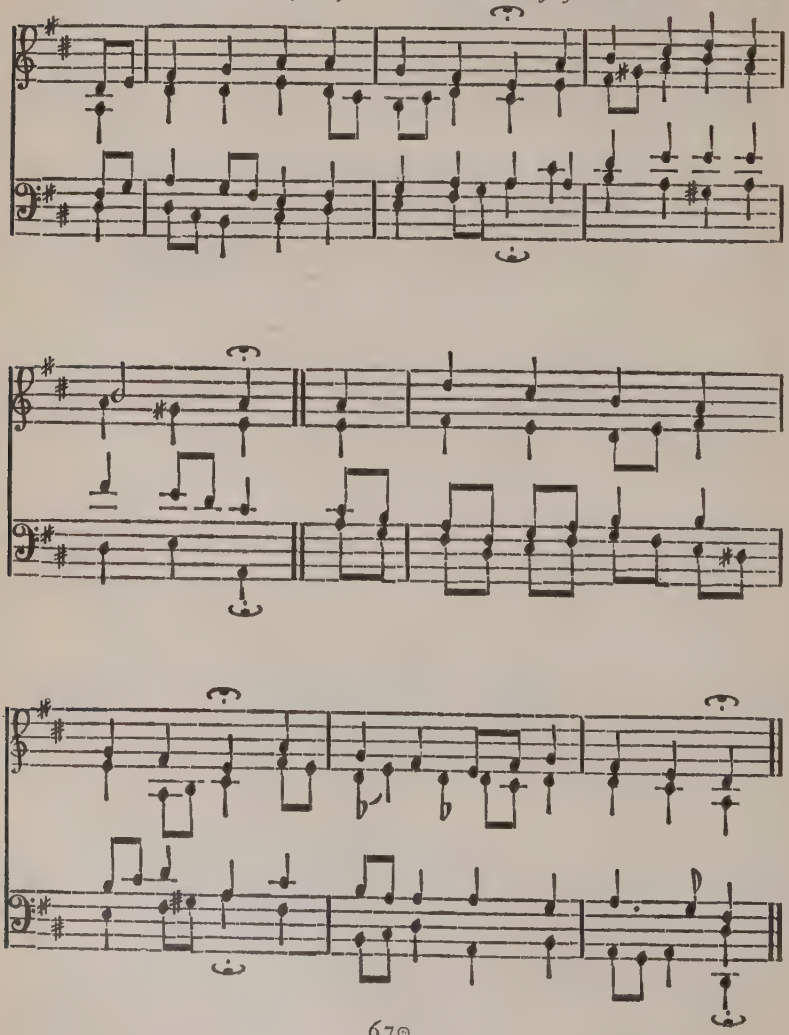
Oh help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Oh help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but thee;
Oh help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be.

270 (First Tune)

Mach's mit mir,
Gott, nach deiner Güt' (L.M.)

Johann Hermann Schein (1586–1630)
Harm. by Johann Sebastian Bach



270

Anon. (*15th cent.?*)
Trans. Benjamin Webb (1819–1885)

O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS

OH love, how deep, how broad, how high,
How passing thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And he himself to this world came.

Nor willed he only to appear;
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And God and Man with man should be
The space of thirty years and three.

For us baptized, for us he bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore;
For us temptations sharp he knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

For us he preaches and he prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways,
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking not himself, but us.

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed;
For us he bore the cross's death;
For us at length gave up his breath.

For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his Spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

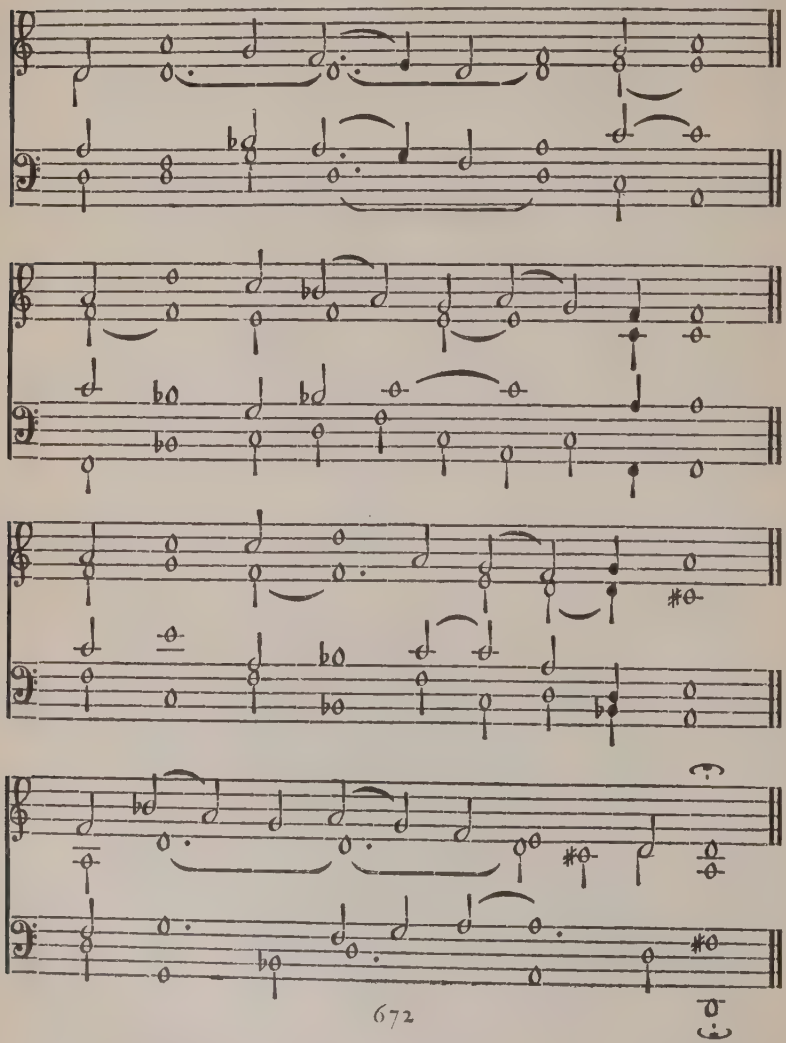
All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father, and to Paraclete.

270 (Second Tune)

O AMOR QUAM EXSTATICUS

To be sung in unison in free time

Old French Melody. Mode i

Set by Basil Harwood

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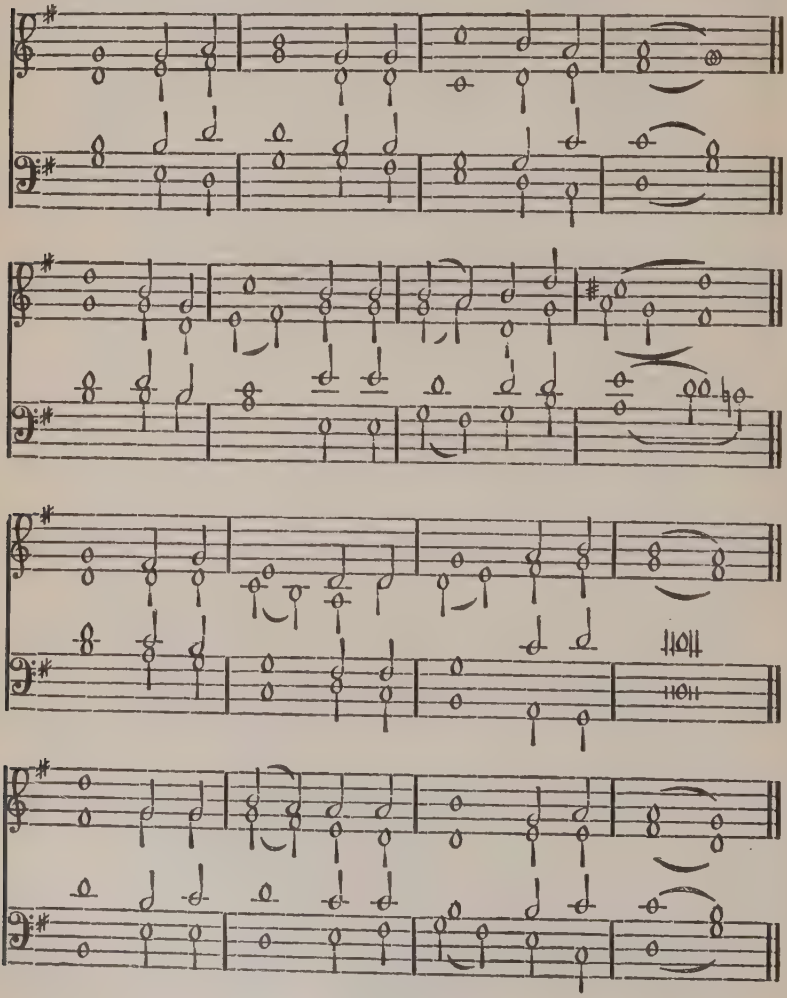
All honour, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, Virgin-born, to thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father, and to Paraclete.

271 (First Tune)

O quanta qualia (1010. 1010)

Melody from ‘ *Hymnal Noted*’, *Part II* (1856)



271

Peter Abelard (1079–1142)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1818–1866)

O QUANTA QUALIA SUNT ILLA SABBATA

OH, what their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

Truly 'Jerusalem' name we that shore,
'Vision of peace', that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people shall evermore raise.

There dawns no sabbath, no sabbath is o'er;
Those sabbath-keepers have one, and no more;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh,
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

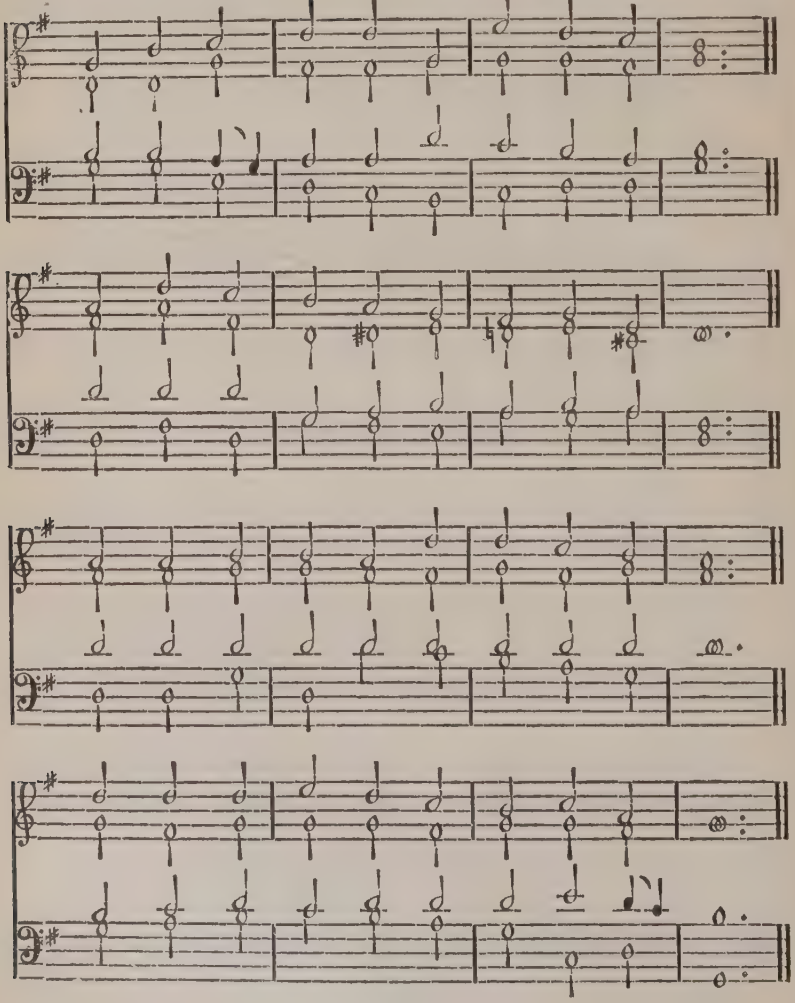
Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom—the Father, and in whom—the Son,
Through whom—the Spirit, with these ever One.

271 (Second Tune)

Anon.

BAMPTON (1010. 1010)

Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



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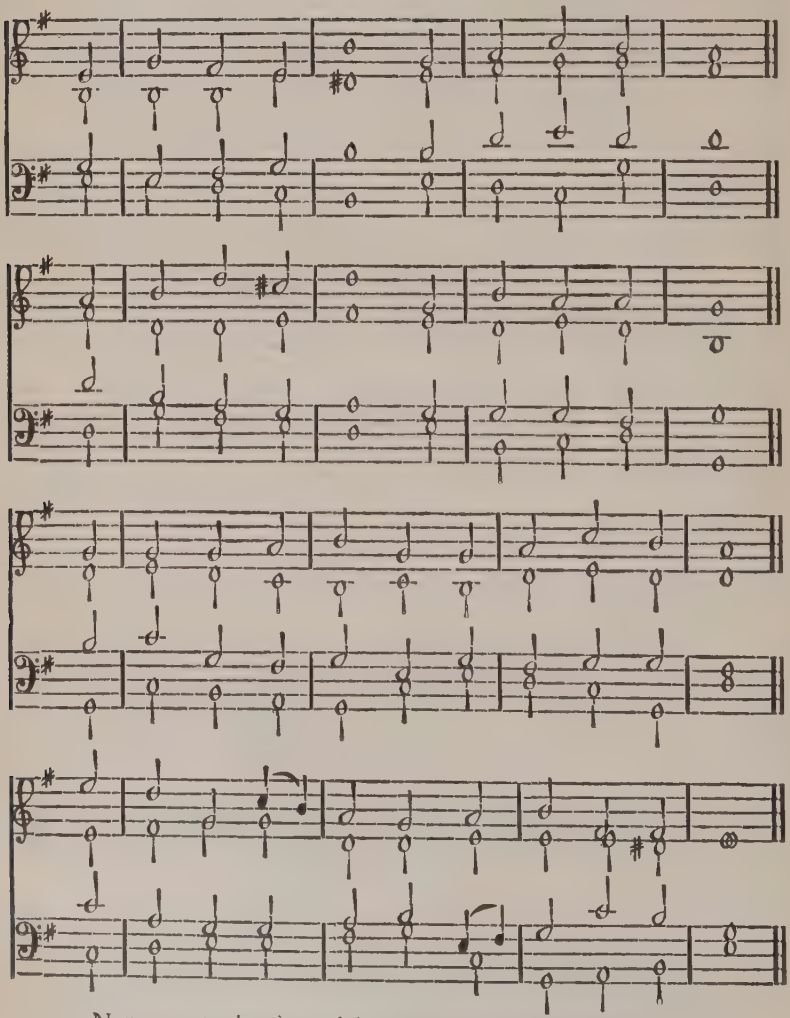
We for that country must yearn and must sigh,
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom—the Father, and in whom—the Son,
Through whom—the Spirit, with these ever One.

272

OLD 104TH (1010, 1111)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Modern form of melody



NOTE.—*Another form of this melody will be found at No.* 252.

272

William Keithe (*d.* c. 1593) and *Robert Grant* (1785–1838) — *Psalm civ*

OH worship the King, all-glorious above;
Oh gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

Oh tell of his might, oh sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

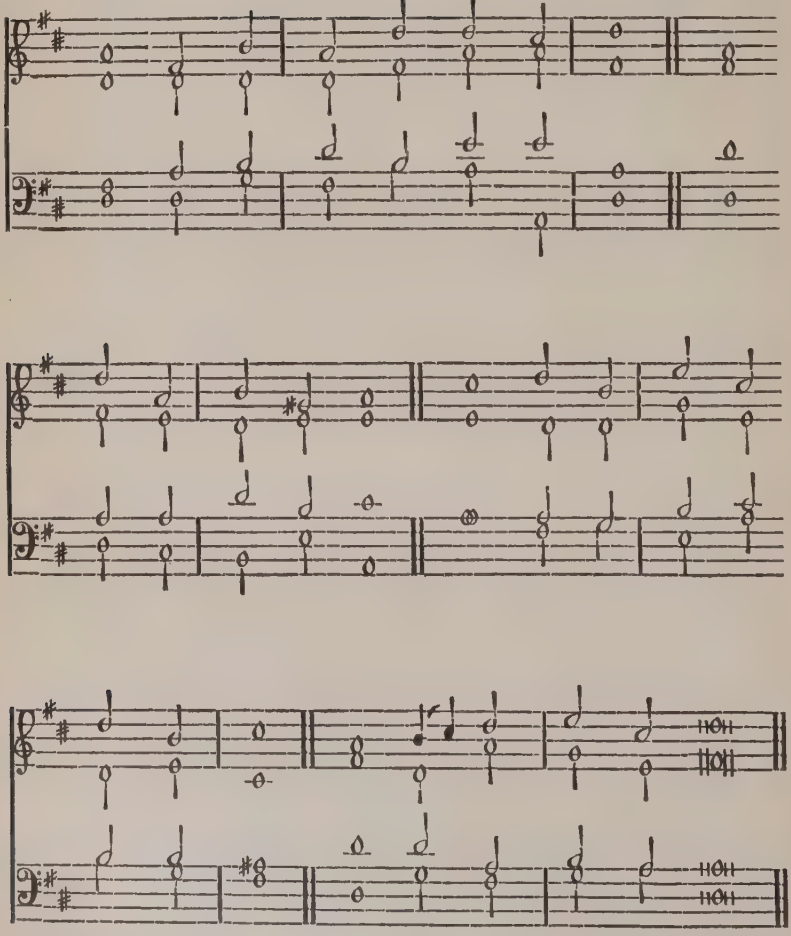
Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

273

? William Croft (1678–1727)
The original melody and Bass from
'A Supplement to the New Version',
6th Edition (1708)

ST. ANNE (C.M.)



273

Isaac Watts (1674–1748) *Psalm xc*

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

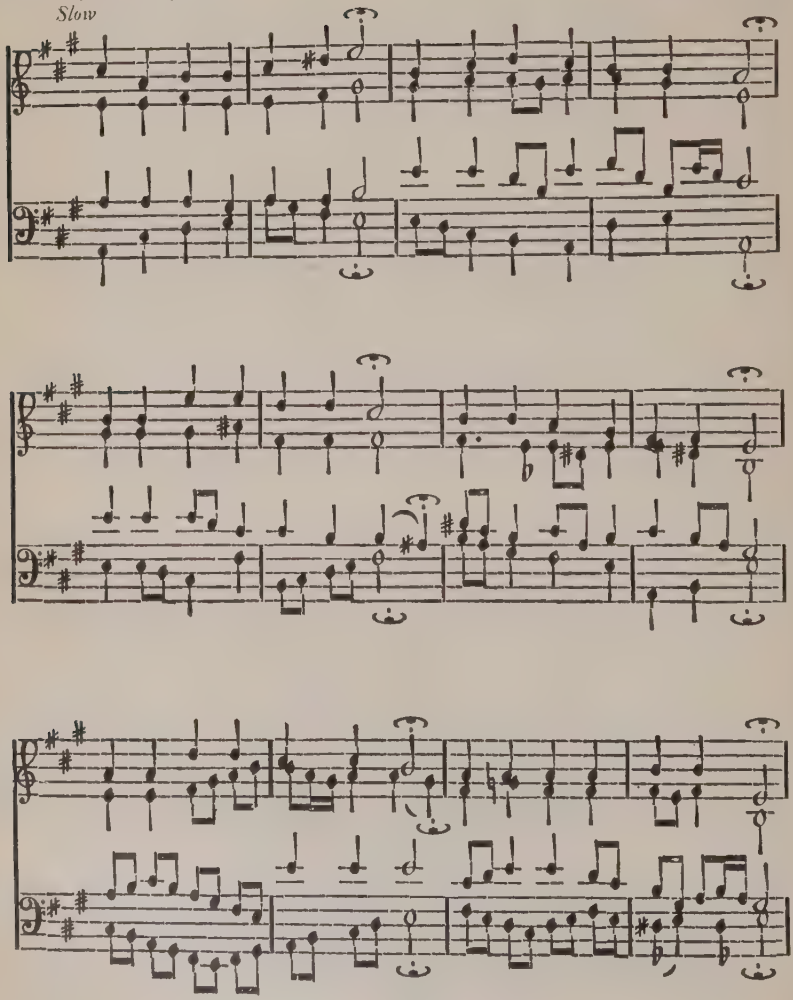
NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to the usual modern version of St. Anne, No. 132 (First Tune).*

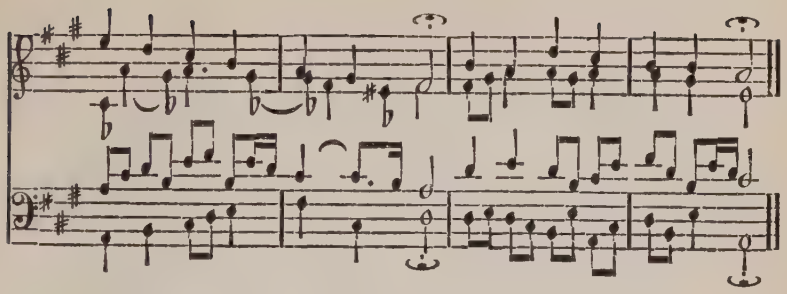
274

JESU, DER DU SELBSTEN
WOHL (77.77 D.)

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Slow





Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847) *Psalm lxxiv*

PLEASANT are thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

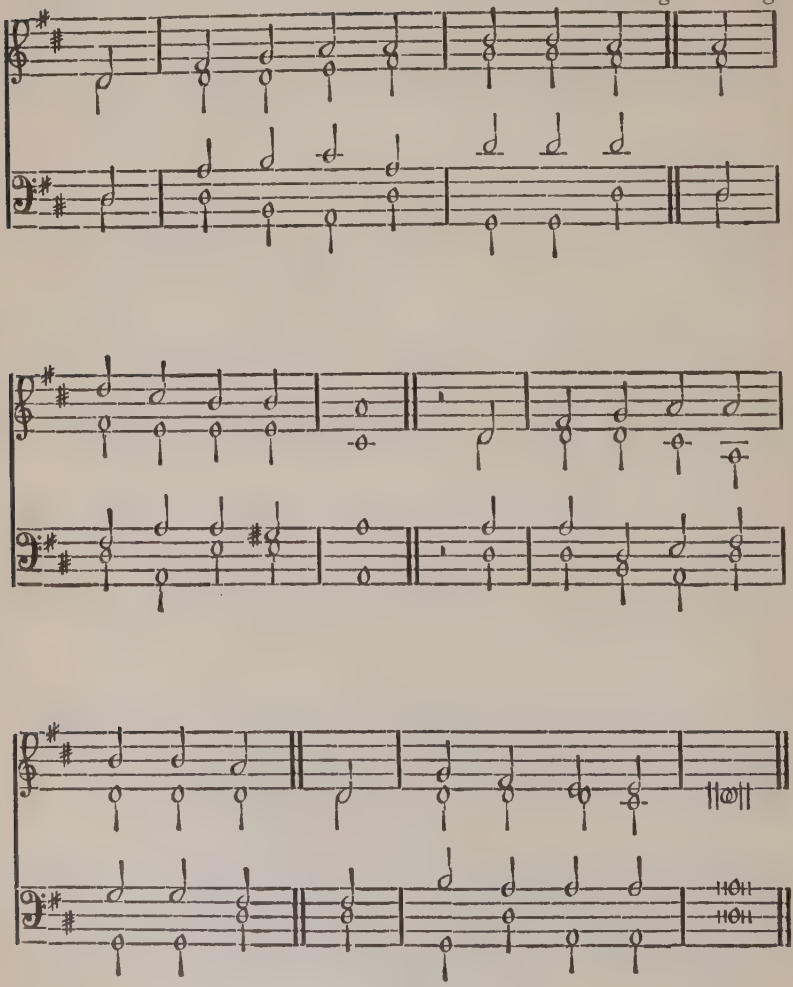
Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me!

275

TALLIS' ORDINAL (C.M.)

Thomas Tallis (c. 1515–1585)
The original setting



275

John Newton (1725–1807)

POUR down thy spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live, to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

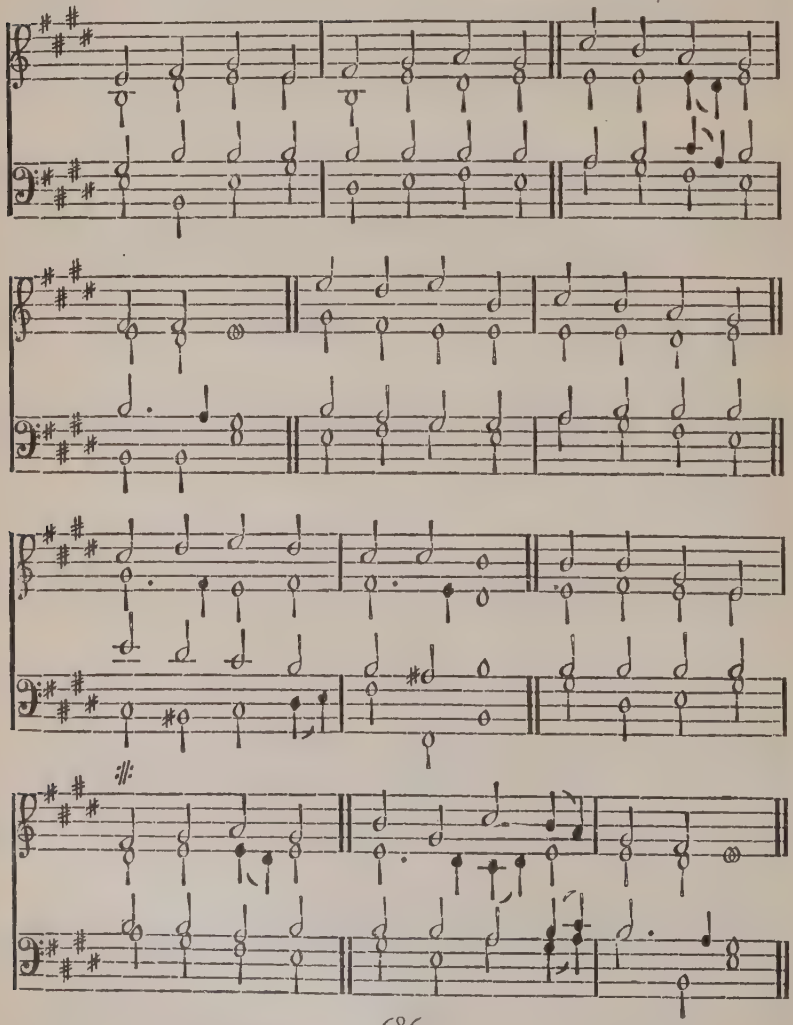
Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often, since, our life had failed
Unless renewed by thee.

To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

276 (First Tune)

St. Thomas (87. 87. 87)

From Samuel Webbe's
'Motetts or Antiphons' (1792)



276

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

PRAISE, my soul, the king of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me his praise should sing?
Praise him! praise him!
Praise the everlasting king!

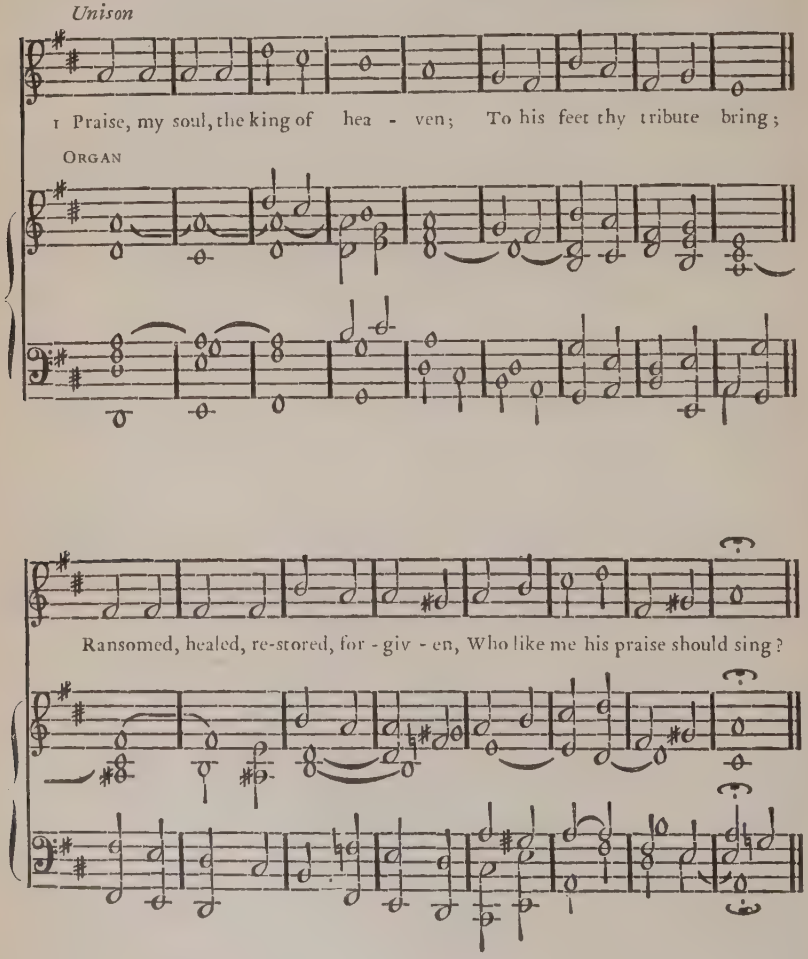
Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him! praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

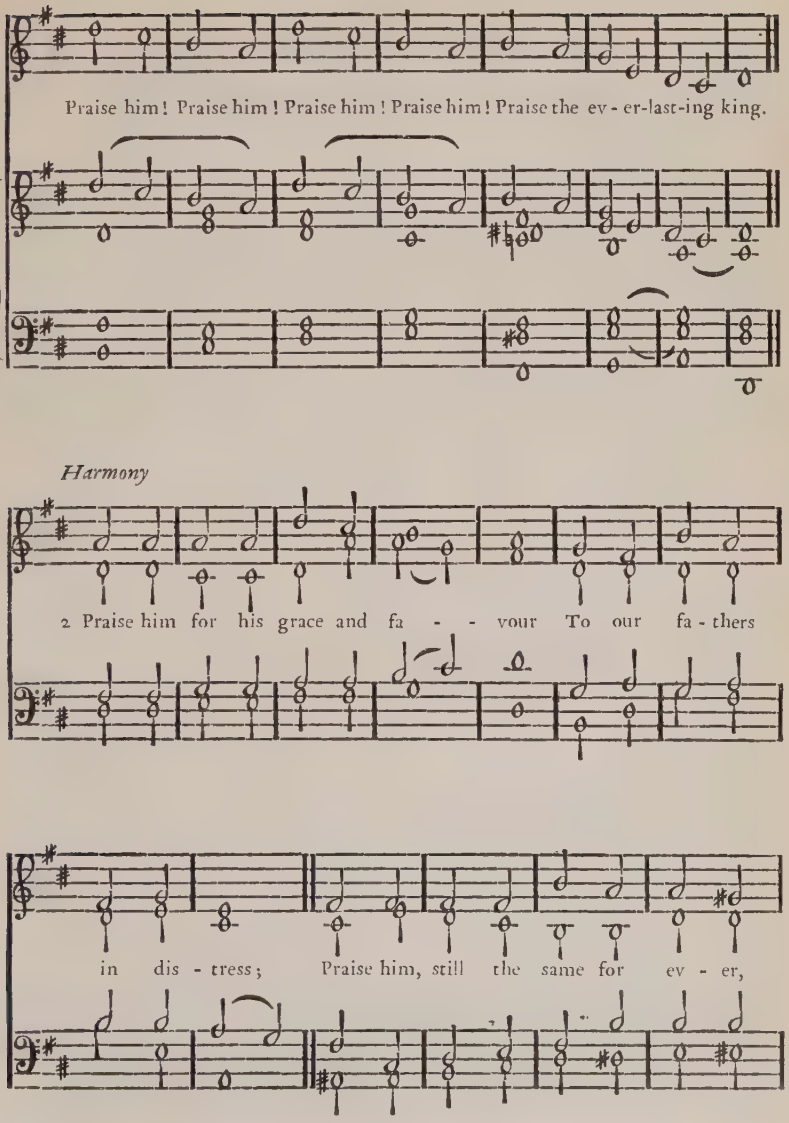
Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise him! praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him,
Dwellers all in time and space;
Praise him! praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace!

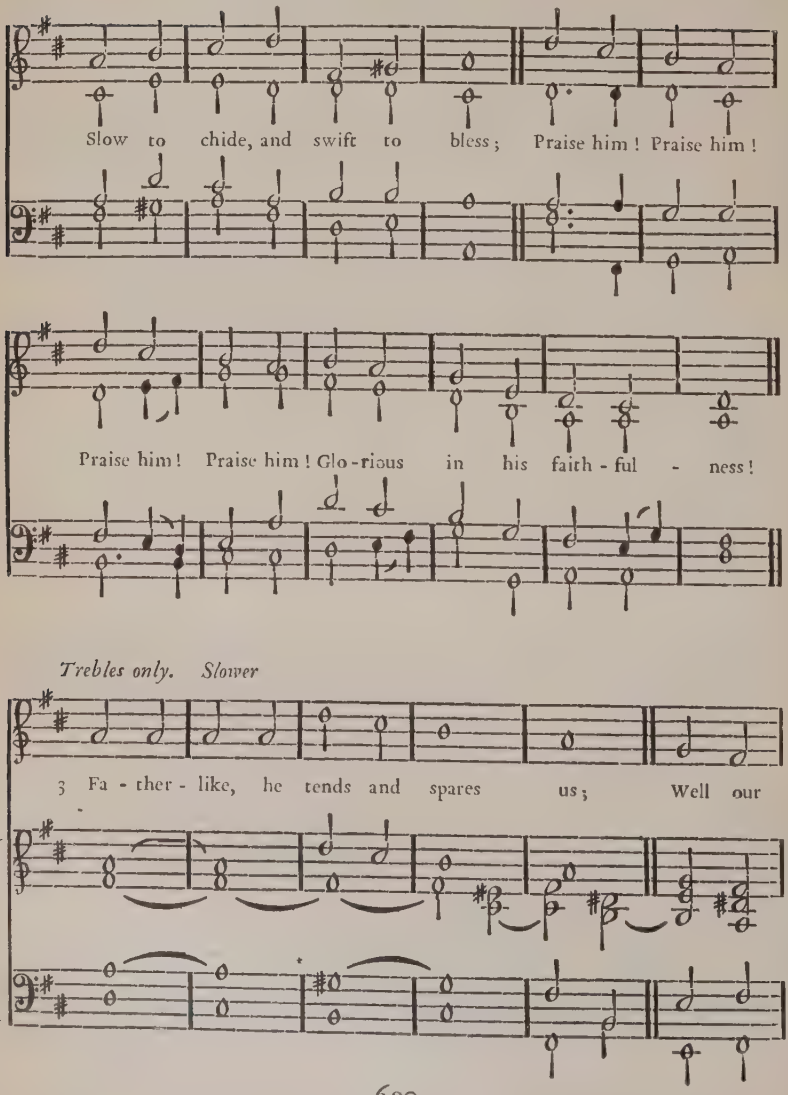
276 (Second Tune)

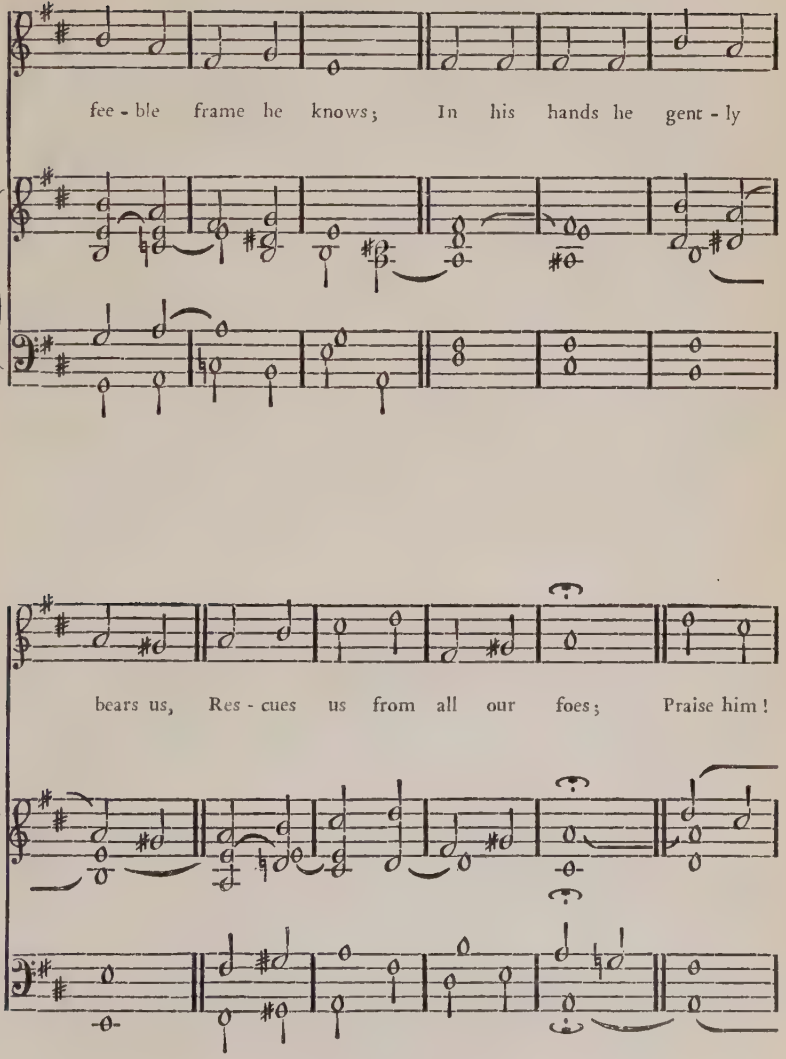
Words by Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)
PRAISE MY SOUL (87.87.87) *Music by John Goss* (1800–1880)


Unison
1 Praise, my soul, the king of hea - ven; To his feet thy tribute bring;
Organ
Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for - giv - en, Who like me his praise should sing?

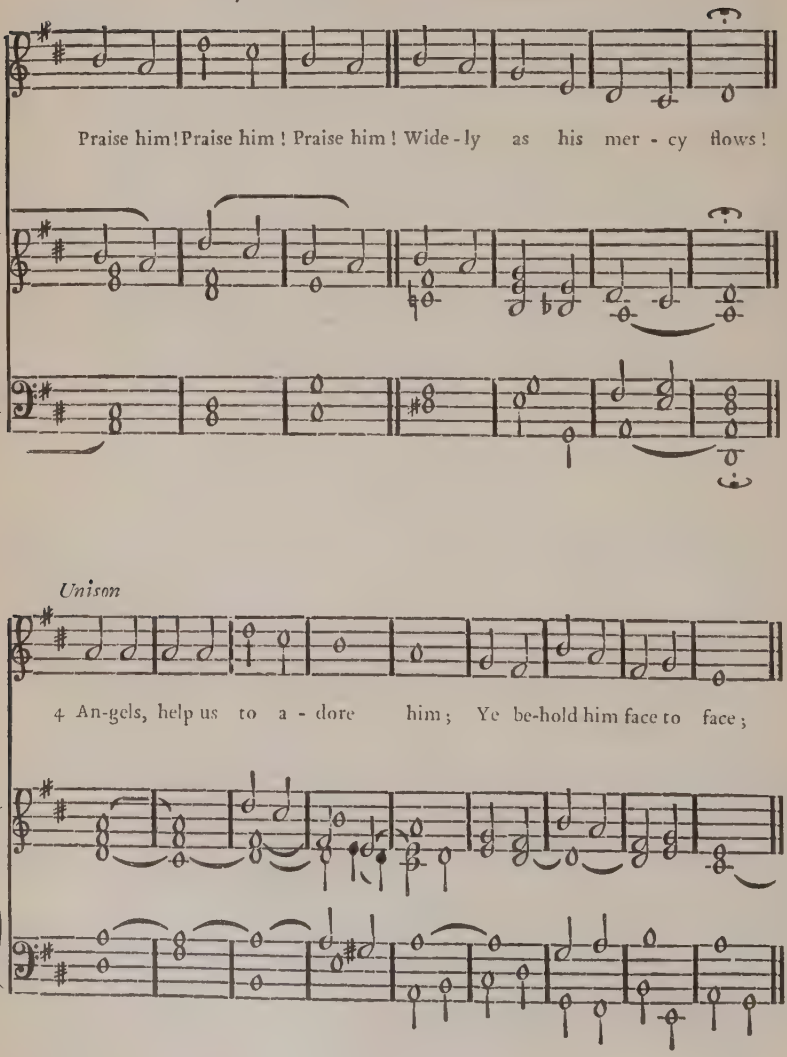

Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise the ev - er-last-ing king.
Harmony
2 Praise him for his grace and fa - - vour To our fa - thers
in dis - tress; Praise him, still the same for ev - er,

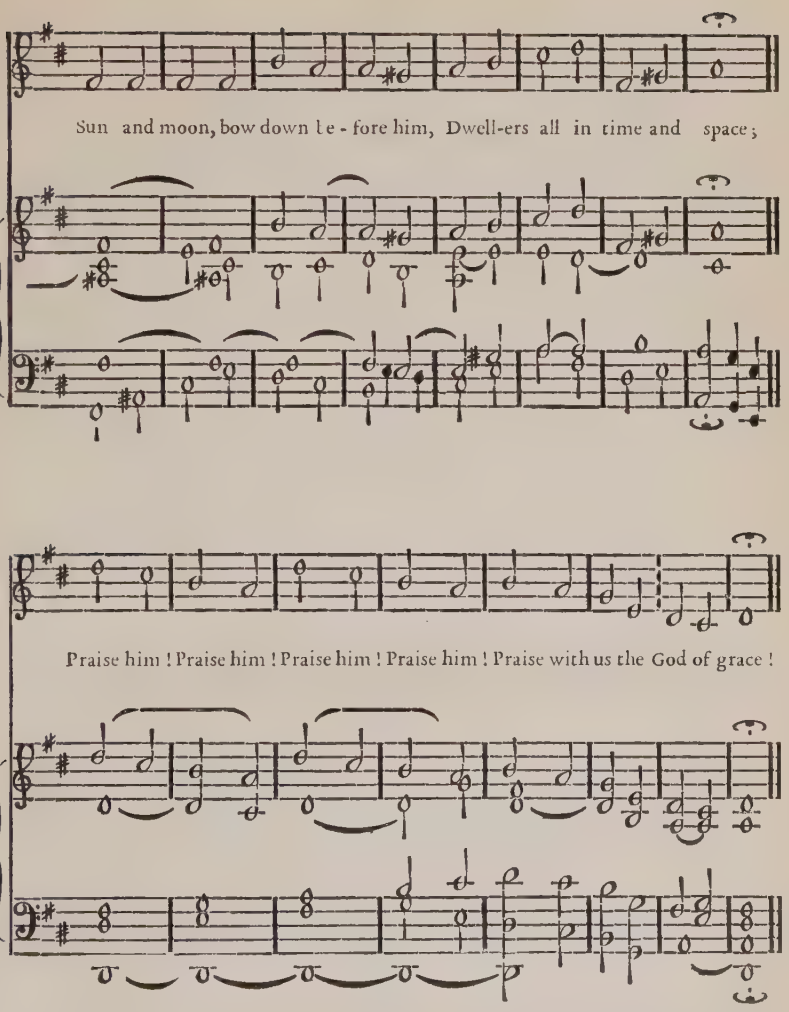
276 (Second Tune) *continued*


Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Praise him! Praise him!
Praise him! Praise him! Glo-rious in his faith-ful - ness!
Trebles only. Slower
3 Fa-ther-like, he tends and spares us; Well our


fee - ble frame he knows; In his hands he gent - ly
bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes; Praise him!

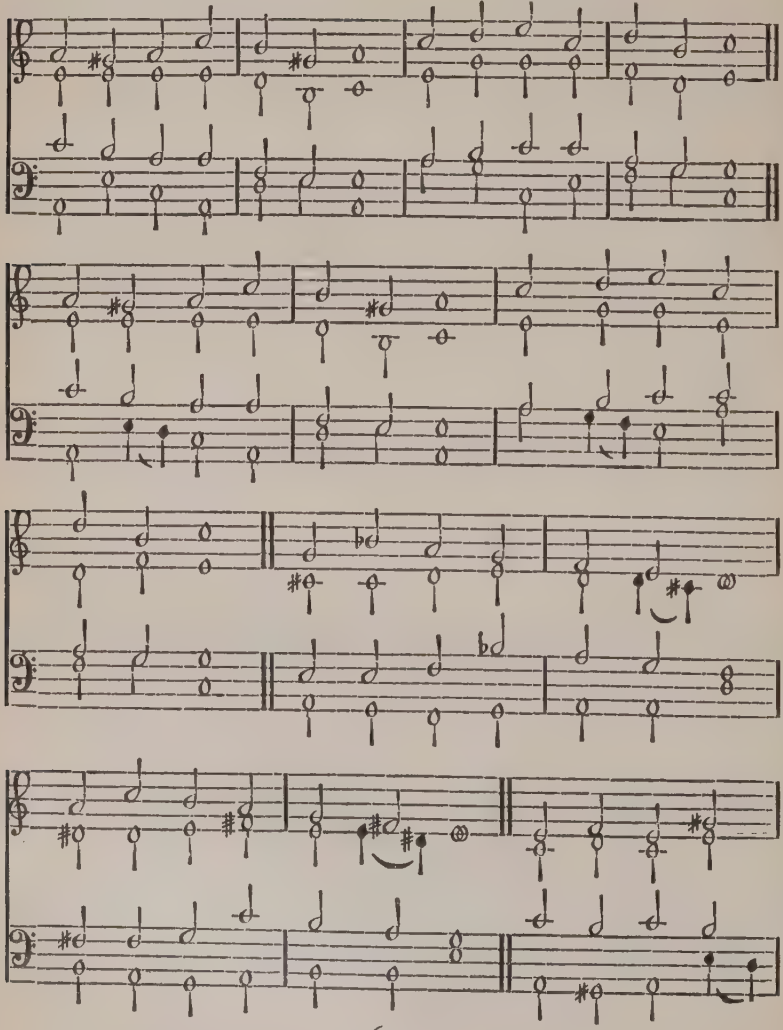
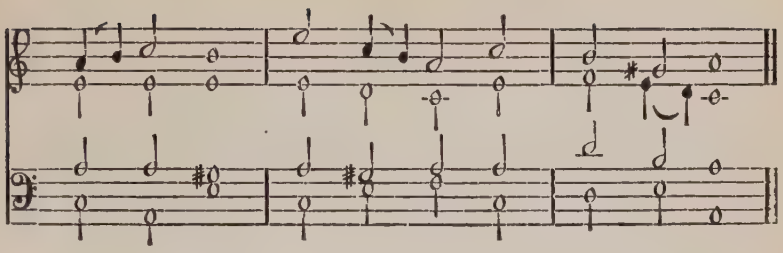
276 (Second Tune) *continued*




Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him, Dwell-ers all in time and space;
Praise him ! Praise him ! Praise him ! Praise him ! Praise with us the God of grace !

277

JEDBURGH (77.77 D.) *John Antes* (1740–1811)



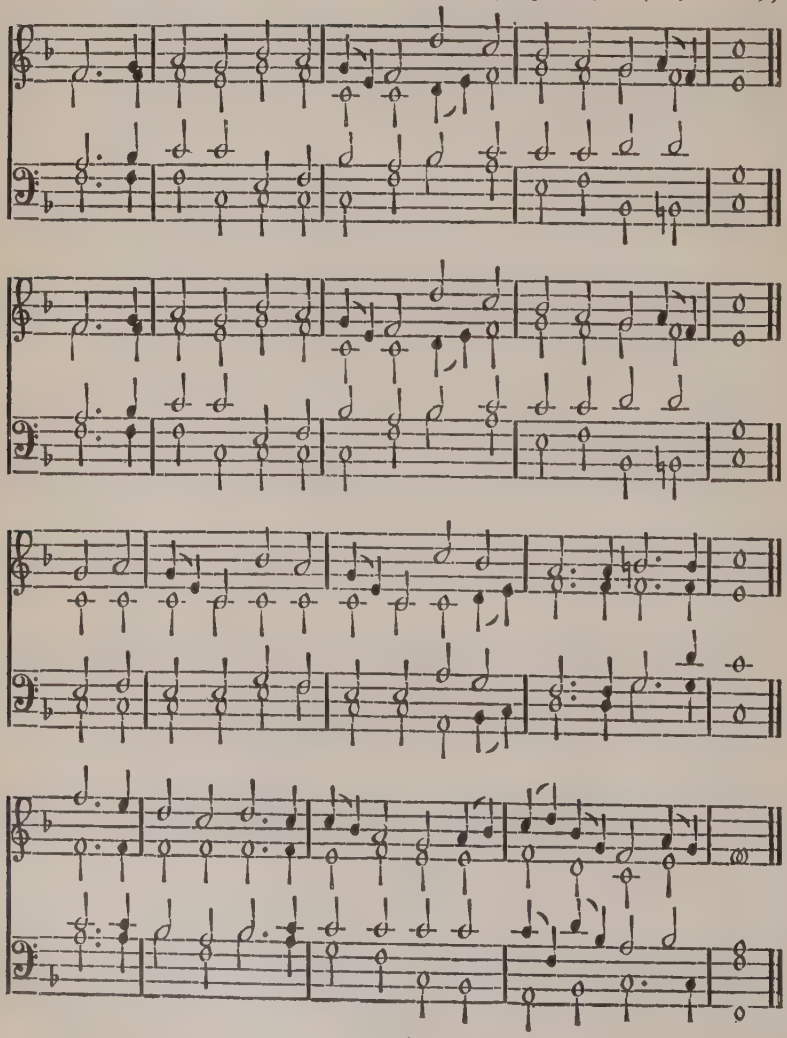
Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847) *Psalm cl*

PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love;
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him evermore!

Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace;
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his son;
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him evermore!

278

AUSTRIA (87. 87 D.) *Franz Joseph Haydn* (1732–1809)



278

Anon. (1796) *Psalm cxlviii*

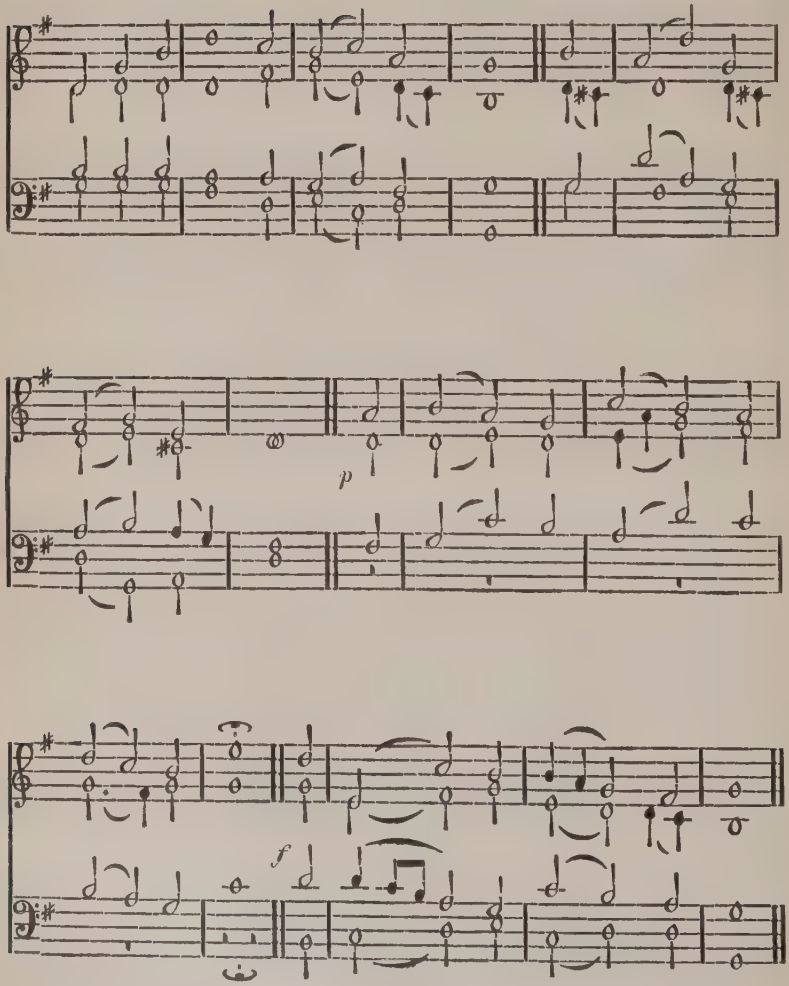
PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance hath he made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

279 (First Tune)

RICHMOND (C.M.)

Thomas Haweis (1732–1820)
Altered by Samuel Webbe



279

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

Oh loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

Oh wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

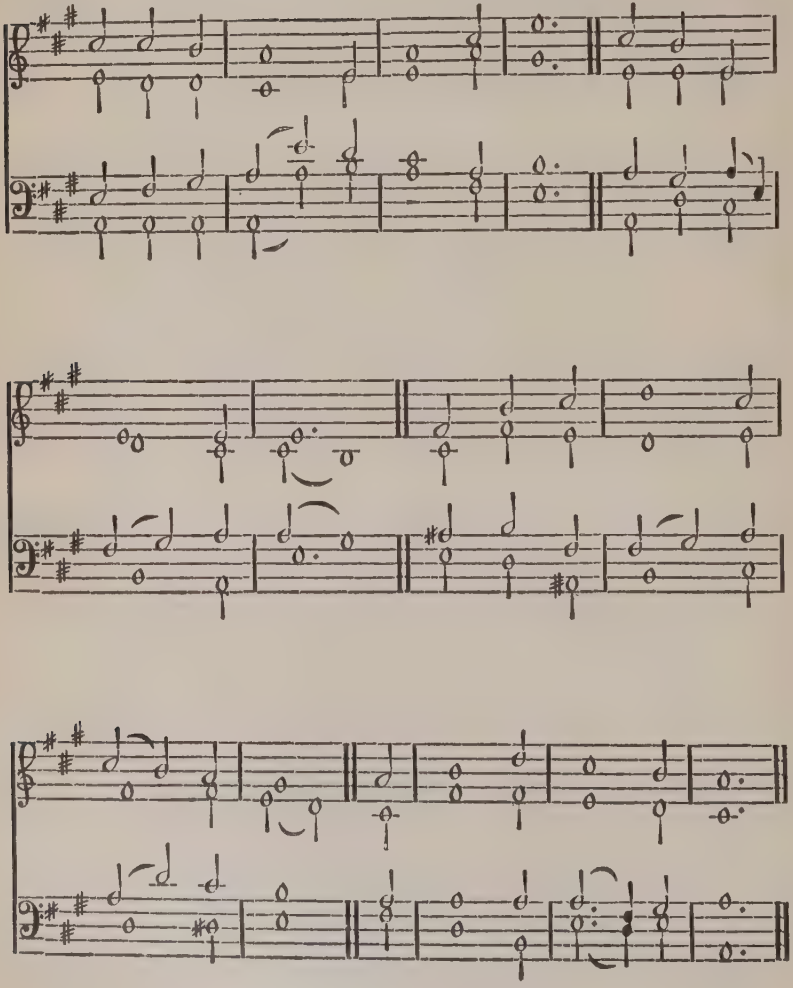
Oh generous love! that he who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

279 (Second Tune)

Gerontius (c.m.) *John Bacchus Dykes* (1823–1876)



279

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

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And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

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Should strive and should prevail;

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Should flesh and blood refine,
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And Essence all-divine.

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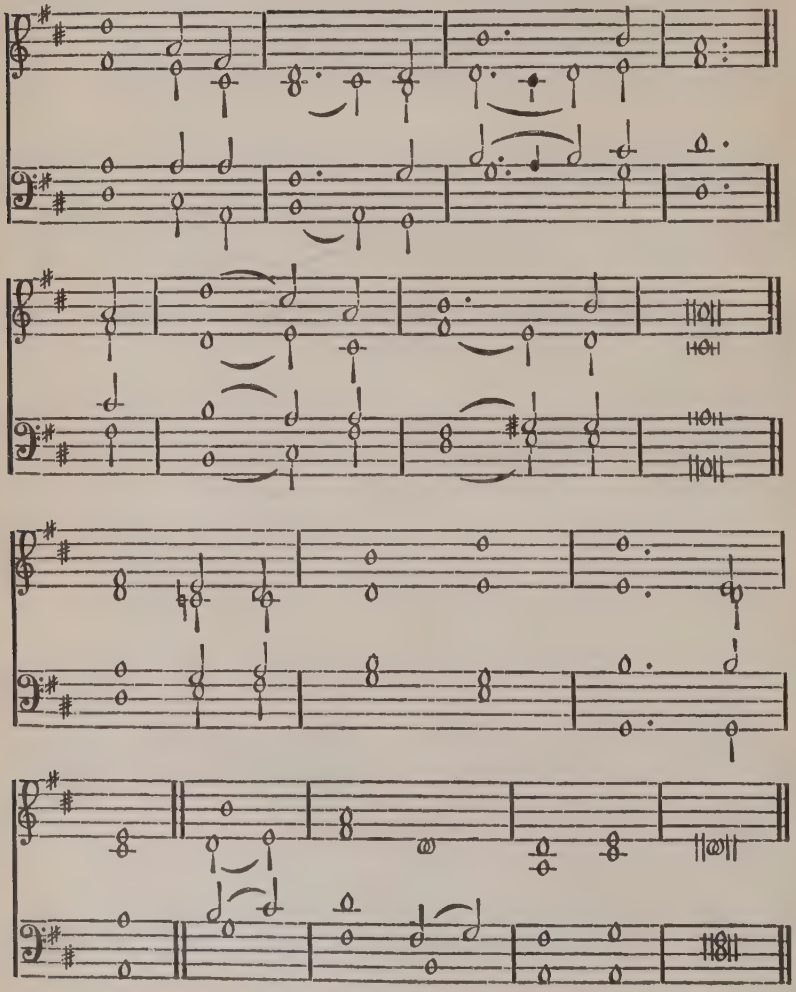
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

279 (Third Tune)

Hebdomadal (c.m.) *Thomas Banks Strong* (1861–)



279

John Henry Newman (1801–1890)

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

Oh loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

Oh wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

Oh generous love! that he who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

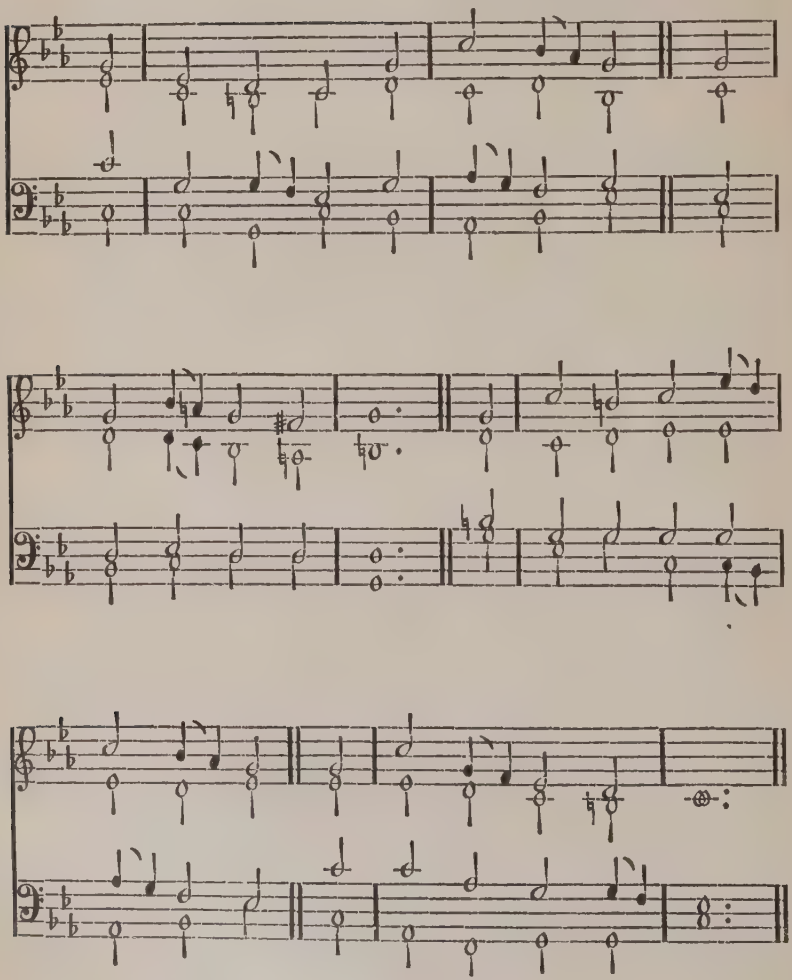
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

280

William Tans'ur, alias Tanzer (c. 1706–1783)
in The Harmony of Zion (1734)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley

BANGOR (C.M.)



280

Thomas Gisborne (*born c. 1760*)

PREPARED the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand;
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet
Await thy Lord's command.

Seek, soldier, pilgrim, seek thine home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more;

Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane;

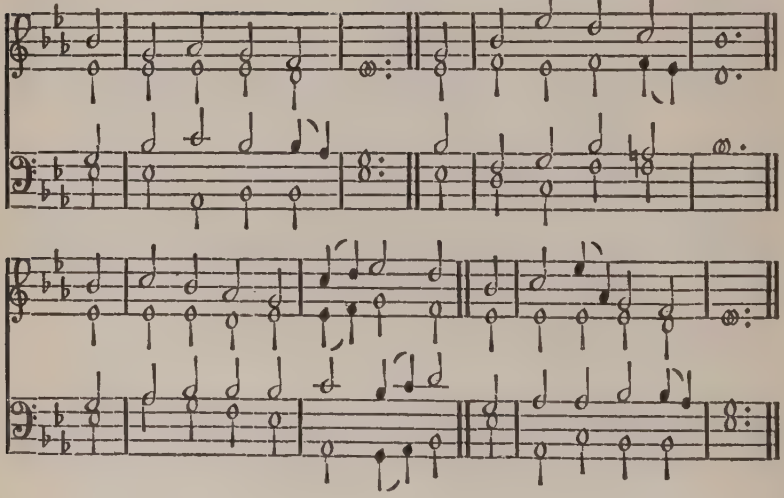
Where founts of life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace;

Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

281 (First Tune)

BOWDEN (S.M.)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



John Wesley (1703–1791)

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in his strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

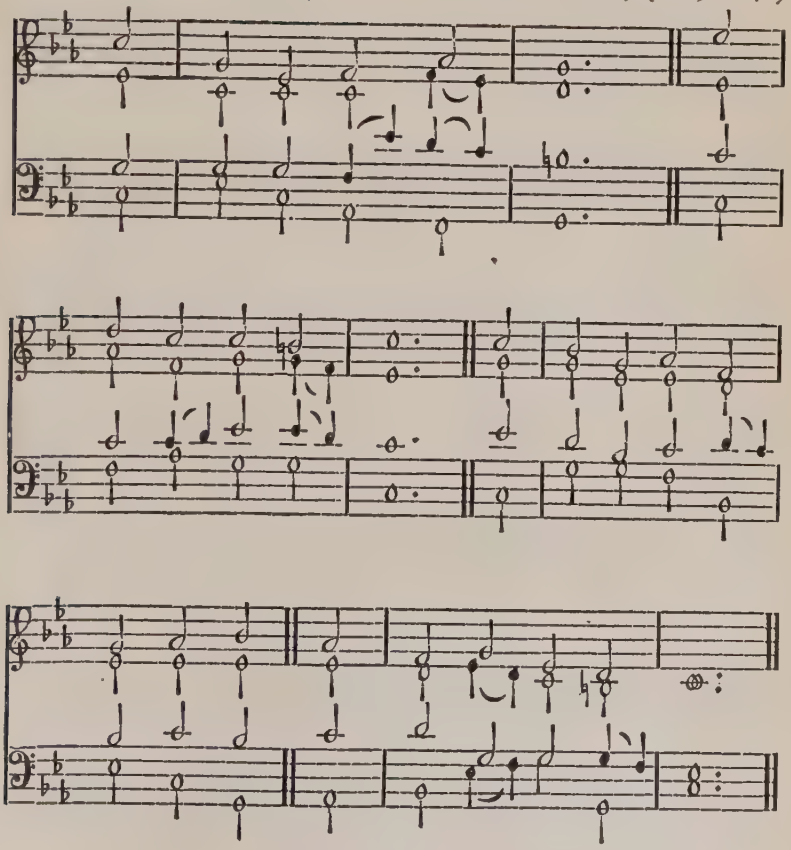
Commit thy ways to him,
Thy works into his hands,
And rest on his unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide his path,
The promised grace is sure.

281 (Second Tune)

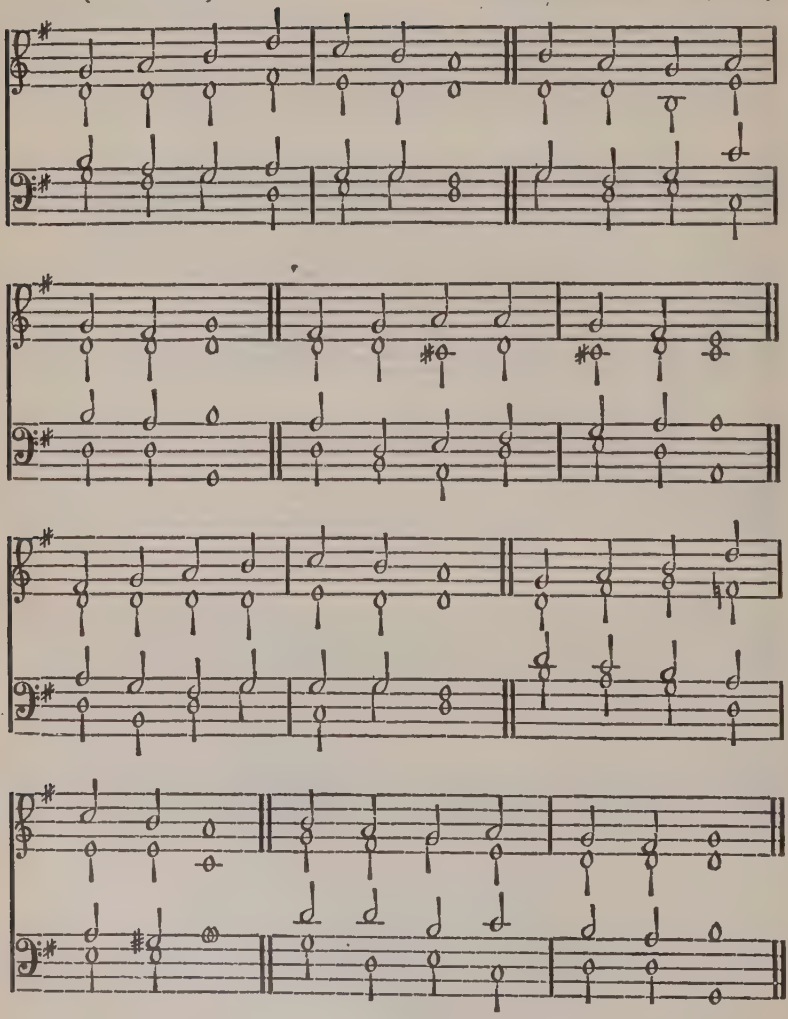
LEIPZIG (S.M.)

Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809–1847)



Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way:
Wait thou his time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

282

CASSEL (77.77.77) *Gnadauer Choralbuch* (1784)

282

John Newton (1725–1807)

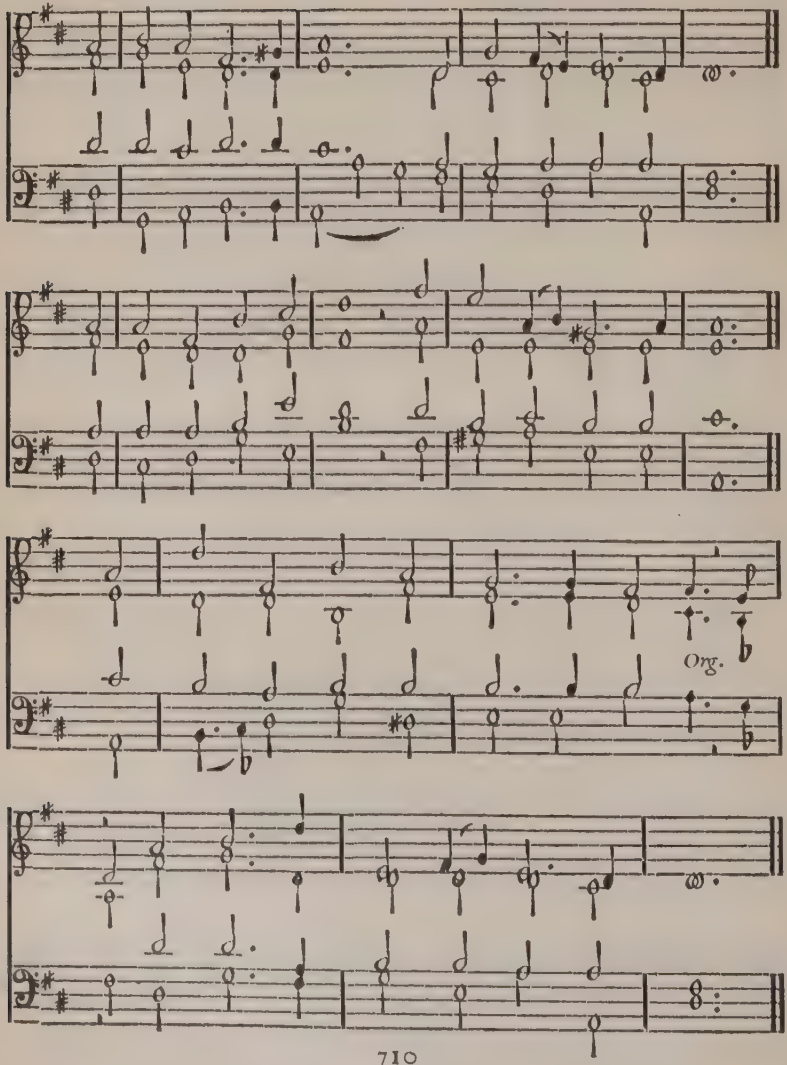
QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

283 (First Tune)

Gopsal (66.66.88) *George Frederick Handel* (1685–1759)



283

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.

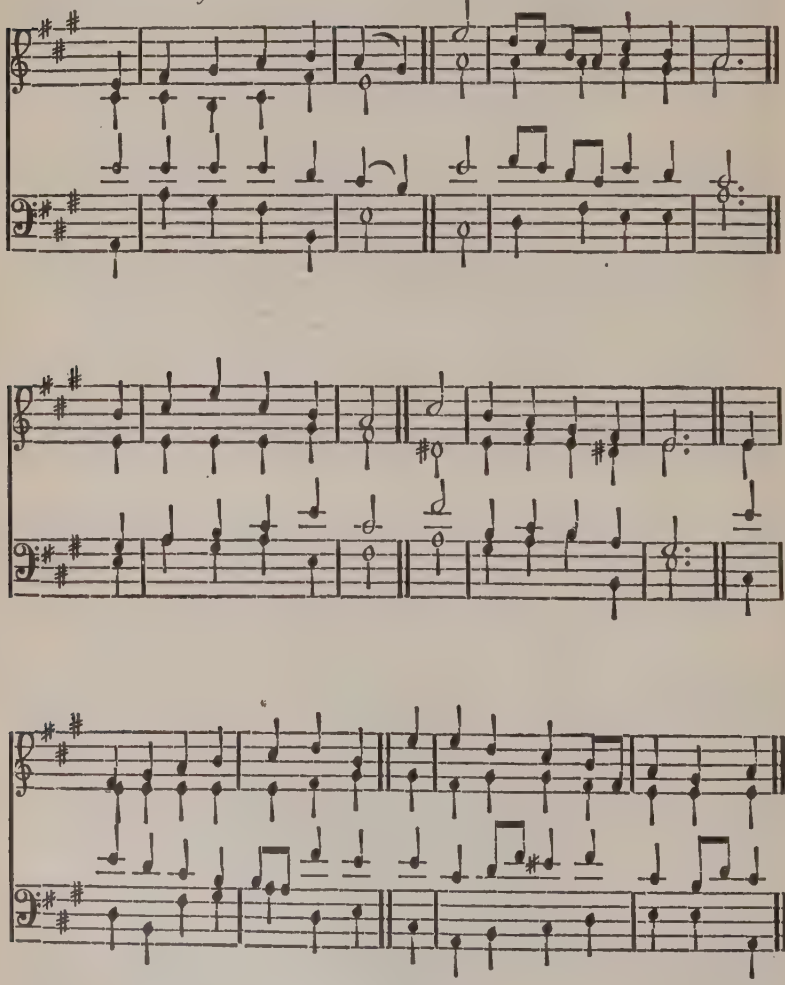
He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

283 (Second Tune)

HAREWOOD (66.66.88) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)

Slow and stately



283

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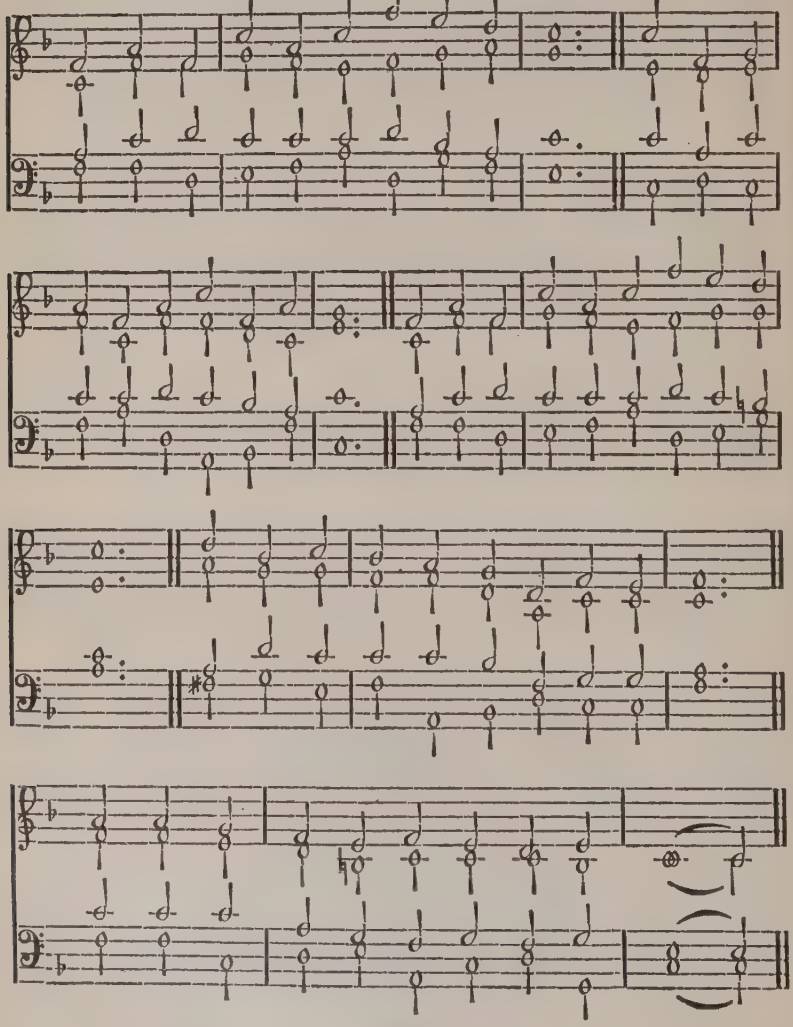
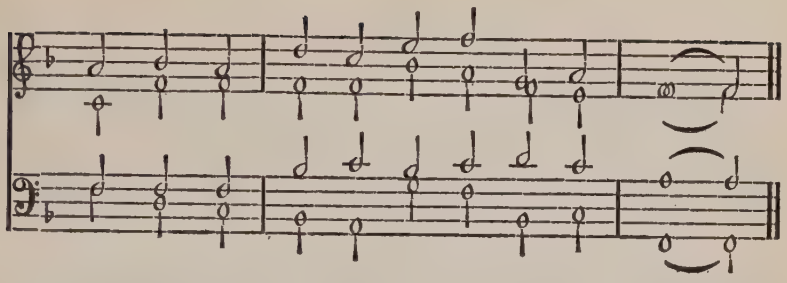
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

284

GROVESEND (1010. 1010. 1010) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)



Walter Raleigh? (1552–1618)

RISE, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
But down in midnight darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die!

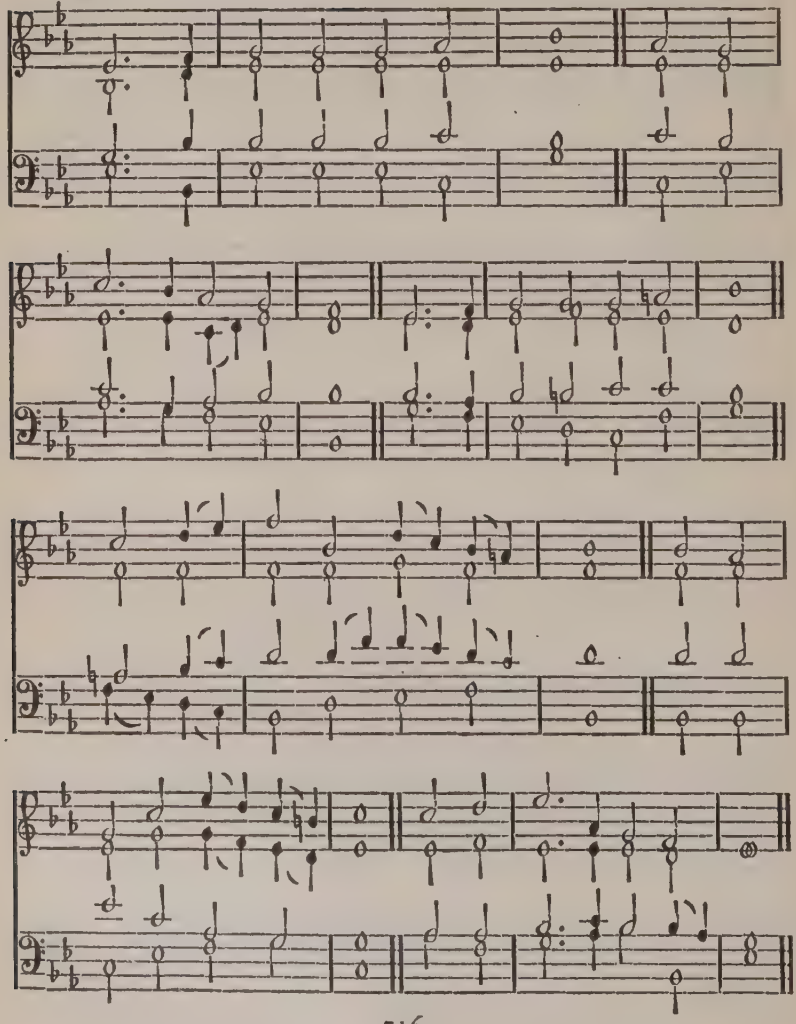
And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die!
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu! I direct my eye,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees;
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice;
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees:
To thee myself, myself and all I give;
To thee I die; to thee I only live!

285 (First Tune)

St. Austin (77.77.77)
Quite slow

Richard Cecil (1748–1810)
(slightly altered)



285

Augustus Montague Toplady (1740–1778)

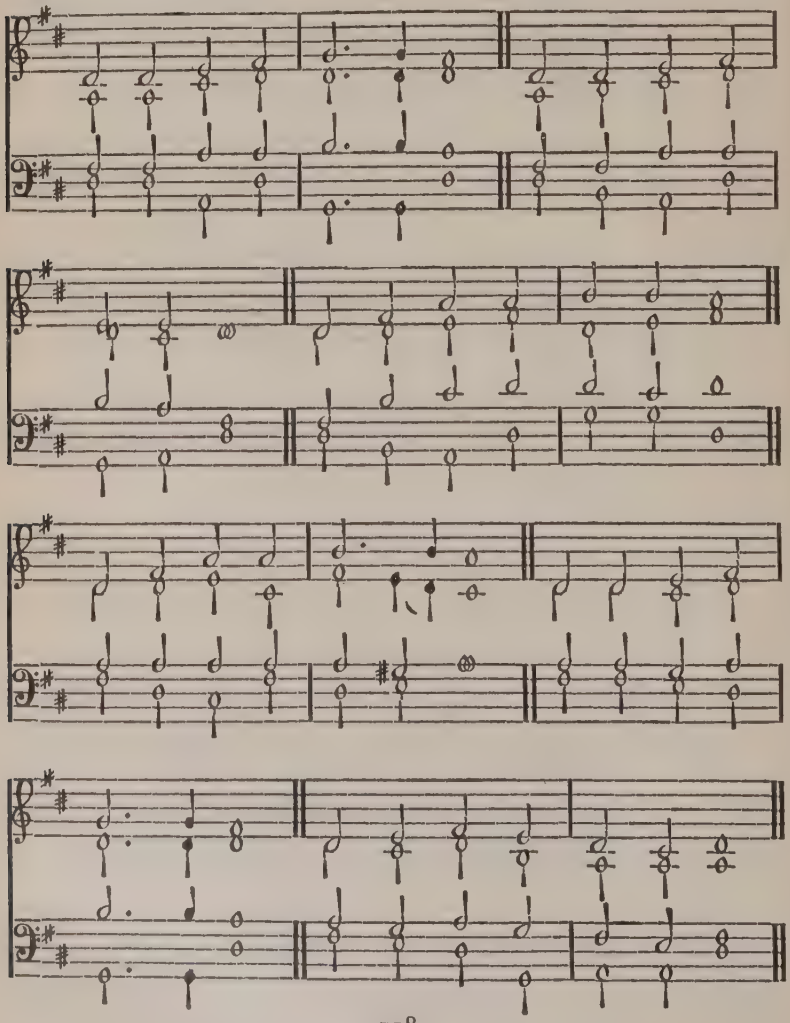
ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgement throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

285 (Second Tune)

Redhead No. 76 (77.77.77) *Richard Redhead* (1820–1901)

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Helpless, look to thee for grace;
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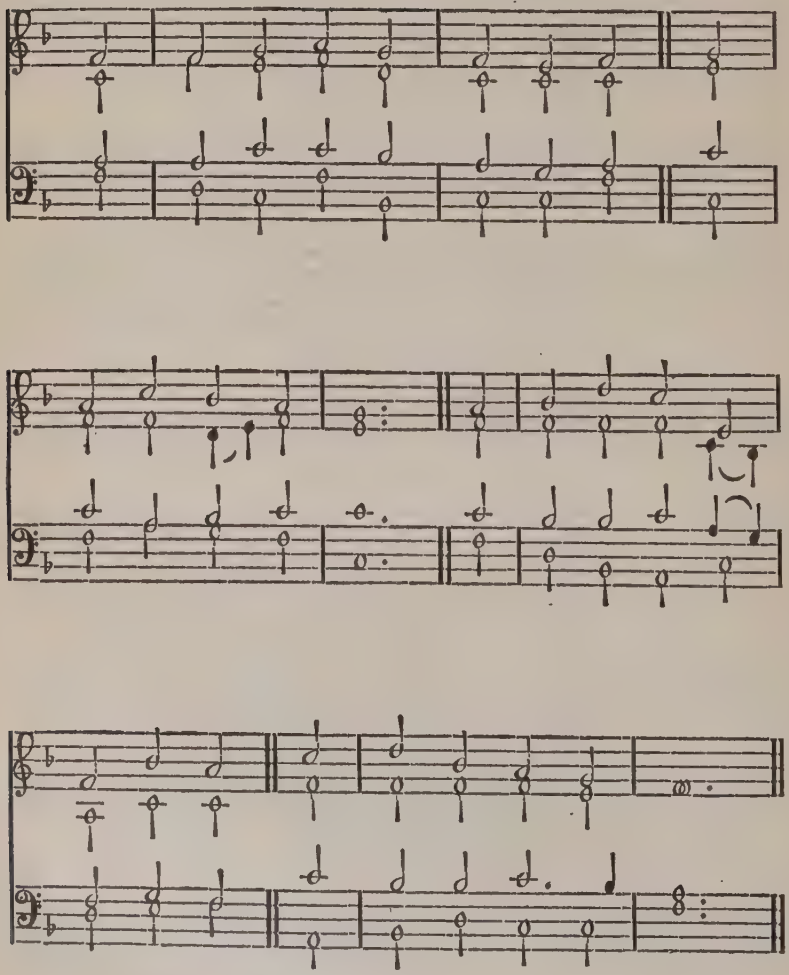
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgement throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

286

ST. ETHELDREDA (C.M.) *Thomas Turton* (1780–1864)



286

John Wesley (1703–1791)
and Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh let our souls on thee be cast
In never ceasing prayer.

The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

Till thou the perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
'I will not let thee go.'

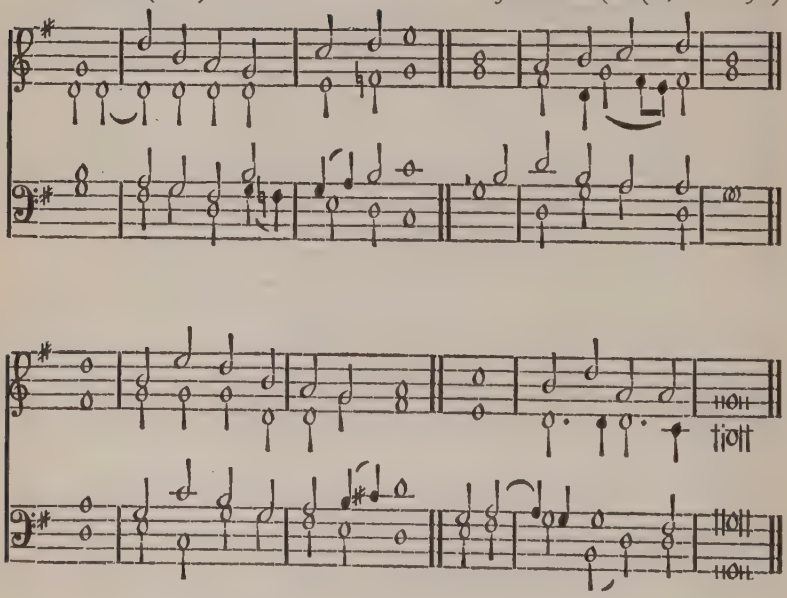
I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

287 (First Tune)

GLOUCESTER (C.M.)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. adapted from
John Tomkins (1586–1638)



Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)

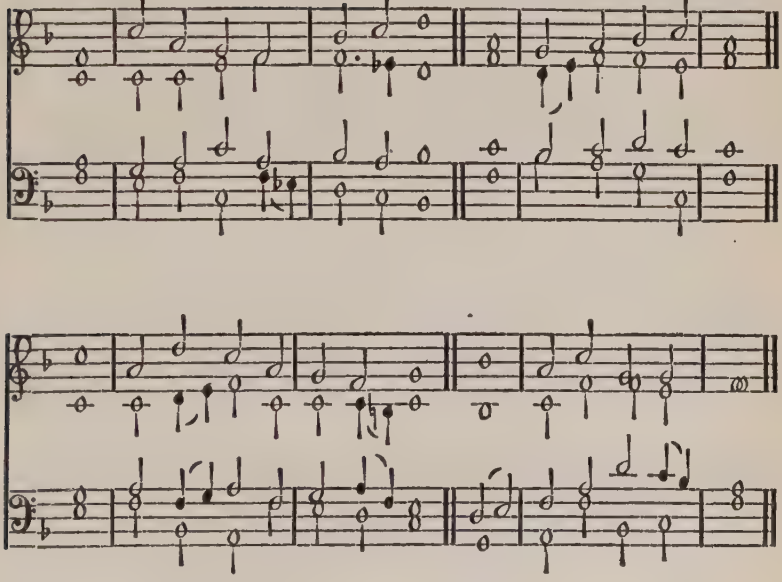
SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
Oh let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine!

Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

287 (Second Tune)

Gloucester (c.m.)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

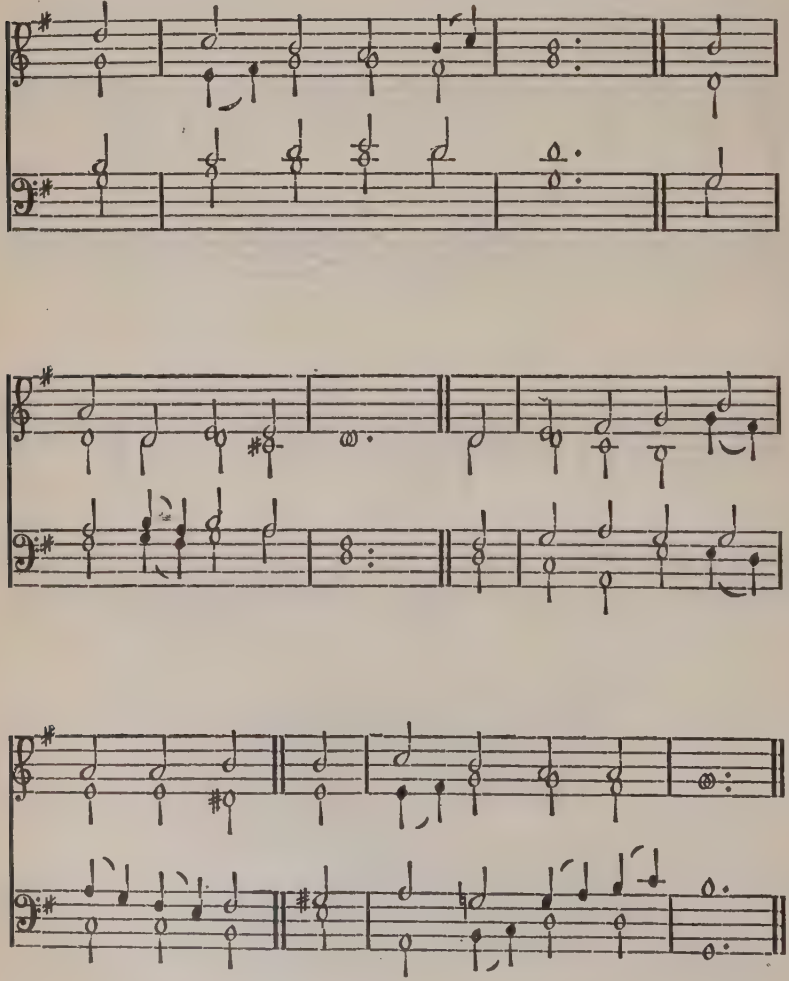


With thee let every week begin,
  With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
  Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
  Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
  With everlasting peace.

288

ST. ETHELWALD (S.M.) *William Henry Monk* (1823–1889)



288

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

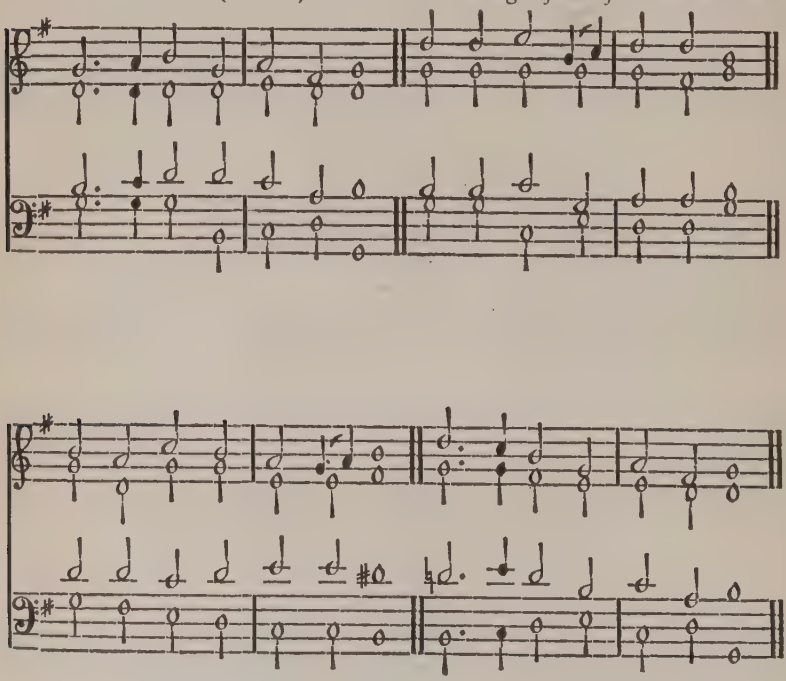
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

289

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS (77.77)

? Pierre de Corbeil (? –1222)
Modern abridged form of 'Prose de l'âne'



289

Anon. (18*th cent.*?)
Trans. John Haldenby Clark

PUGNATE, CHRISTI MILITES

SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe;
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

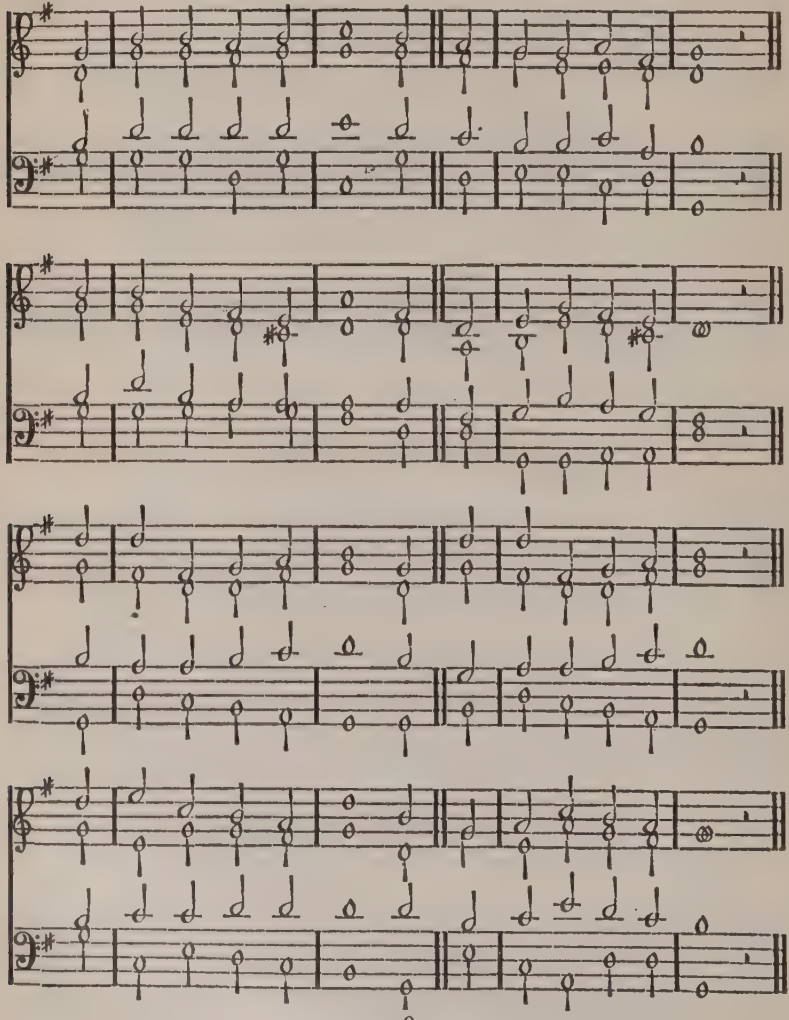
Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God himself is thy reward.

Father, who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by whose death we live,
Spirit, who our hearts doth raise,
Three in One, thy name we praise.

290 (First Tune)

Anon.

Schwyz (76. 76 D.)

European Psalmist (1872)

290

William Cowper (1731–1800)

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

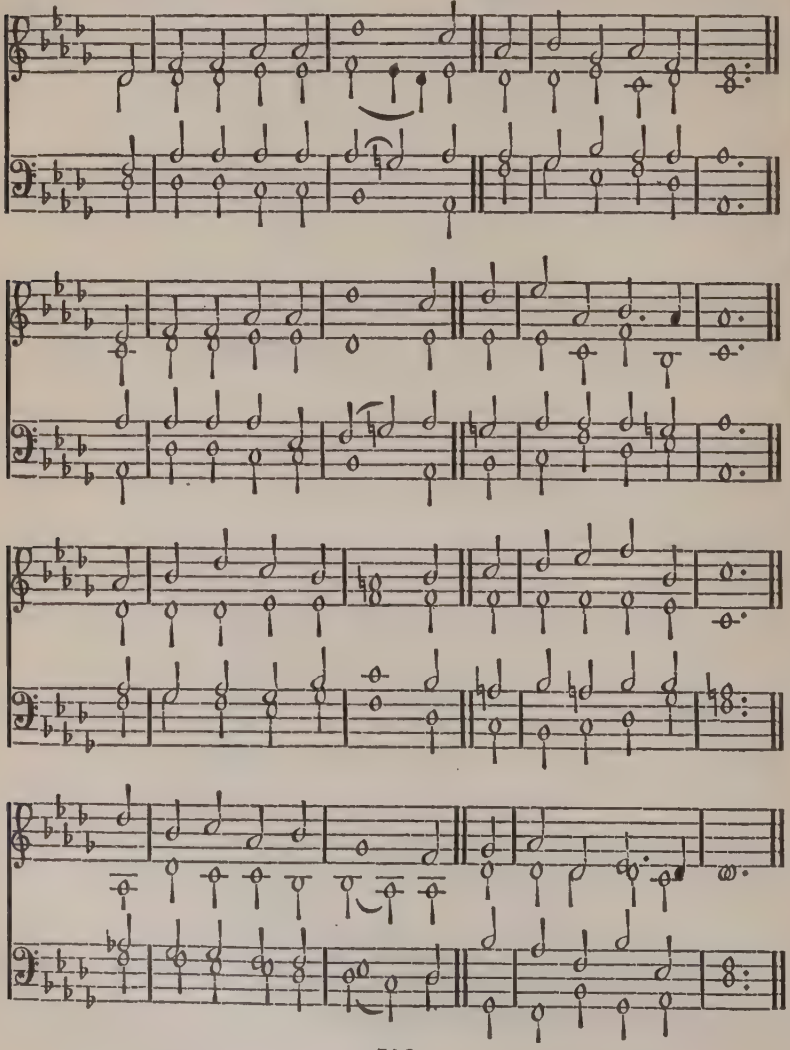
In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

290 (Second Tune)

St. Catharine (76.76 D.) *Reginald Francis Dale* (1845–)



290

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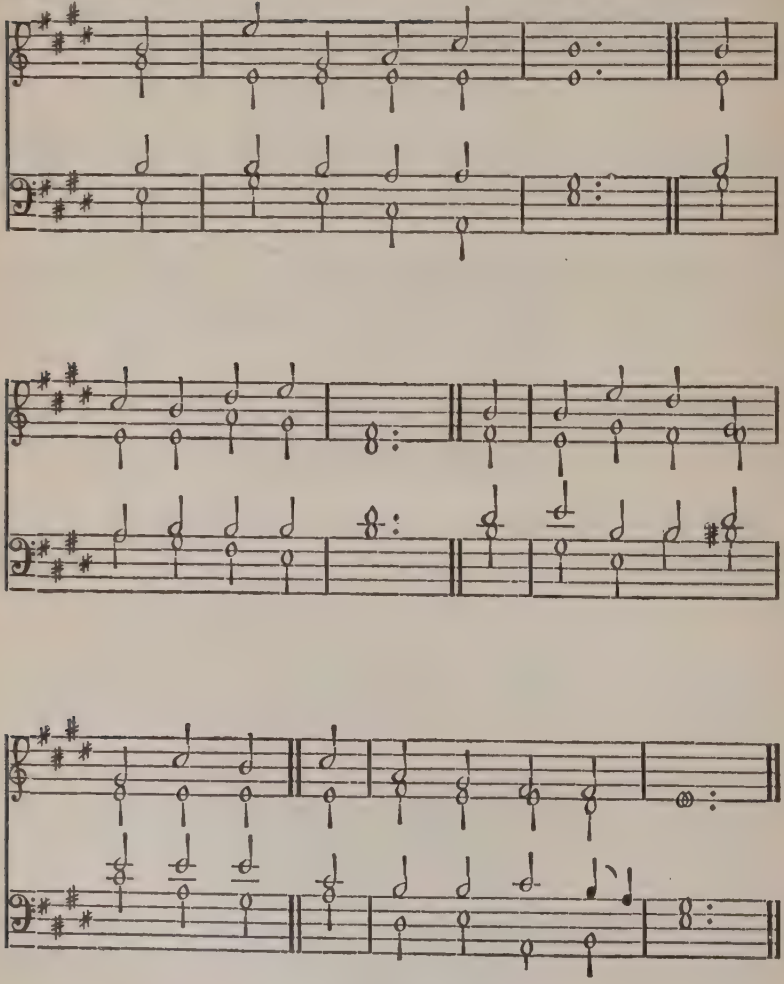
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

291

BETHLEHEM (S.M.) *Samuel Wesley* (1766–1837)



291

James Montgomery (1771–1854)

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

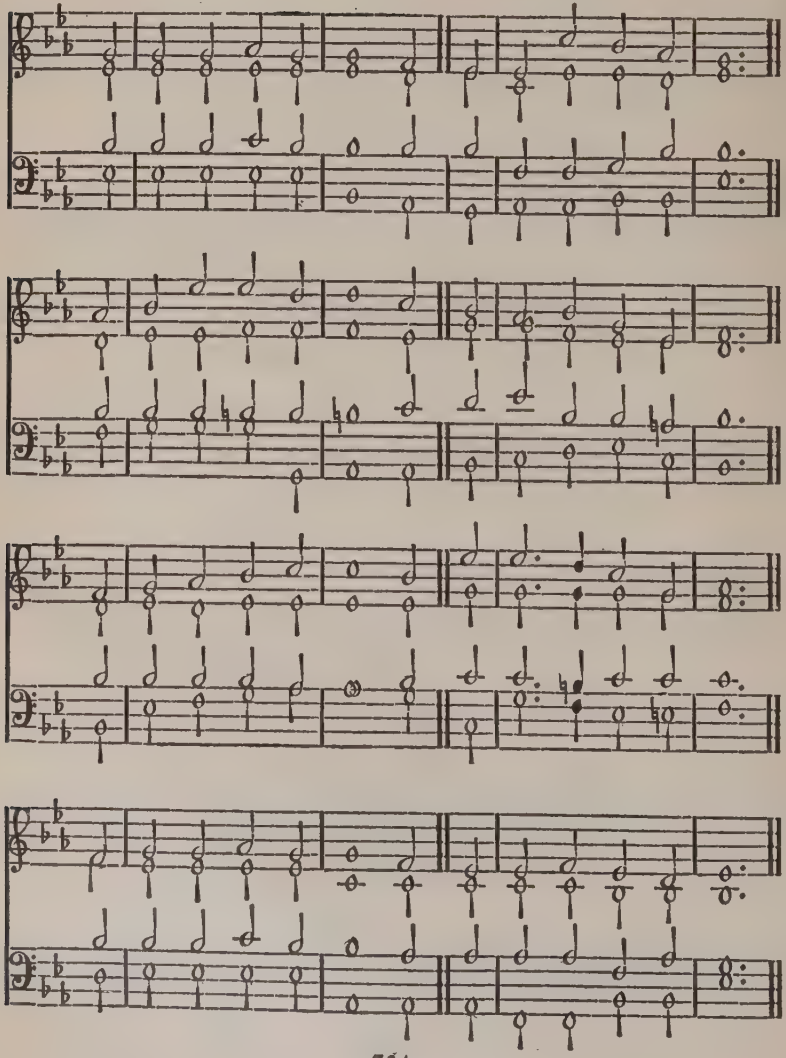
Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

292

AURELIA (76.76 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



292

Samuel John Stone (1839–1901)

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

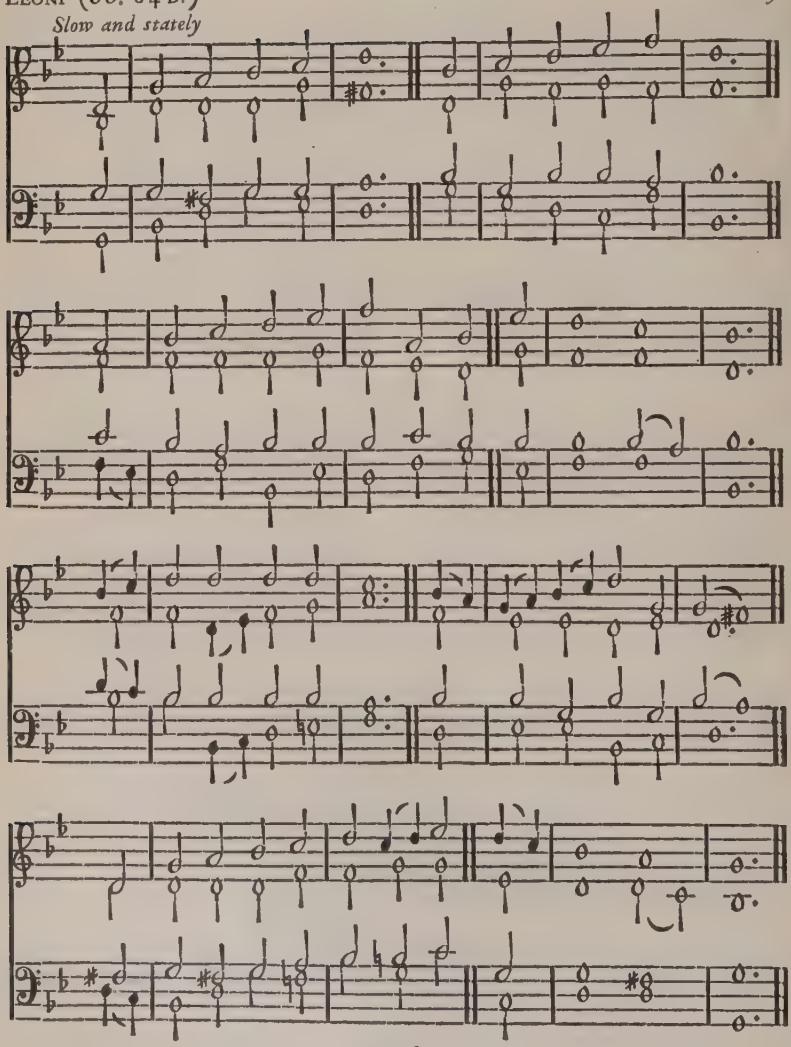
Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
Oh happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

293

LEONI (66. 84 D.)

Hebrew Melody

Slow and stately



293

Anon. (*Hebrew*)
Trans. Thomas Oliver (1725–1799)

THE God of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love,
Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heaven confessed;
We bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way
At his command:
The watery deep we pass,
With Jesus in our view;
And through the howling wilderness
Our way pursue.

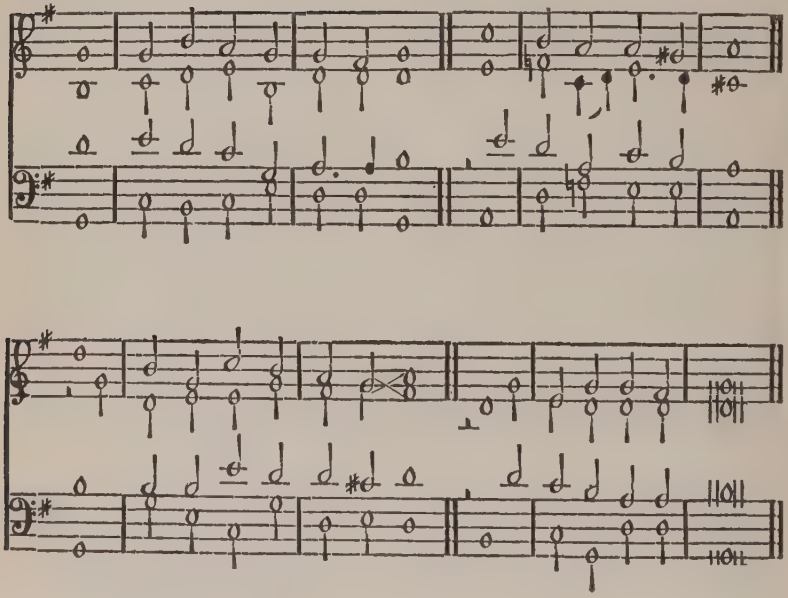
The goodly land we see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays);
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

294 (First Tune)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft

ABBEY (C.M.)
Slow



George Herbert (1593–1633) *Psalm xxiii*

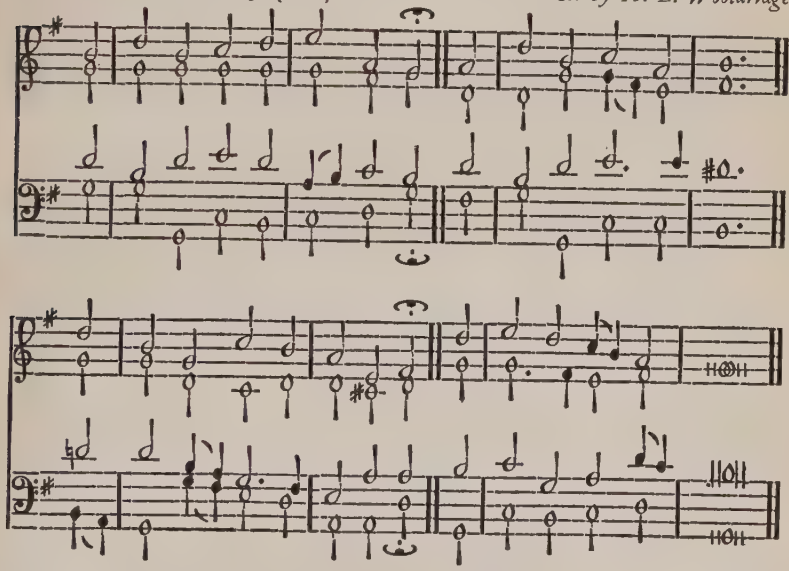
THE God of love my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed;
While he is mine and I am his,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

294 (Second Tune)

YATTENDON PSALM 23 (C.M.)

English Print (1732)
Set by H. E. Wooldridge



Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame,
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

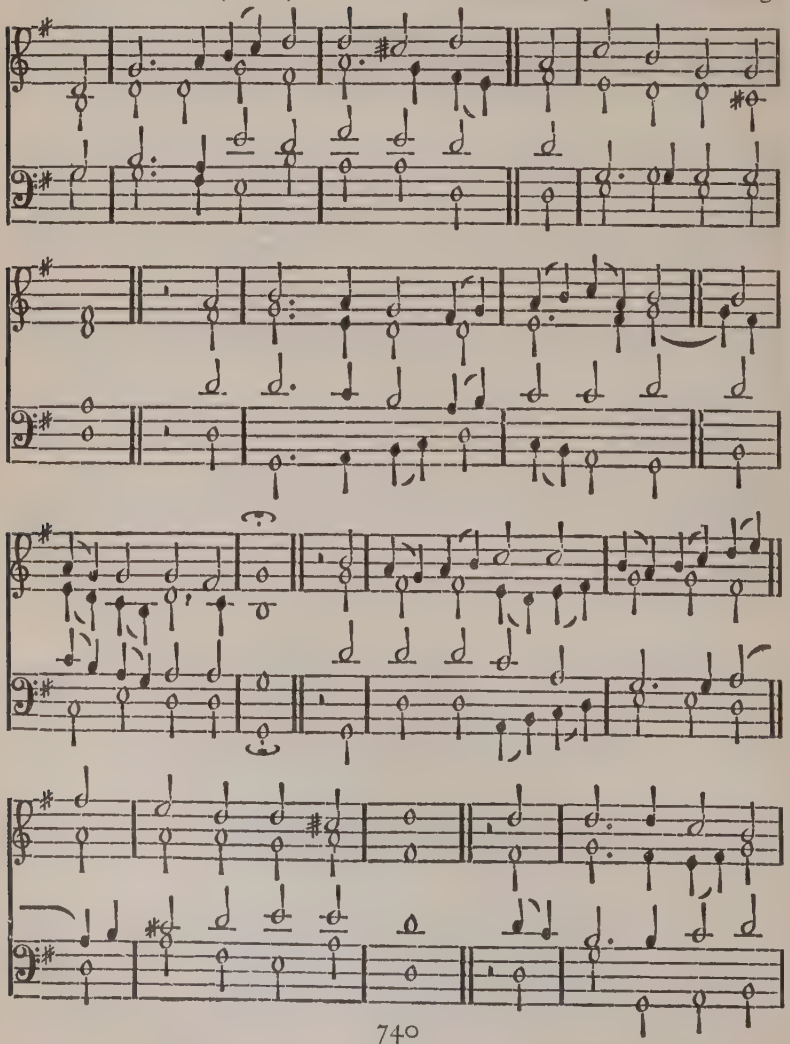
Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

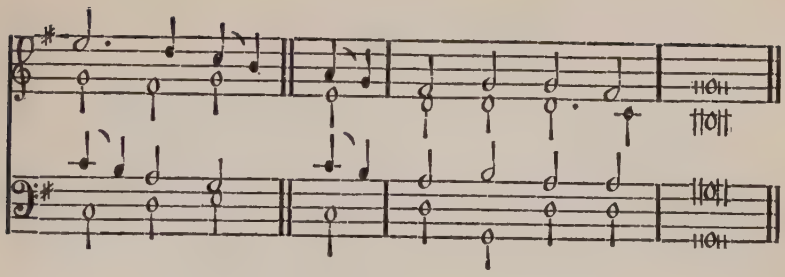
Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

295 (First Tune)

Christopher Tye (c. 1510–1572)
from '*The Actes of the Apostles*' (1553)
Last 5-bar section by H. E. Wooldridge

YATTENDON NO. 15 (D.C.M.)





Thomas Kelly (1769–1854)

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light;

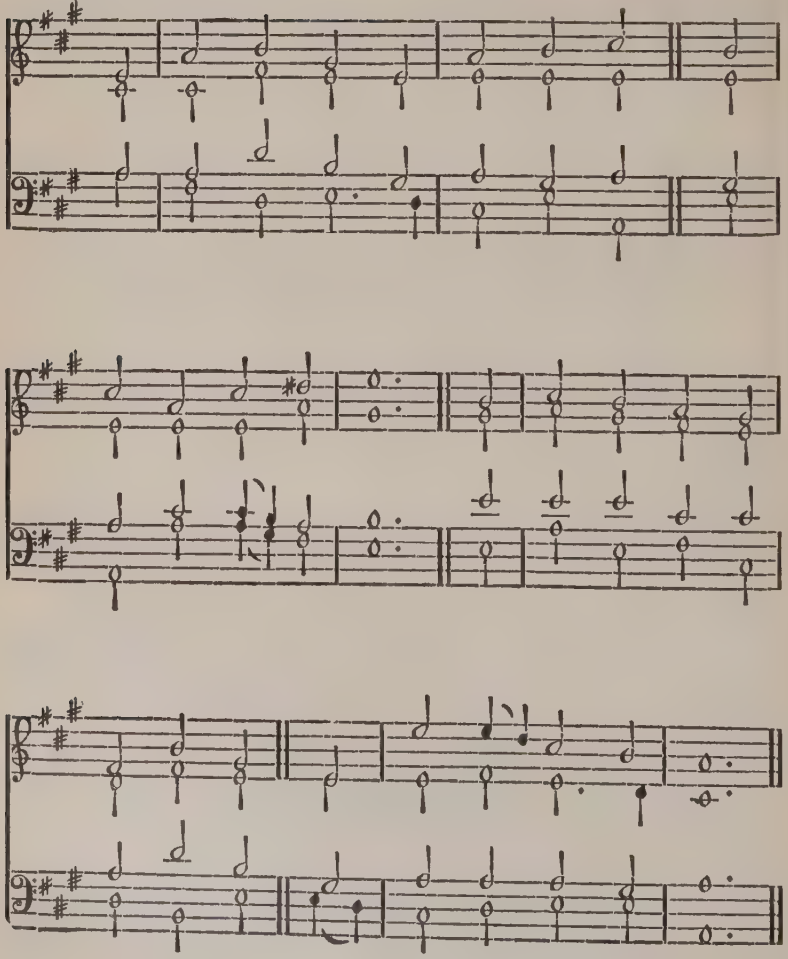
The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.
The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

295 (Second Tune)

Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Melody from Playford's 'Divine Companion', 3rd edition (1709)

St. Magnus (c.m.)



295

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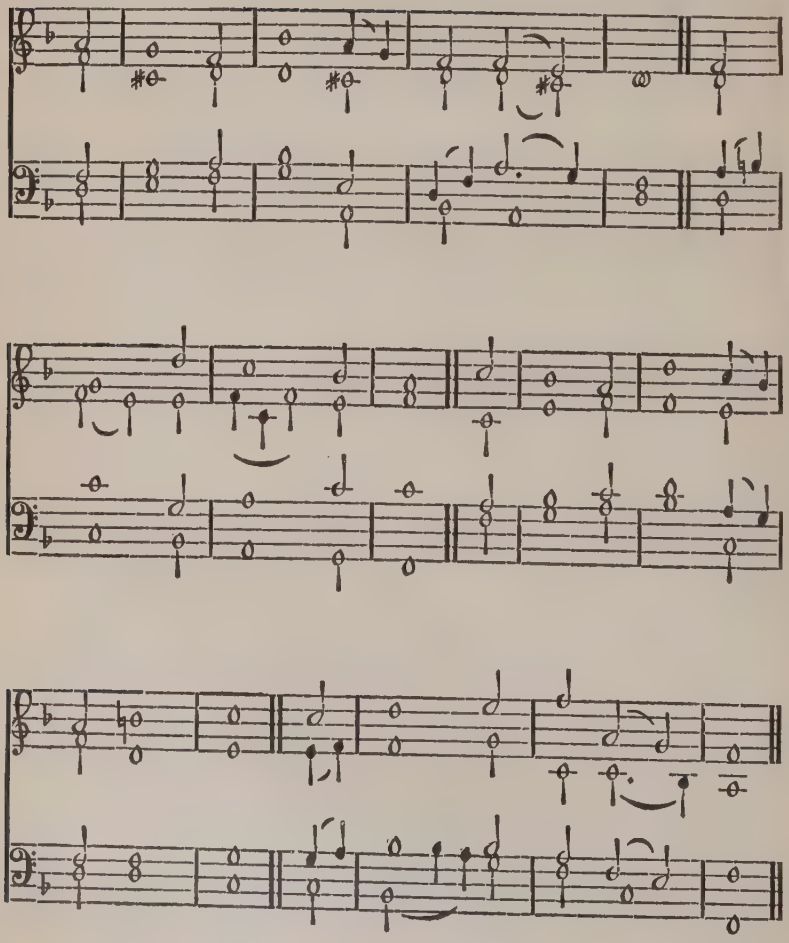
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

296

Melody by Frederick William Herschel (1738–1822)
Harm. by Alfred Pettet

HERSCHEL (C.M.)
Slow



296

William Drennan (1754–1820)

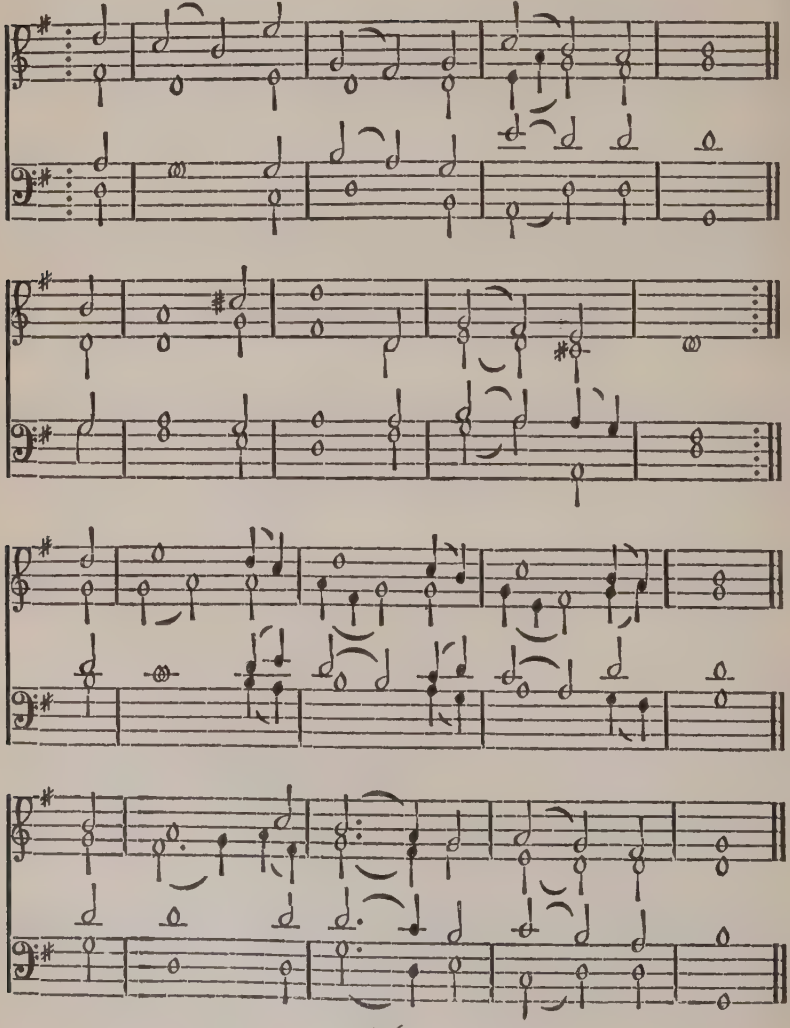
THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seeks the mercies of his God
Is ever near his throne.

297

SURREY (CAREY'S) (88.88.88) *Henry Carey* (c. 1690–1743)



297

Joseph Addison (1672–1719) *Psalm xxiii*

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

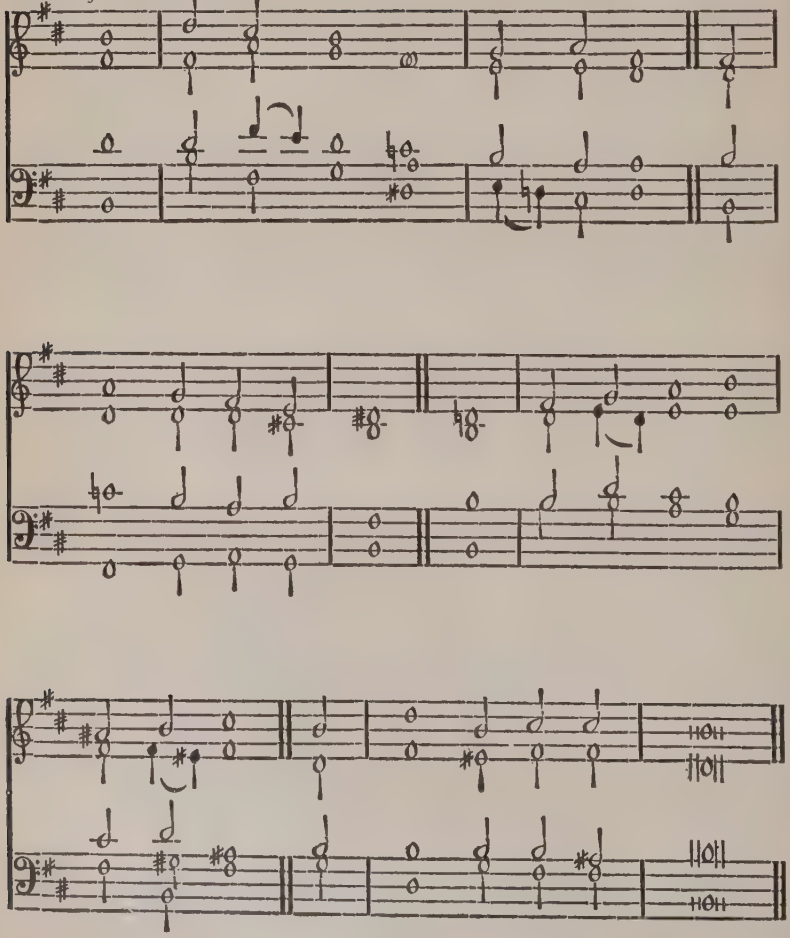
Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

298

Melody from Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley
(*slightly altered*)

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL (C.M.)

In free time



298

William Cowper (1731–1800)

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that 's good.

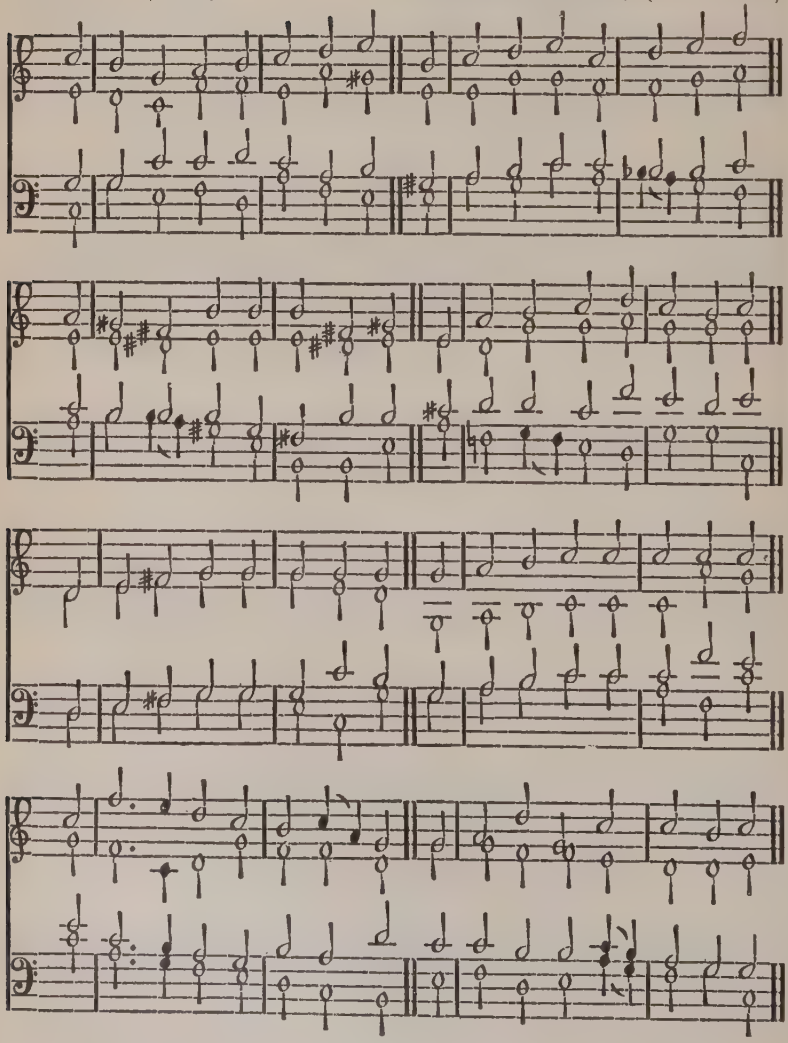
My best desires are faint and few—
I fain would strive for more—
But when I cry, 'My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

Oh make this heart rejoice, or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

299 (First Tune)

KENSINGTON (D.L.M.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



299

Joseph Addison (1672–1719)

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

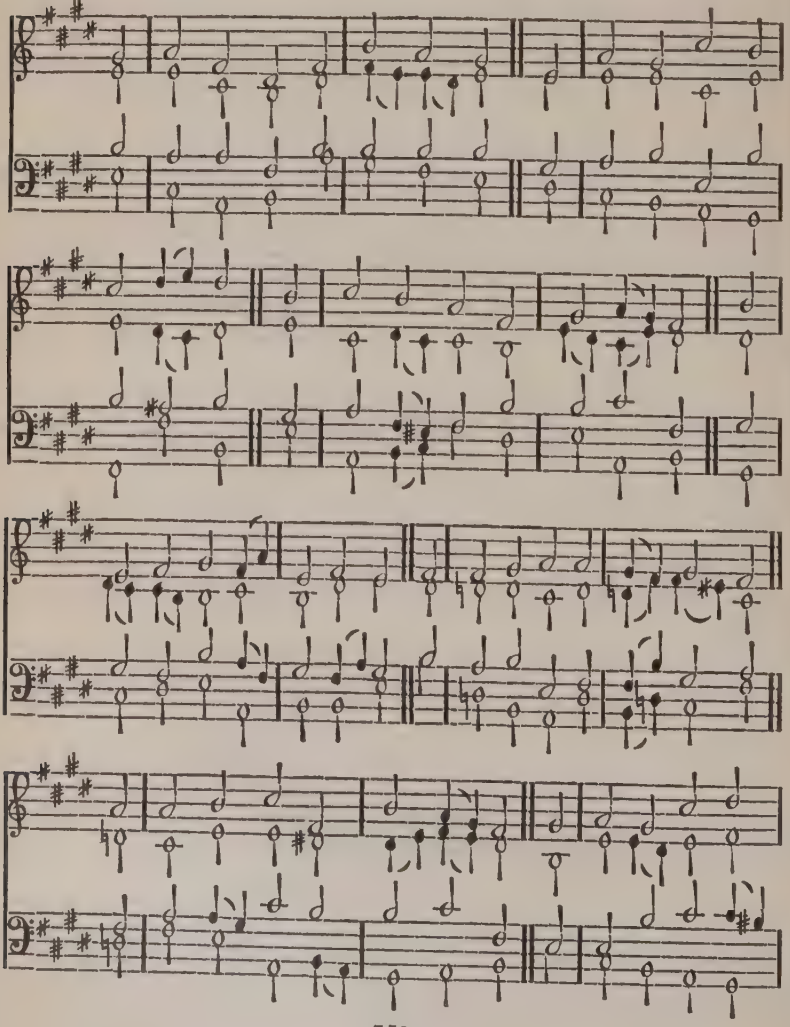
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

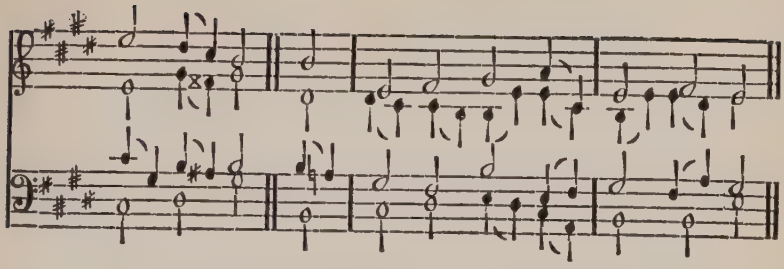
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

299 (Second Tune)

ALMONDSBURY NEW (D.L.M.) *Basil Harwood* (1859–)

Slow





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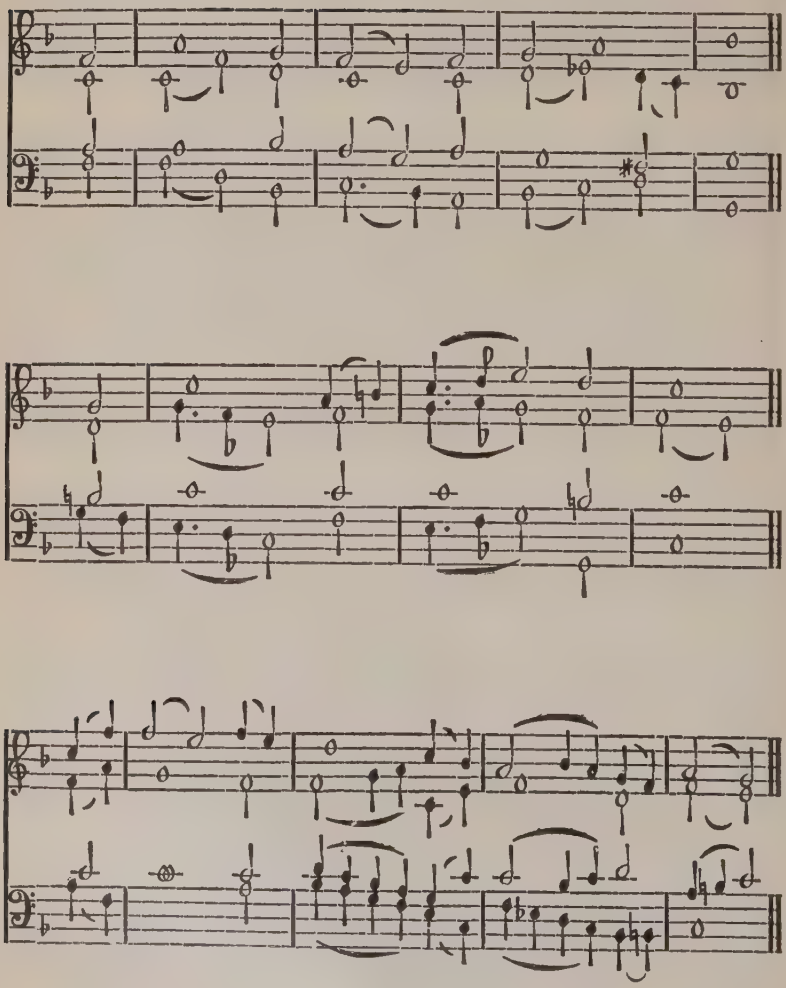
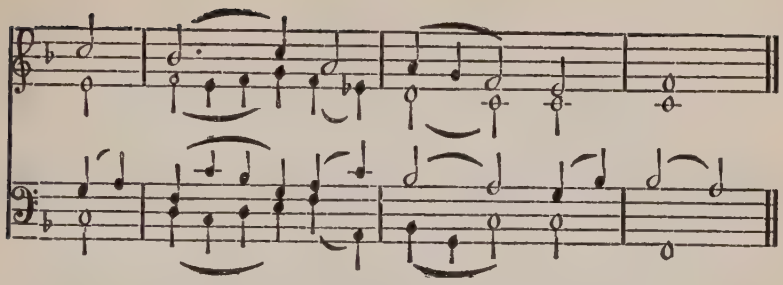
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

300

CLIFTON (C.M.) *John Charles Clifton* (1781–1841)





John Mason (*c.* 1645–1694)

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God which Christ hath bought,
That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remainèd there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

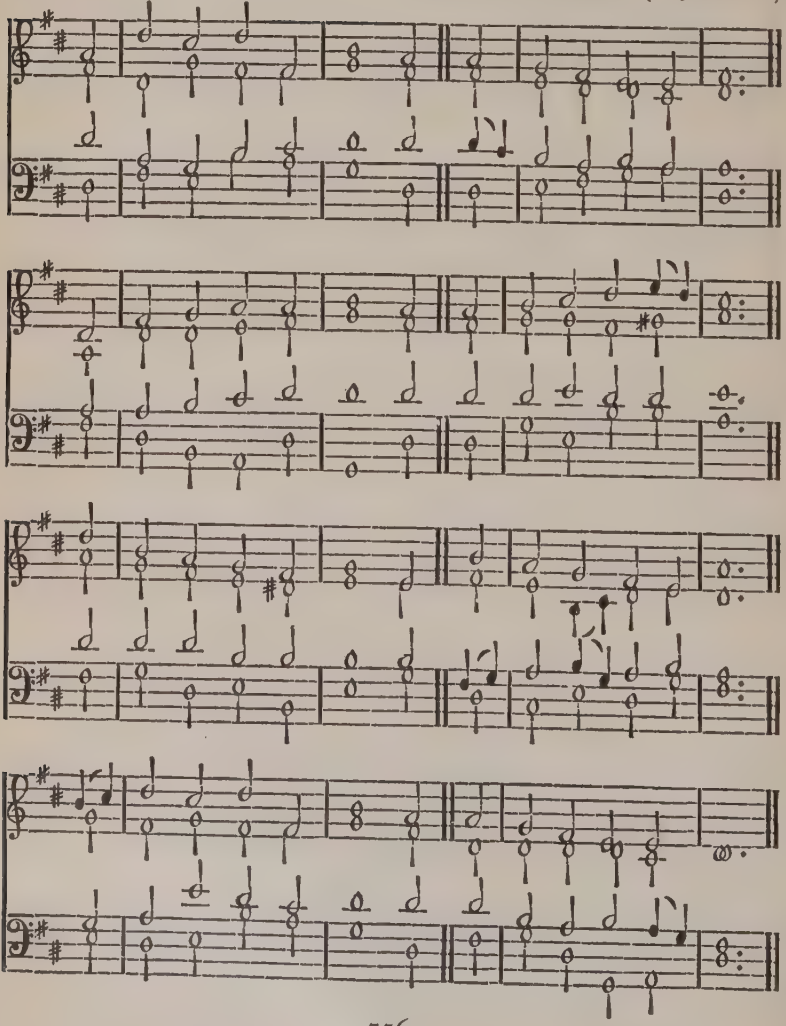
His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And, though he doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And, could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And thou for ever shine;
I have thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, thou art ever mine

301. Part I

PEARSALL (76.76 D.) *Robert Lucas Pearsall* (1795–1856)



301. Part I

Bernard of Cluny (12*th cent.*)
Trans. John Mason Neale (1811–1866)

Hora novissima

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

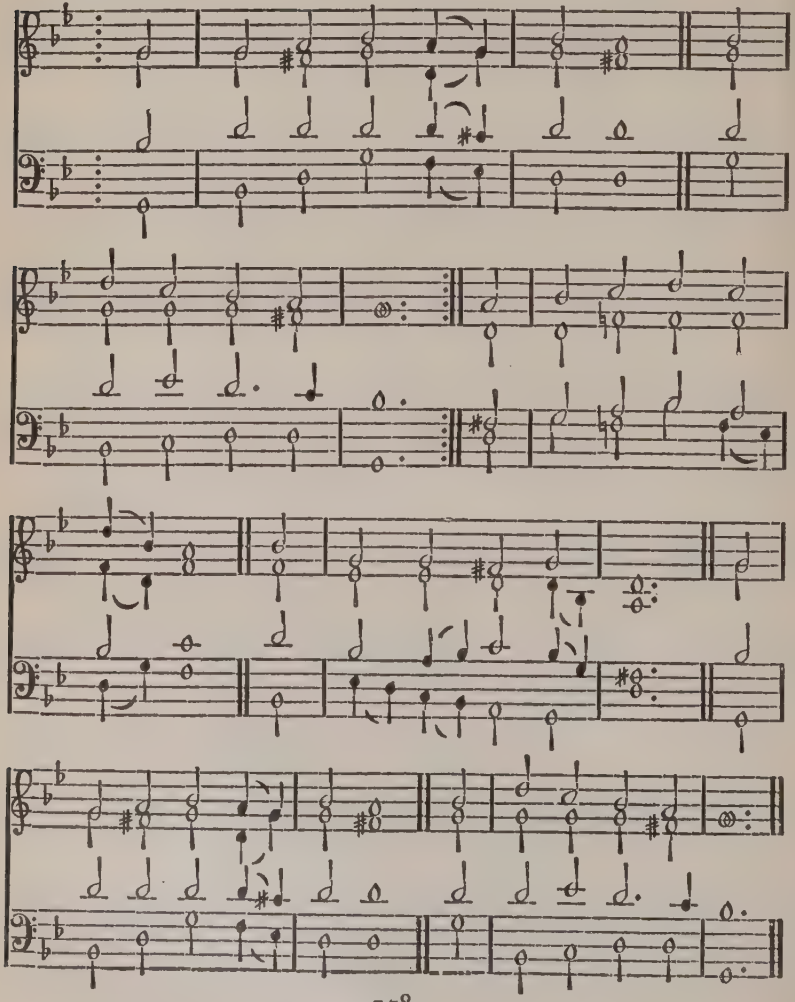
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around;
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.

Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight;
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessèd souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satiate,
The full, yet craving still.

301. Part II (First Tune)

JABES (76.76 D.)
Rather slow

Welsh Hymn Tune from
'Hymnau yr Eglwys' (*Caerfyrddin.* 1894)



301. Part II

Hic breve vivitur

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that see and know him
Shall have him for their own;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

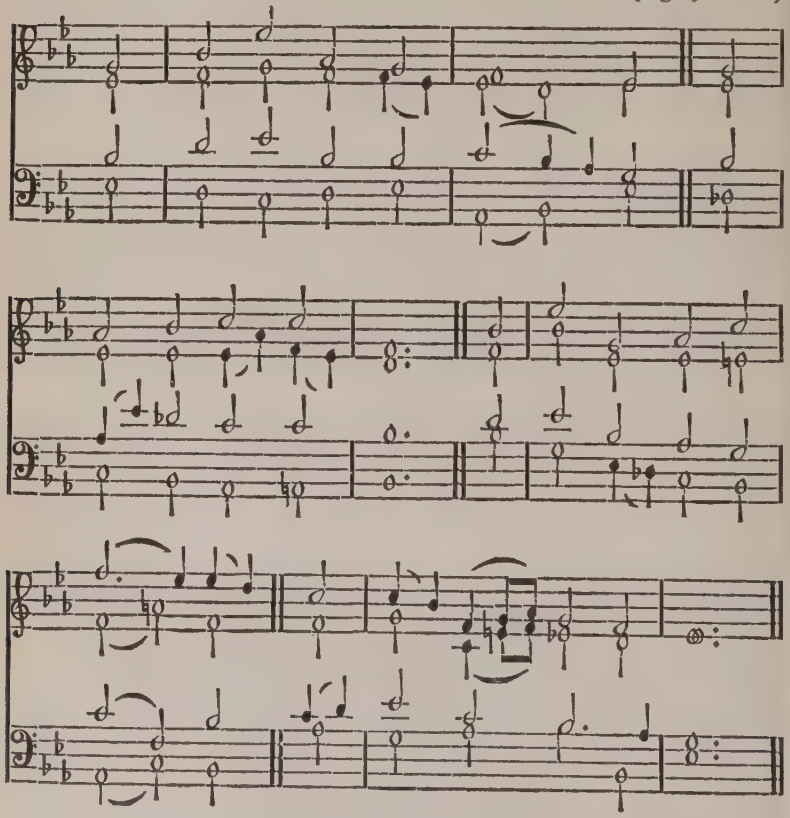
There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,
The spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased;
Yes! God my King and Portion
In fullness of his grace
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

301. Part II (Second Tune)

Hic breve vivitur (76.76)

Slow, with expression

Alfred Pettet (c. 1785–c. 1845)
(slightly altered)



Hic breve vivitur

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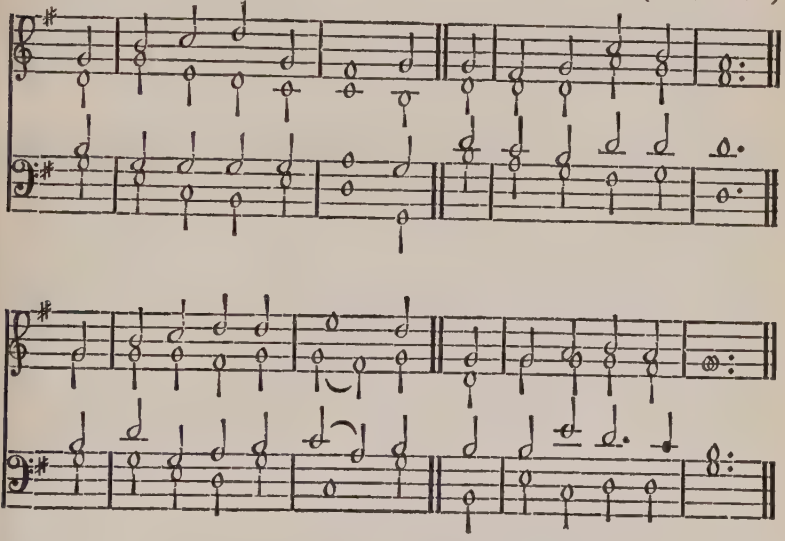
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

301. Part II (Third Tune)

St. Alphege (76.76) *Henry John Gauntlett* (1805–1876)



And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that see and know him
Shall have him for their own;

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,
The spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased;

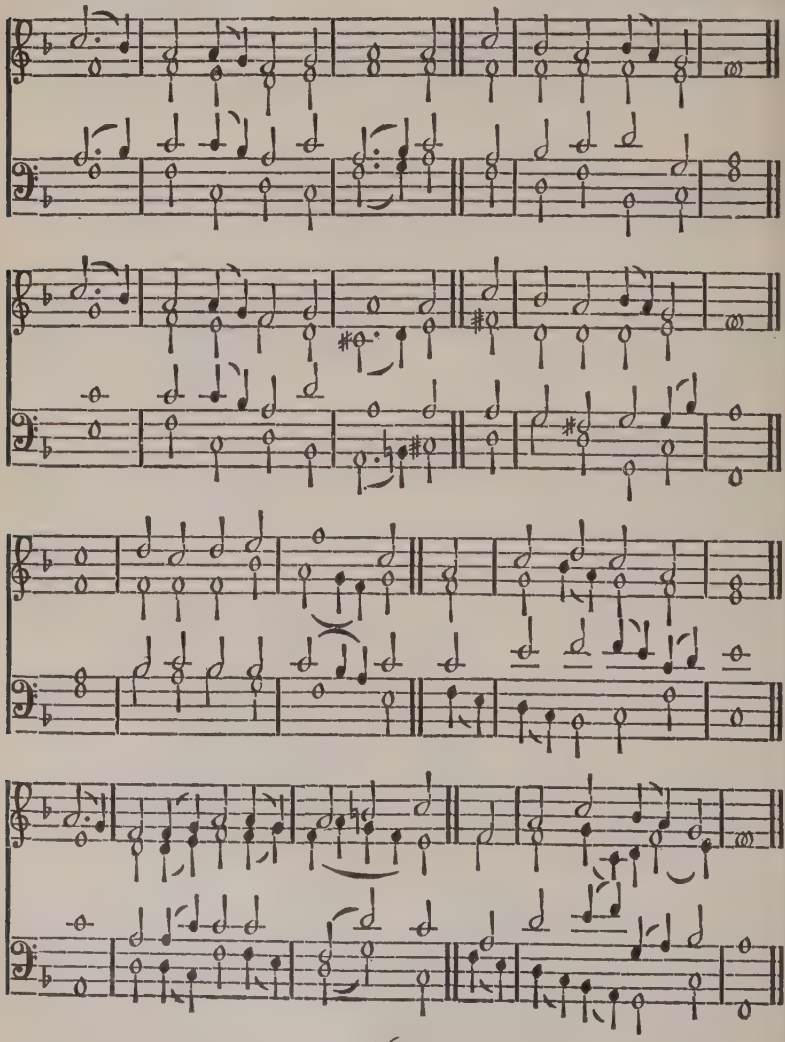
Yes! God my King and Portion
In fullness of his grace
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

301. Part III

Welsh Hymn Tune

MEIRIONYDD (76.76 D.)

Harm. by Basil Harwood



301. Part III

O bona patria

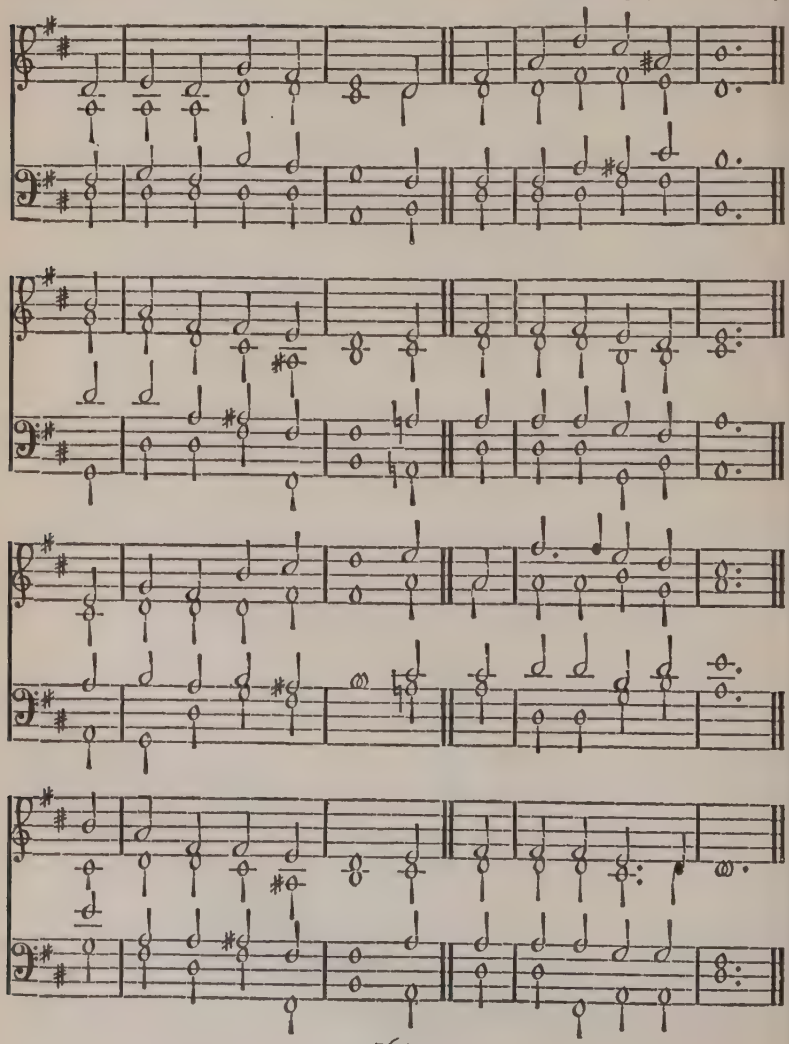
FOR thee, O dear dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ;
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not;
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

301. Part IV

EWING (76.76 D.) *Alexander Ewing* (1830–1895)

301. Part IV

Urbs Sion aurea

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed;
I know not, oh I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

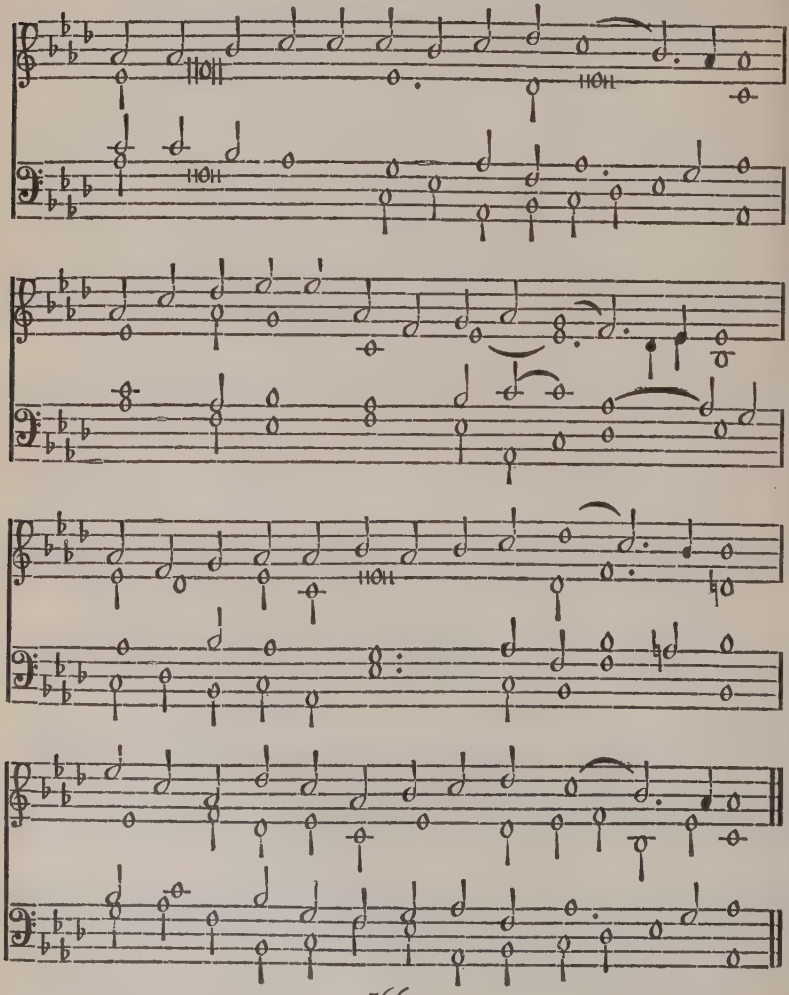
They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

302 (First Tune)

ANNUE CHRISTE (66.66 D.)
In free time. To be sung in unison

French Melody from
Hymnal Noted, Part 2 (1856)
Set by Basil Harwood

302

Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow,
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

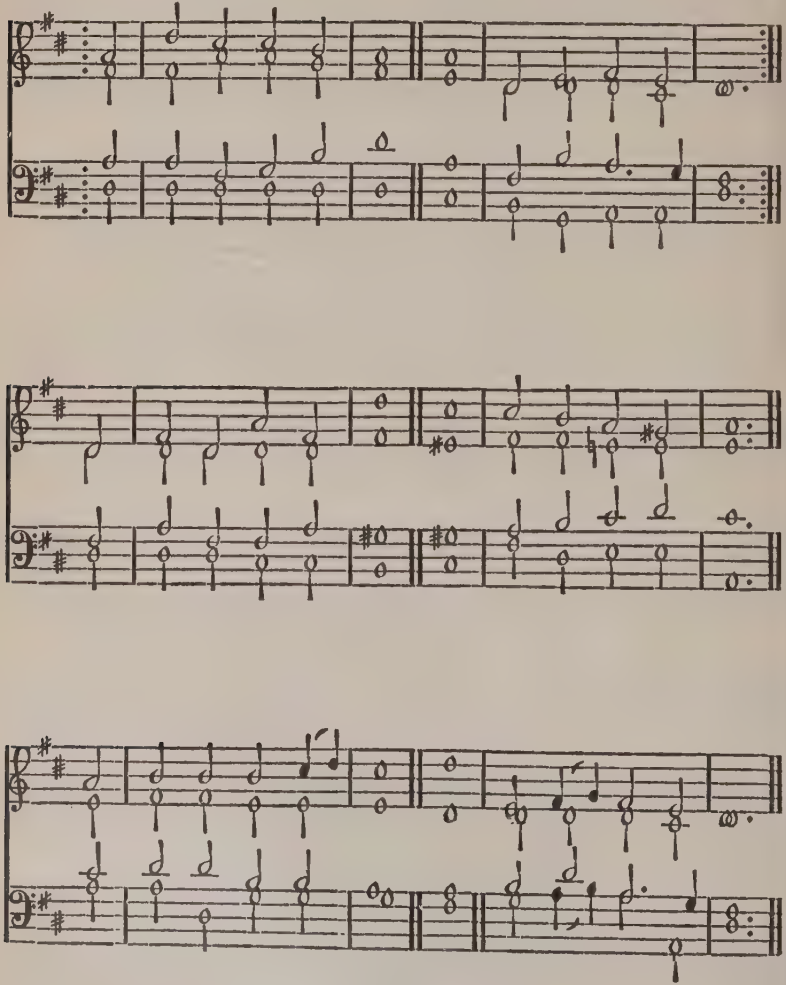
There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

Oh joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done!

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

302 (Second Tune)

HAWARDEN (66. 66 D.) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



302

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The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
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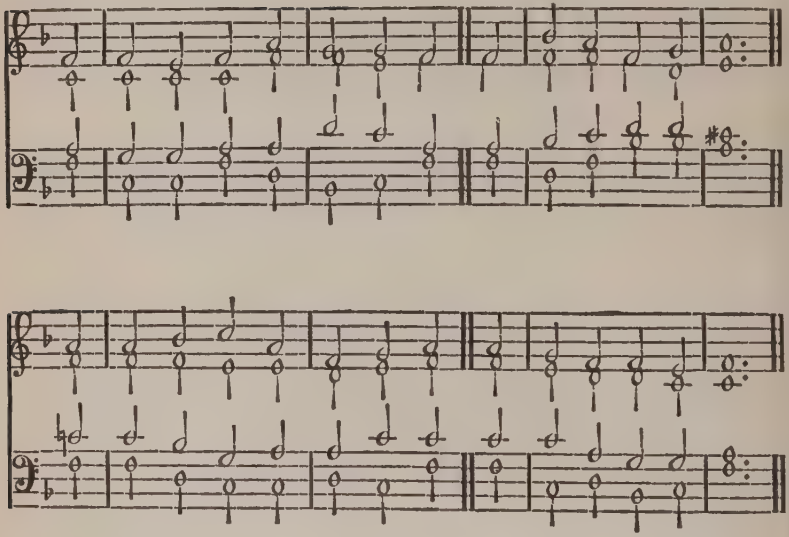
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

303 (First Tune)

St. Flavian (c.m.)

Day's Psalter (1563)
Modern abridged form of melody



John Keble (1792–1866)

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

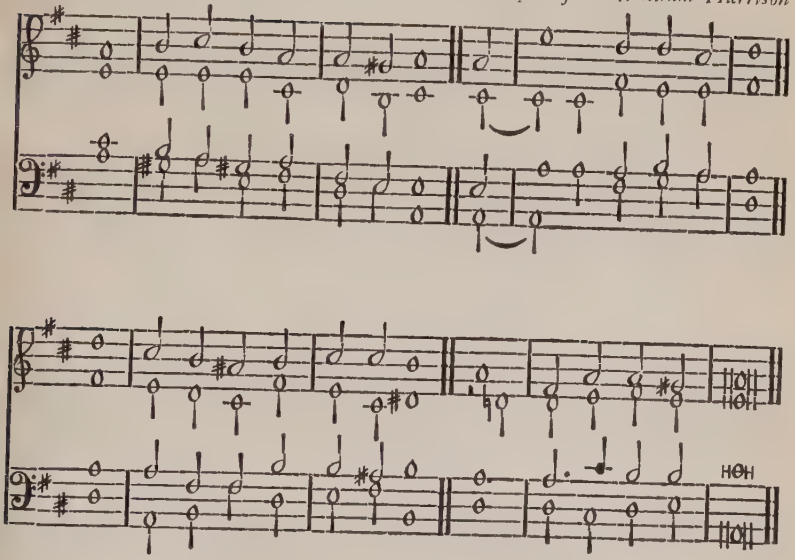
The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

303 (Second Tune)

Lincoln (c.m.)

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. adapted from William Harrison



One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

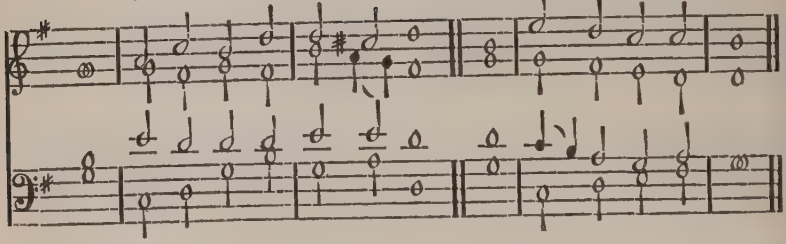
Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

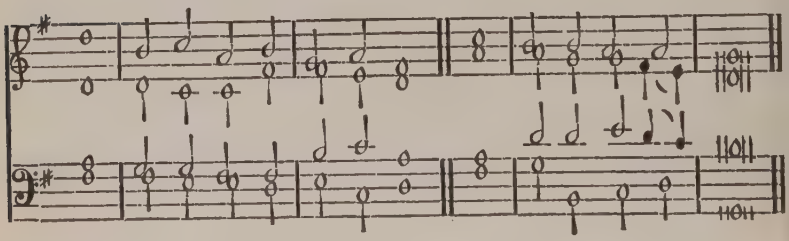
Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

304

Ravenscroft's Psalter (1621)
Harm. by Charles Edward Horsley (1822–1876)

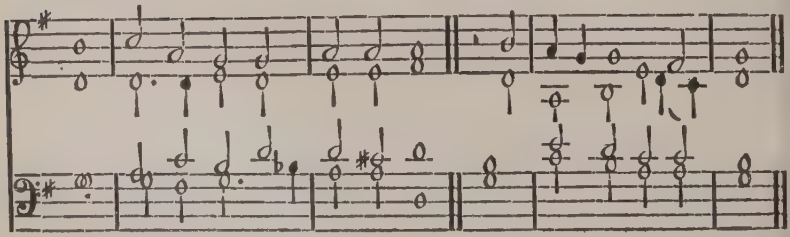
SALISBURY (C.M.)
Verses 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6

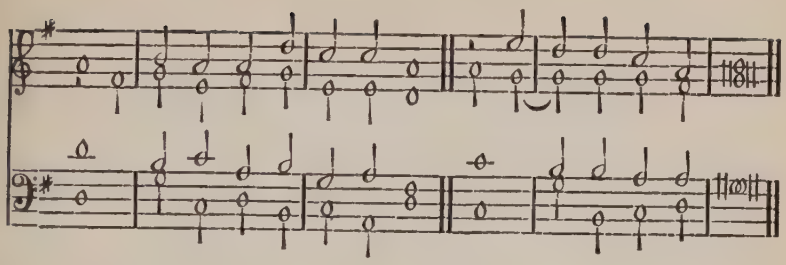




Verse 4

Harm. by Thomas Ravenscroft (c. 1582–c. 1635)





Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

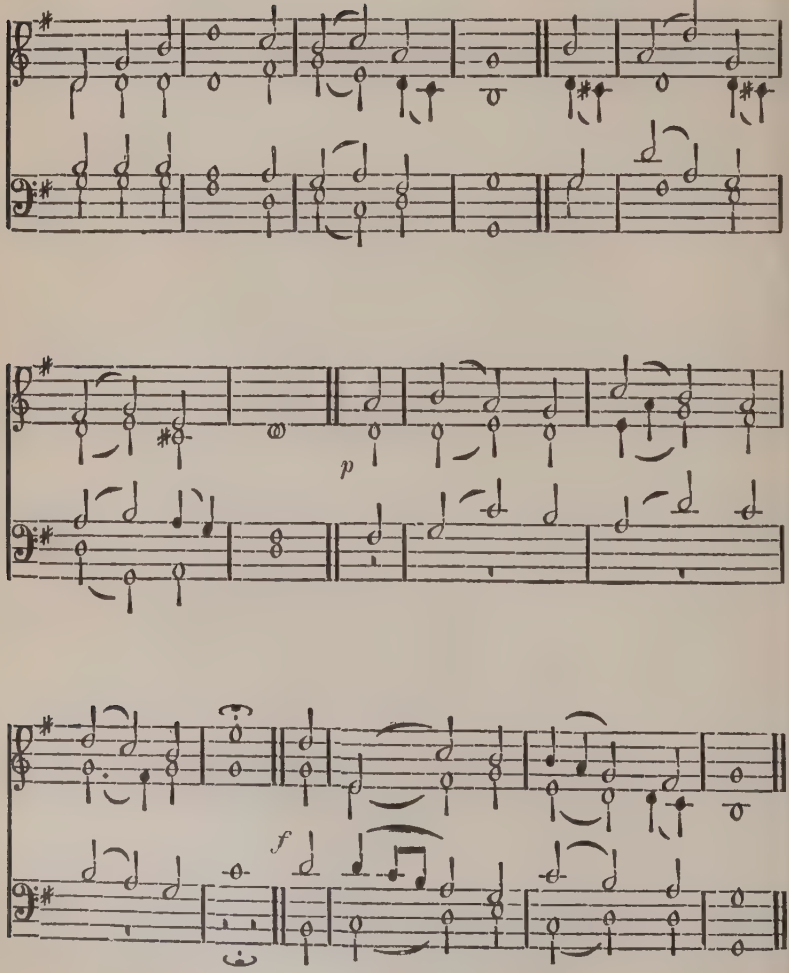
Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

305

Thomas Haweis (1732–1820)
Altered by Samuel Webbe

RICHMOND (C.M.)



305

John Mason (c. 1645–1694)

THERE is a stream, which issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.

This stream doth water paradise;
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring:

Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis concealed,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me revealed.

I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love;
My soul doth leap; but oh for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove!

Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin;
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

Then should my soul with angels feast
On joys that always last;
Blest be my God, the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

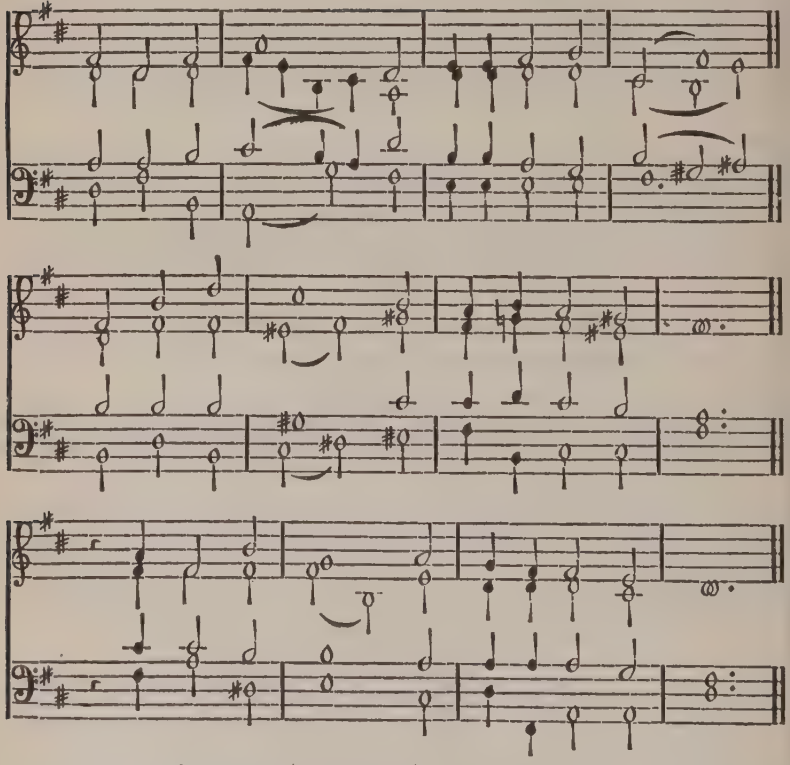
306

WOODHOUSE (10 10 10)

Basil Harwood (1859–)

Verses 1 *and* 3

Slow

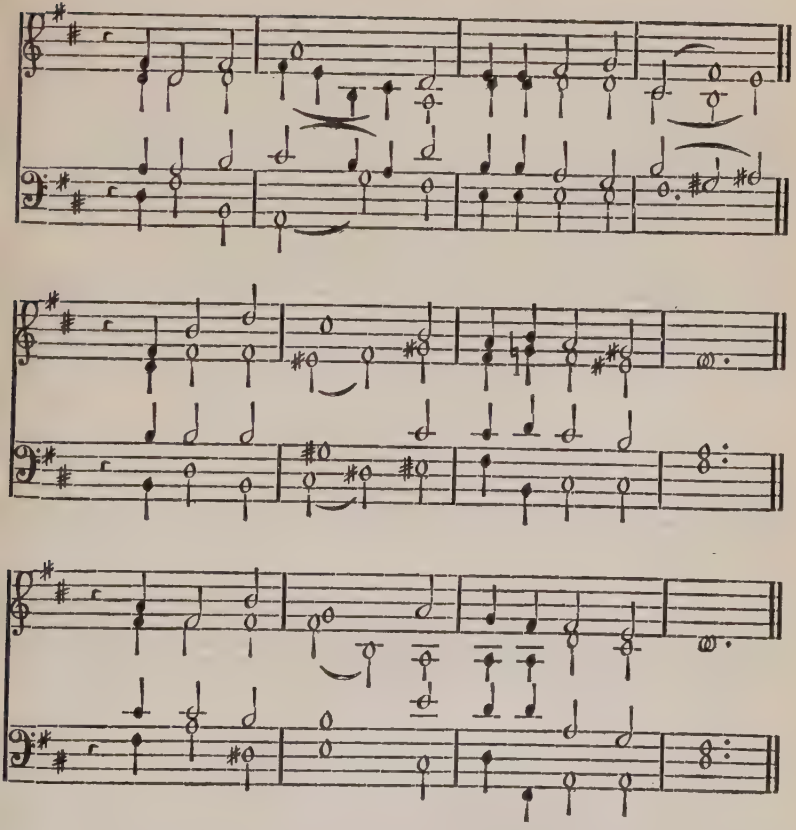


Francis Quarles (1592–1644)

THOU art my Life; if thou but turn away,
My life 's a thousand deaths: thou art my Way;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My Light thou art; without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darkened with perpetual night:
My God, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

Verses 2 and 4



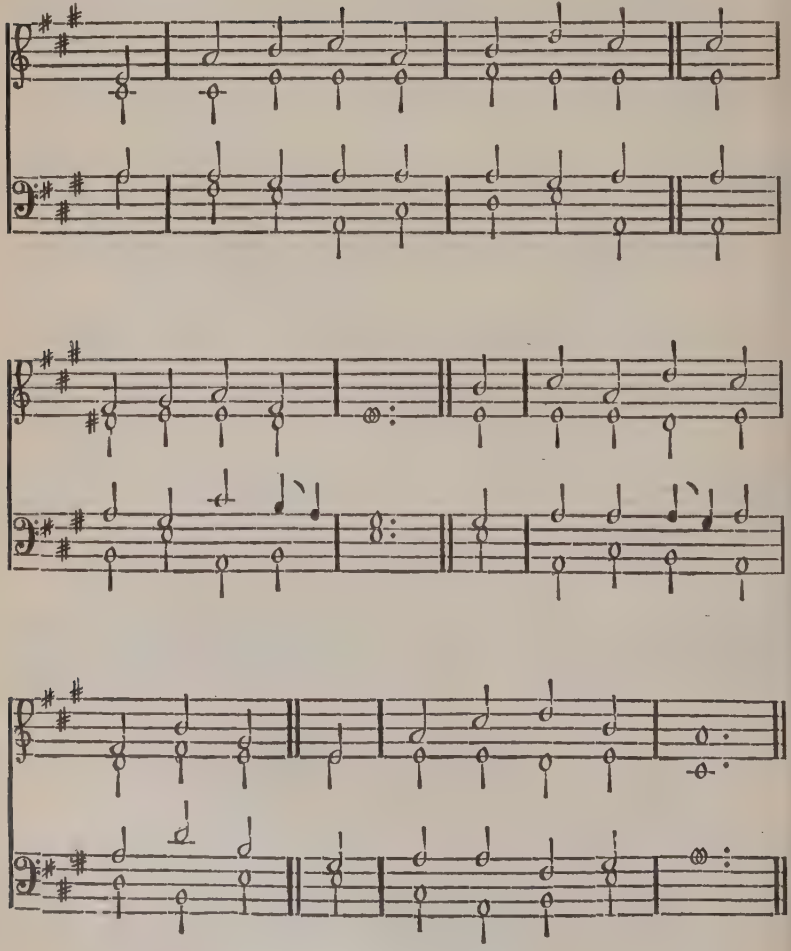
Thou art my Way; I wander, if thou fly:
Thou art my Light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my Life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Disclose thy sunbeams; close thy wings and stay;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my Light, my Life, my Way!

307

Raphael Courteville (*d.* 1735?)
from Select Psalms and Hymns (1697)
(*slightly altered*)

ST. JAMES (C.M.)



307

George Washington Doane (1799–1859)

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

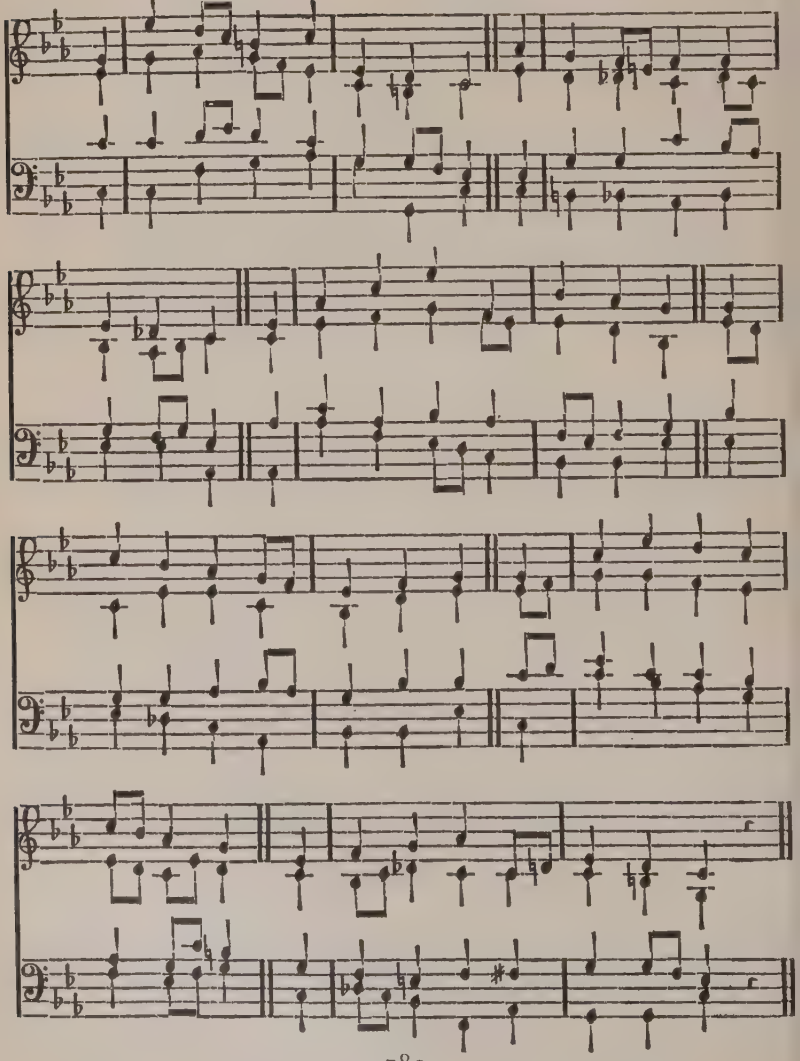
Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.

308

BRECKNOCK (88.88.88) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



308

Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769)
Trans. John Wesley (1703–1791)

VERBORG'NE GOTTESLIEBE DU

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

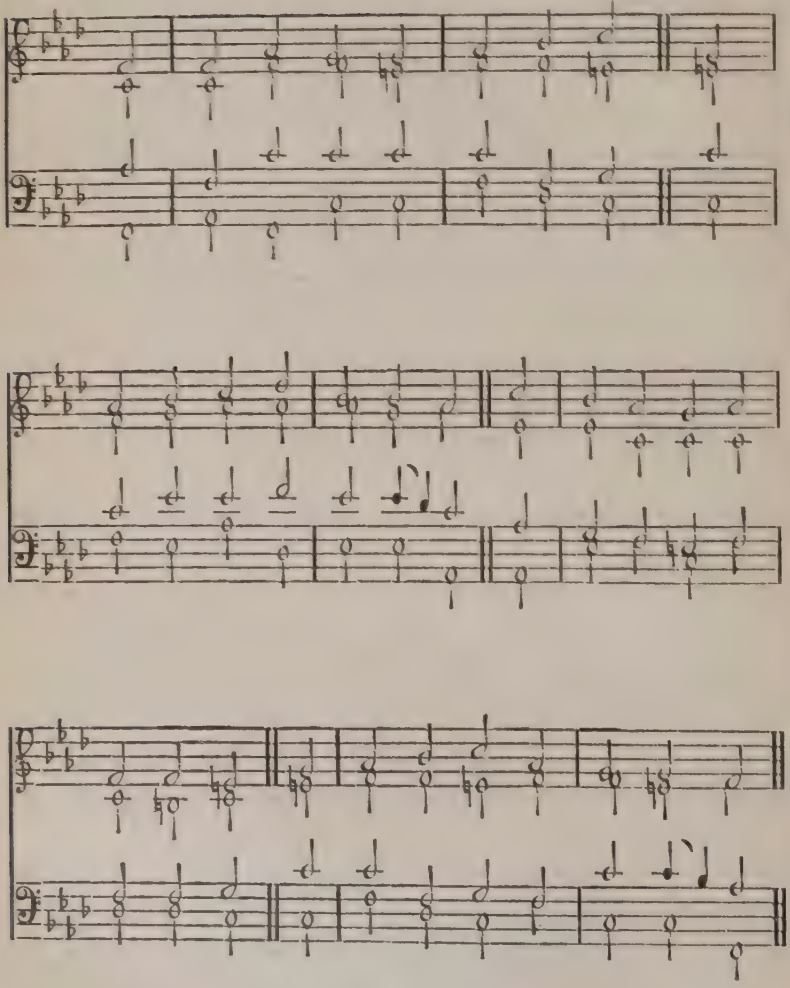
Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
'I am thy love, thy God, thy all;'
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

309

Anon.

THORN (L.M.)

S. S. Wesley's European Psalmist (1872)



309

Nahum Tate
and Nicholas Brady (1696)

Psalm cxxxix

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
Oh skill, for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shown,
My soul with grateful joy must own.

Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That, since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

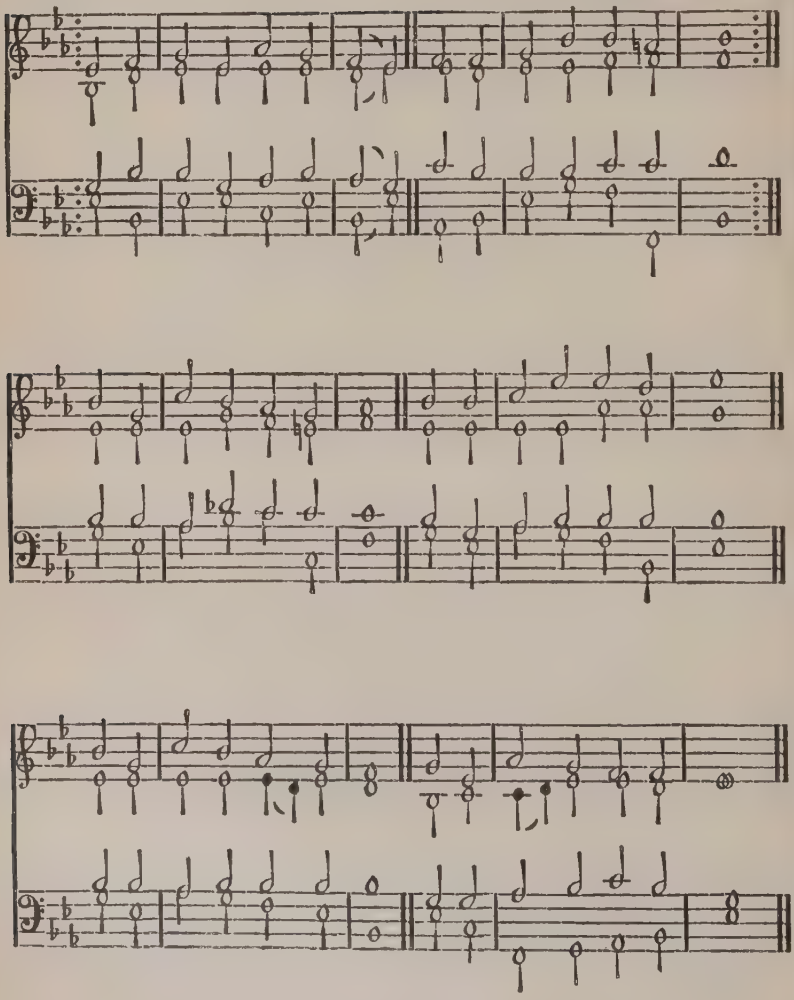
Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

NOTE.—*This hymn may also be sung to* '*Domine, probasti*' (*No.* 100).

310

DEMMIN (77.77 D.)

John Schop (1640)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



310

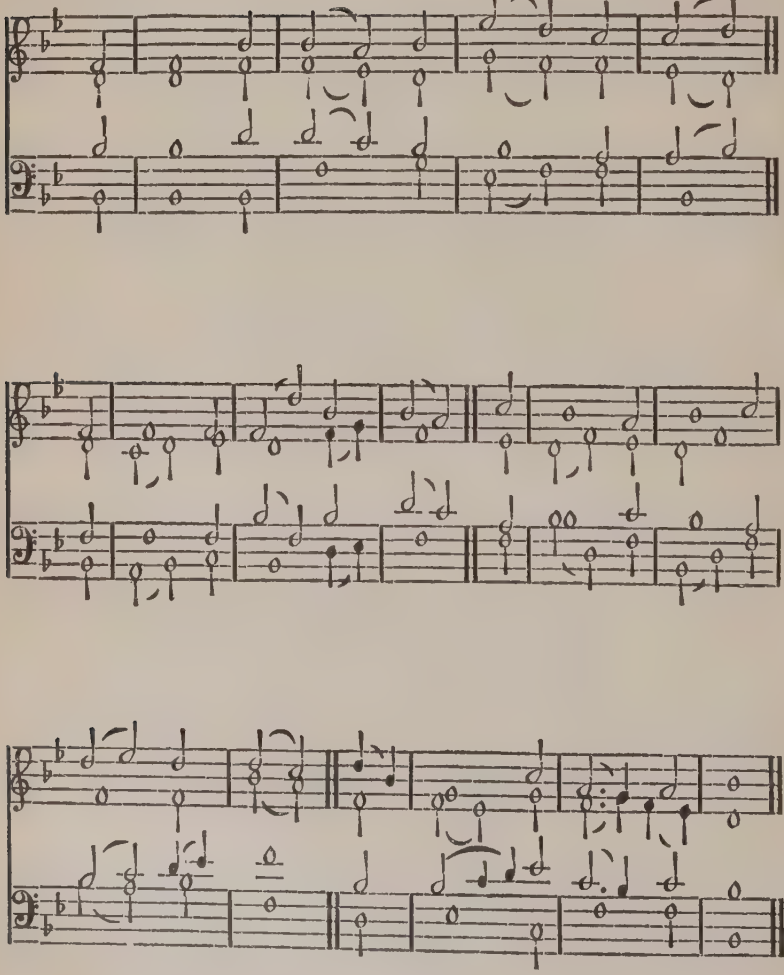
Augustus Montague Toplady (1740–1788)

THOU, whom chiefest I desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire;
I would seek it, Lord, in thee.
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Makes the joy of saints below:
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Makes the bliss of saints above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from thy love it flows:
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

311

WILTSHIRE (C.M.) *George Thomas Smart* (1776–1867)



311

Nahum Tate and *Nicholas Brady* (1696) — *Psalm xxxiv*

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Oh magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

Oh make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

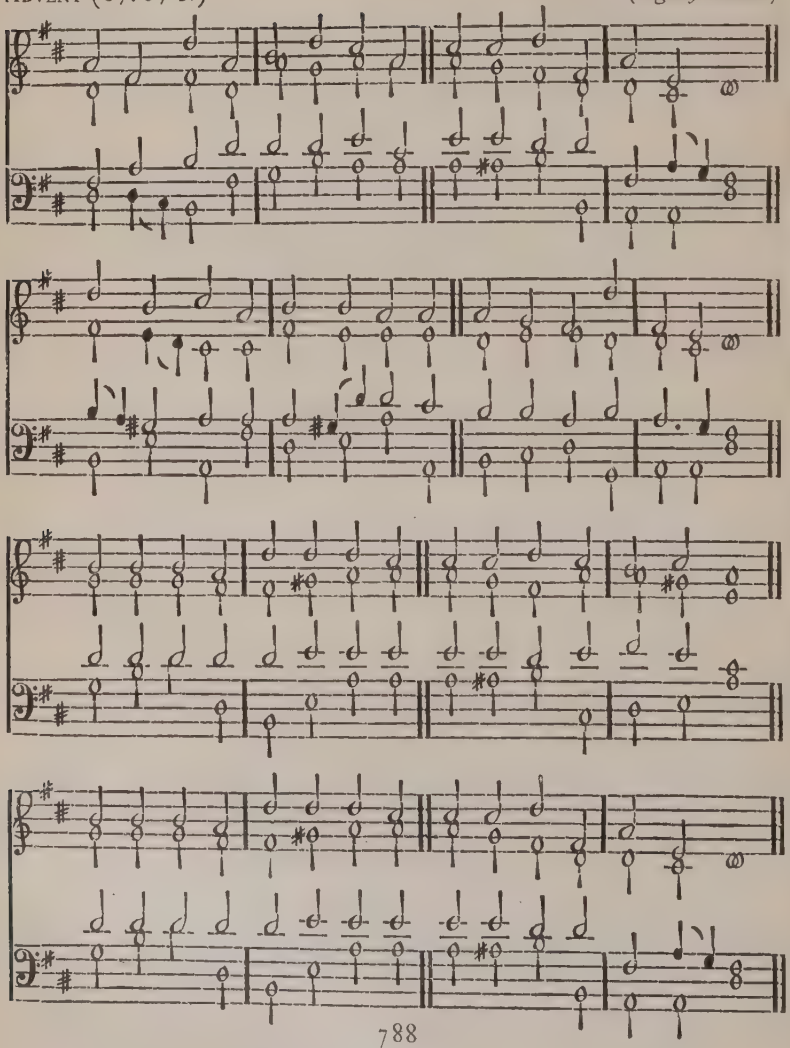
Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

312

Charles Edward Horsley (1822–1876)
(slightly altered)

ADVENT (87. 87 D.)



312

Bernhart Severin Ingemann (1789–1862)
Trans. Sabine Baring-Gould

IGJENNEM NAT OG TRÆNGSEL

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

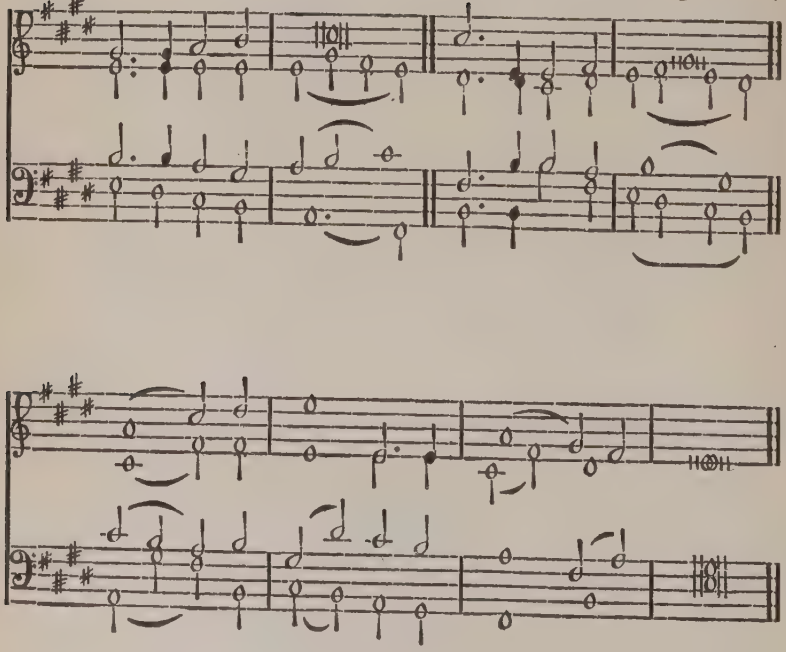
Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

313

PECKWATER (55.35)

Slow

Thomas Banks Strong (1861–)



313

George Herbert (1593–1633)

THROW away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love 's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

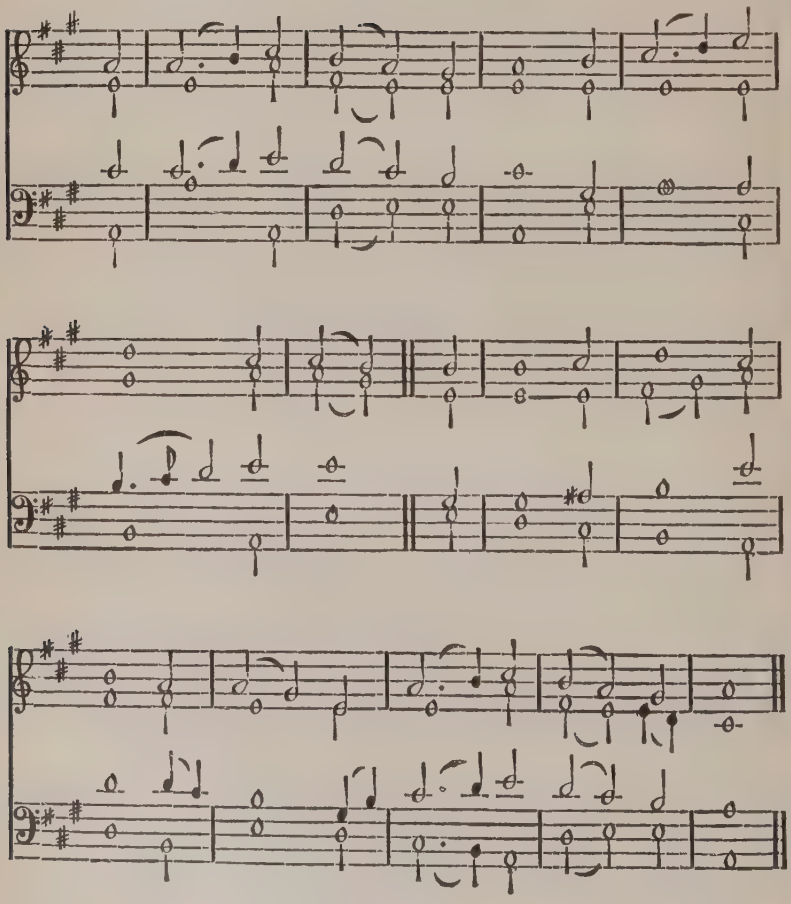
Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God;
Throw away thy wrath.

314

Edmund Gilding (*d.* 1782)
from William Riley's 'Parochial Harmony' (1762)

ST. EDMUND (S.M.)



314

Nahum Tate
and Nicholas Brady (1696)

Psalm lxvii

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:

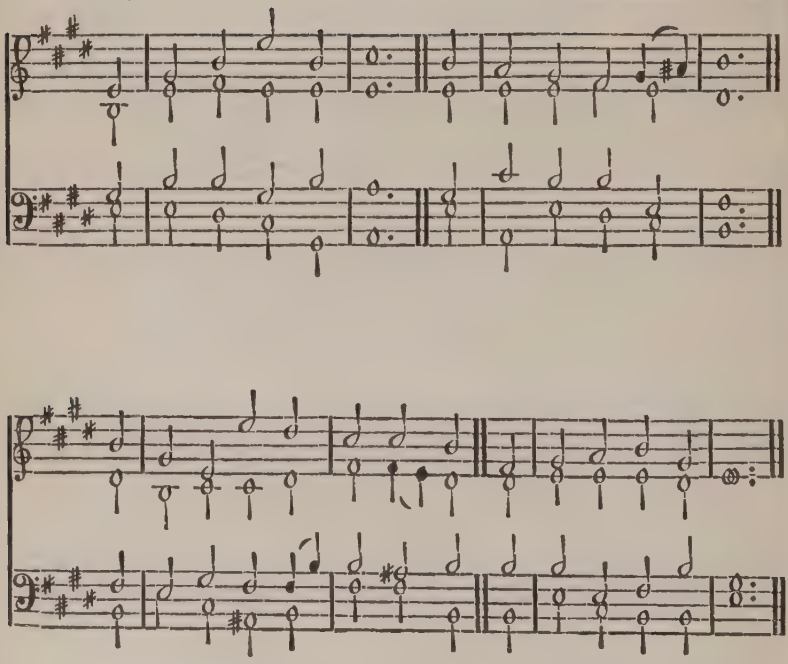
That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let different nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

315

BELLA (S.M.)

Melody from 'New and Easie Method' (1686)



315

Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.

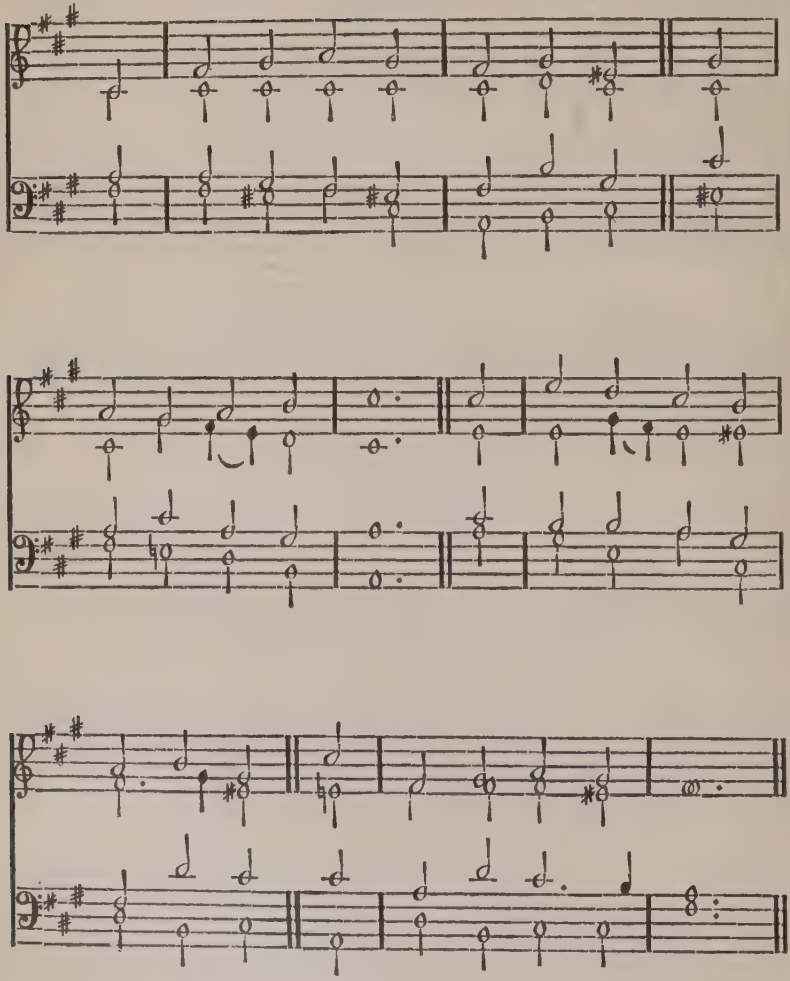
Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty
And everlasting songs.

316

HANNAH (C.M.)

Jeremiah Clark (c. 1669–1707)
Adapted and harm. by Edward John Hopkins



316

Henry Vaughan (1621–1695) *Psalm cxxi*

UP to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look and sigh for him who fills,
Unseen, both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.

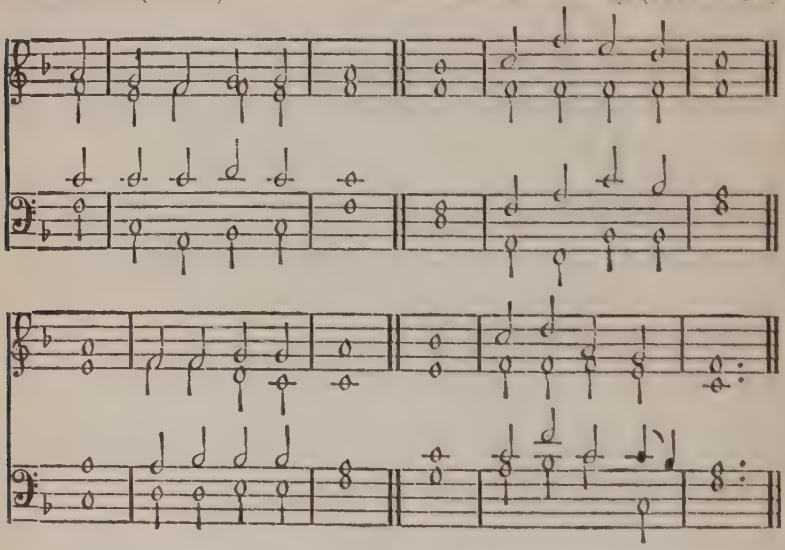
The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes,
Doth all their plots control;
And is a shield, not reckoning those,
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud
Now and for evermore.

317 (First Tune)

Bedminster (66.66) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



William Bullock (1798–1874)

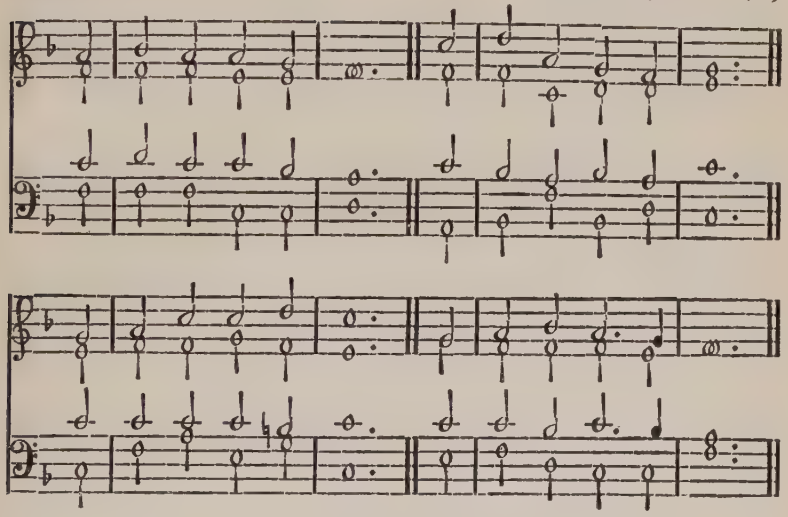
WE love the place, O God,
Wherein thine honour dwells;
The joy of thy abode
All other joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein thy servants meet;
For thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

We love the sacred font;
Wherein the holy Dove
Pours out, as he is wont,
The effluence from above.

317 (Second Tune)

QUAM DILECTA (66.66) *Henry Lascelles Jenner* (1820–1898)



We love our Father's board,
Its altar steps are dear;
For there, in faith adored,
We find thy presence near.

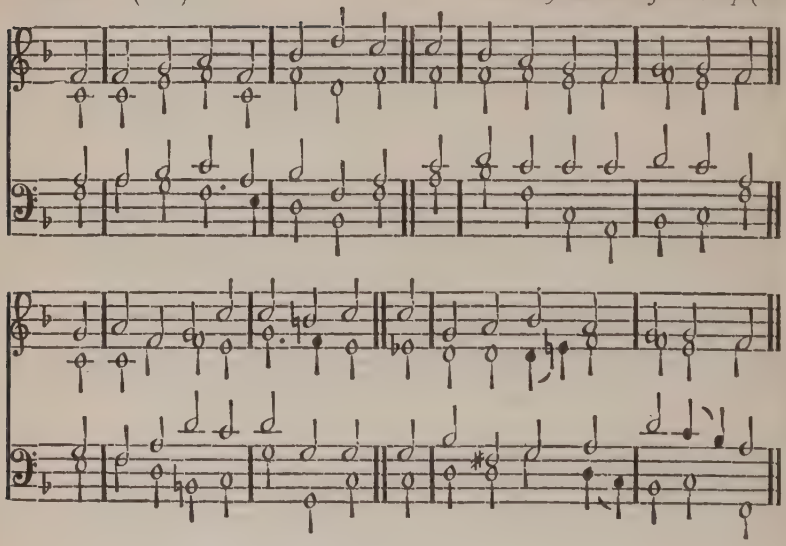
We love thy saints who come
Thy mercy to proclaim,
To call the wanderers home,
And magnify thy name.

Our first and latest love
To Zion shall be given,
The house of God above,
On earth the gate of heaven.

318 (First Tune)

ROCHESTER (L.M.)

Day's Psalter (1562)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins



William Cowper (1731–1800)

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

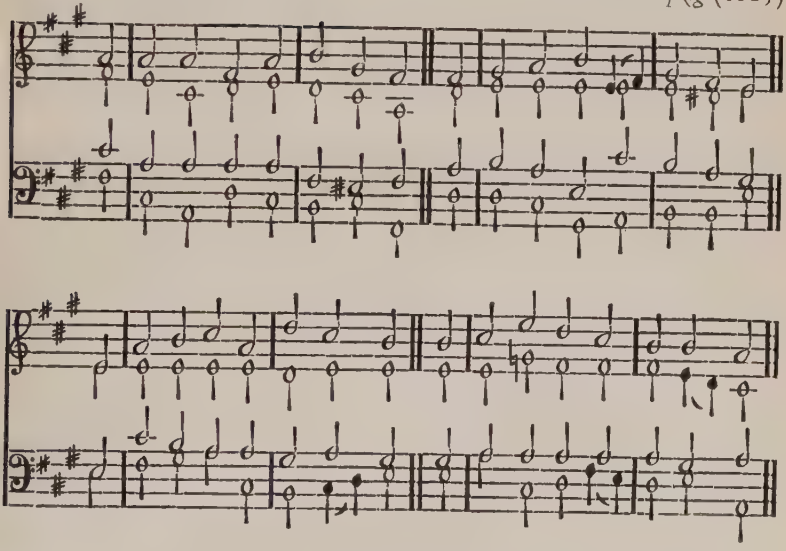
Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

318 (Second Tune)

Breslau (L.M.)

Melody in 'As hymnodus sacer' Leipzig (1625)



When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

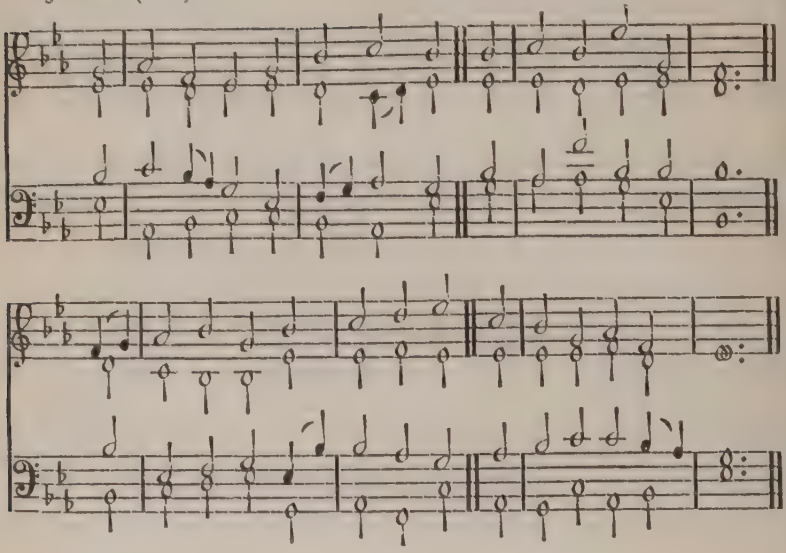
Have you no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'

319 (First Tune)

St. Jerome (C.M.)

Charles Edward Horsley (1822–1876)
From 'Eighty-four Church Tunes' (1857)



Joseph Addison (1672–1719)

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

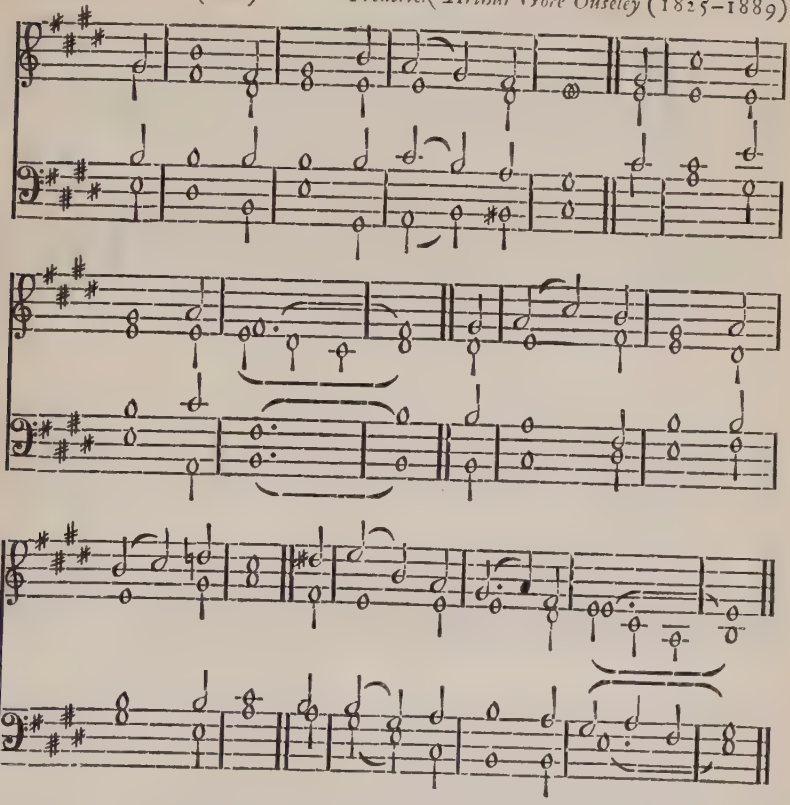
Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

319 (Second Tune)

Contemplation (c.m.) *Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley* (1825–1889)

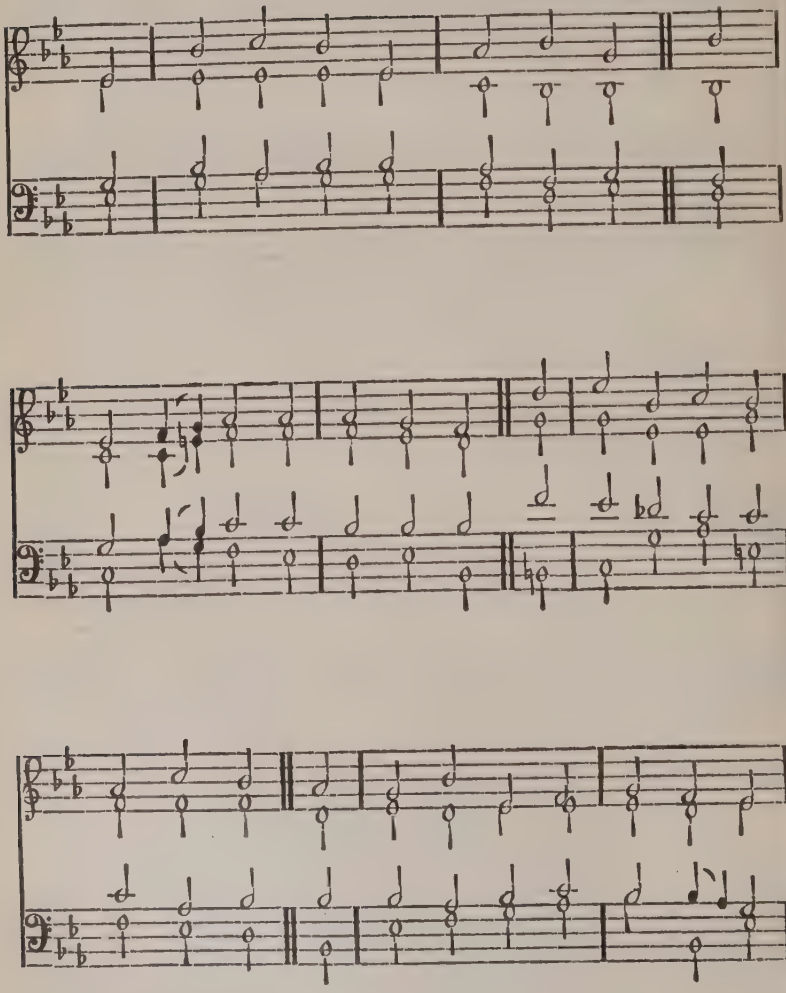


Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

320

ST. SEPULCHRE (L.M.) *George Cooper* (1820–1876)



320

Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)

WHEN at thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for his sake receive my prayer.

Oh think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still thy own,
The trembling creature of thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

Oh think upon thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there,
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how thy glory is to spare.

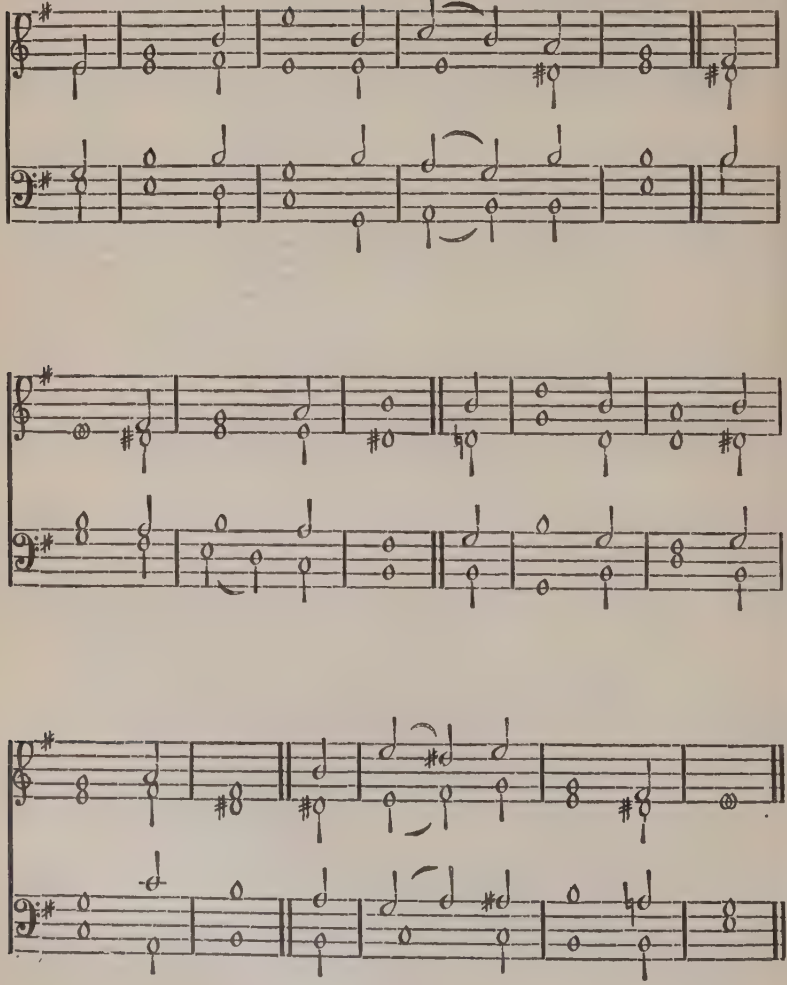
Oh think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with thy grace divine;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let his merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;
Behold, and spare, and succour me!

321

ST. NICHOLAS
(PROVIDENCE) (C.M.)

Maurice Greene (1696–1755)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins



321

John Newton (1725–1807)

WHEN Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.

A cloudy pillar marked their road,
And screened them from the heat;
From the hard rocks their water flowed,
And manna was their meat.

Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them, we pass a desert too;
And Israel's God is ours.

His word a light before us spreads,
By which our path we see;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

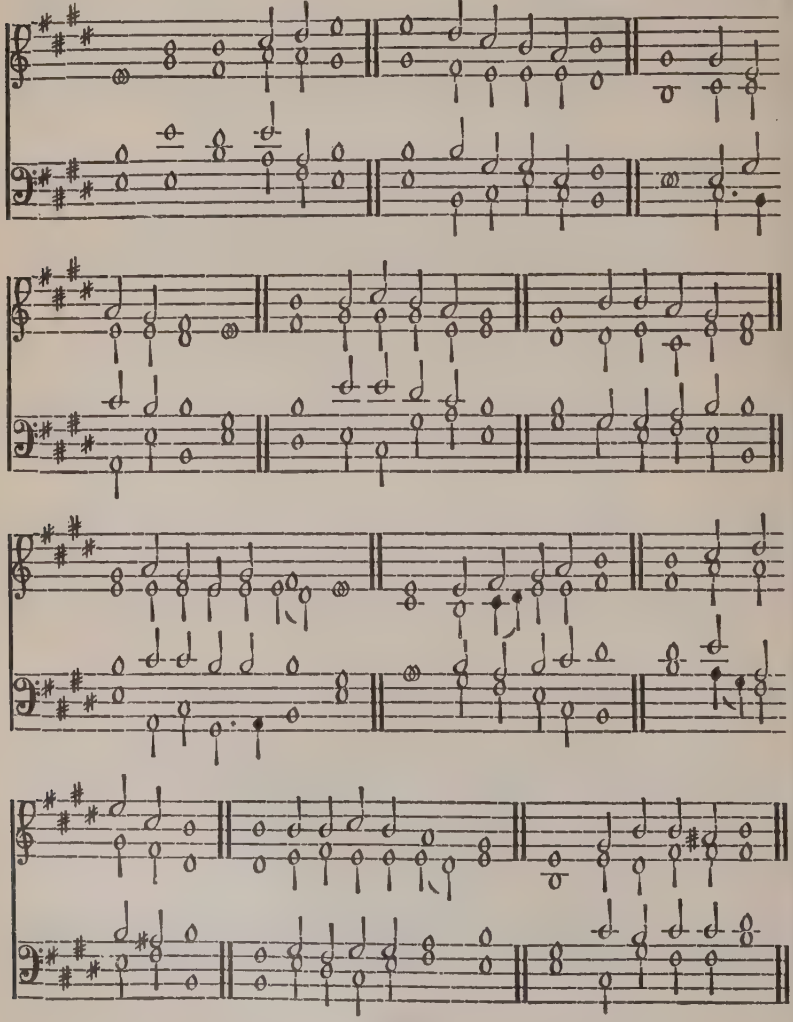
Jesus, the Bread of Life, is given
To be our daily food;
We drink a wondrous stream from heaven,
'Tis water, wine, and blood.

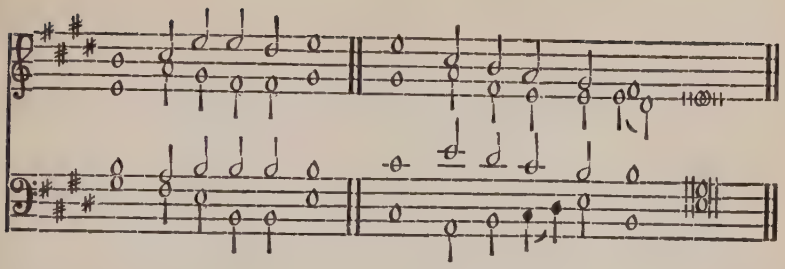
Lord! 'tis enough; I ask no more,
These blessings are divine;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and heaven are mine.

322

YATTENDON No. 67 (667. 667 D.)

Louis Bourgeois (1542)
Set by M. M. Bridges





Anon. (c. 1800?)
Trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)
and Yattendon Hymnal (1899)

BEIM FRÜHEN MORGENLICHT

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.
When evening shadows fall,
This rings my curfew call,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

When mirth for music longs,
This is my song of songs,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.
God's holy house of prayer
Hath none that can compare
With Jesus Christ be praisèd.

To him, my highest and best,
Sing I when love-possest
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.
Whate'er my hands begin,
This blessing breaketh in,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

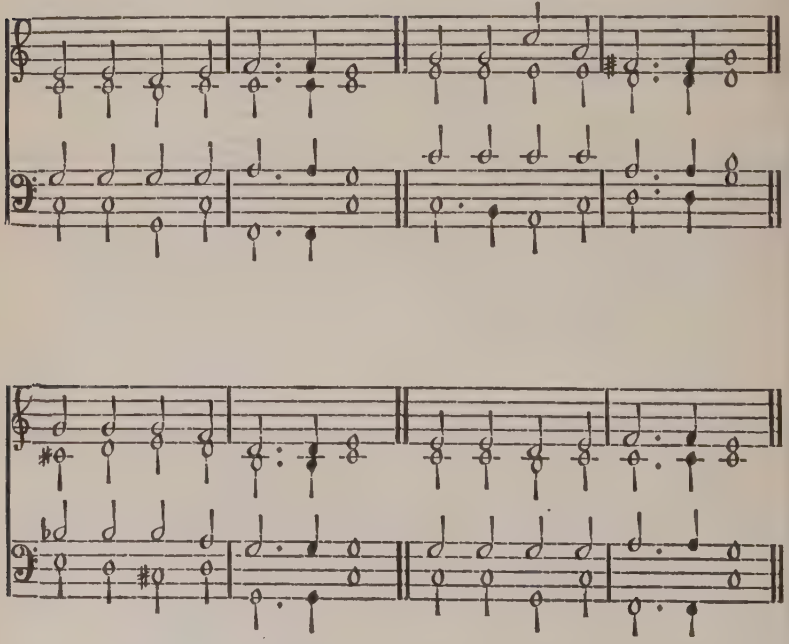
No lovelier antiphon
In all high heaven is known
Than Jesus Christ be praisèd.
There to the eternal word
The eternal psalm is heard,
O Jesus Christ be praisèd.

Ye nations of mankind,
In this your concord find,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.
Let all the earth around
Ring joyous with the sound,
May Jesus Christ be praisèd.

Sing, suns and stars of space,
Sing ye that see his face,
Sing Jesus Christ be praisèd.
God's whole creation o'er
For aye and evermore
Shall Jesus Christ be praisèd.

323

REDHEAD No. 47 (77.77) *Richard Redhead* (1820–1901)



323

Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868)

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

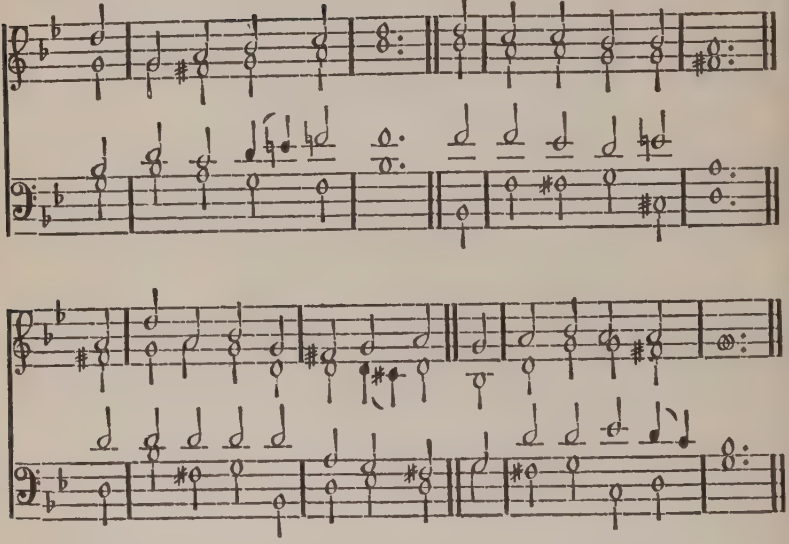
When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

324 (First Tune)

BROMBERG (S.M.)

Anon.
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

WHEN shall thy love constrain
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

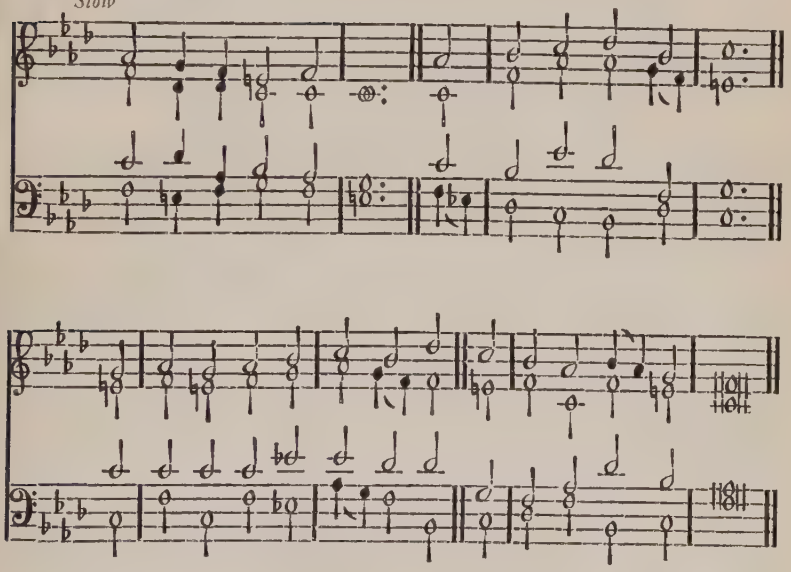
Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

324 (Second Tune)

Aedes Christi (s.m.) *Thomas Banks Strong* (1861–)

Slow



Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

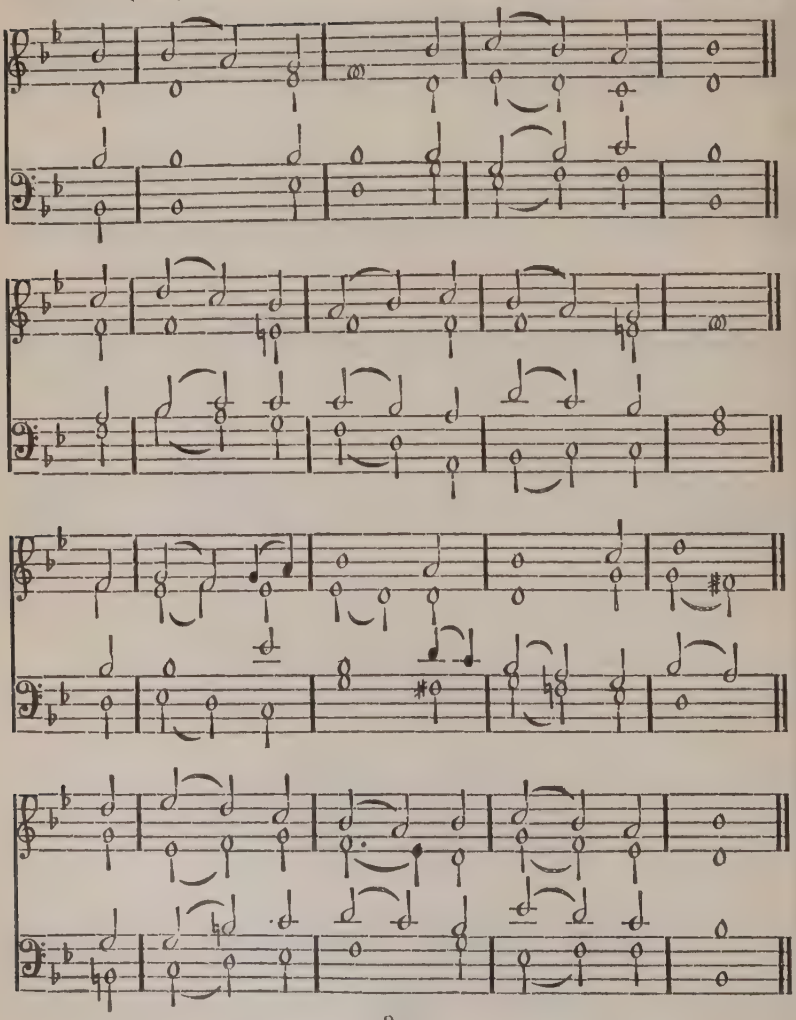
Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my life resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take,
And seal me ever thine!

Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle, and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love!

325 (First Tune)

William Knapp (1698–1768)
Harm. by Edward John Hopkins

Wareham (L.M.)



325

Michael Bruce (1746–1767)

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

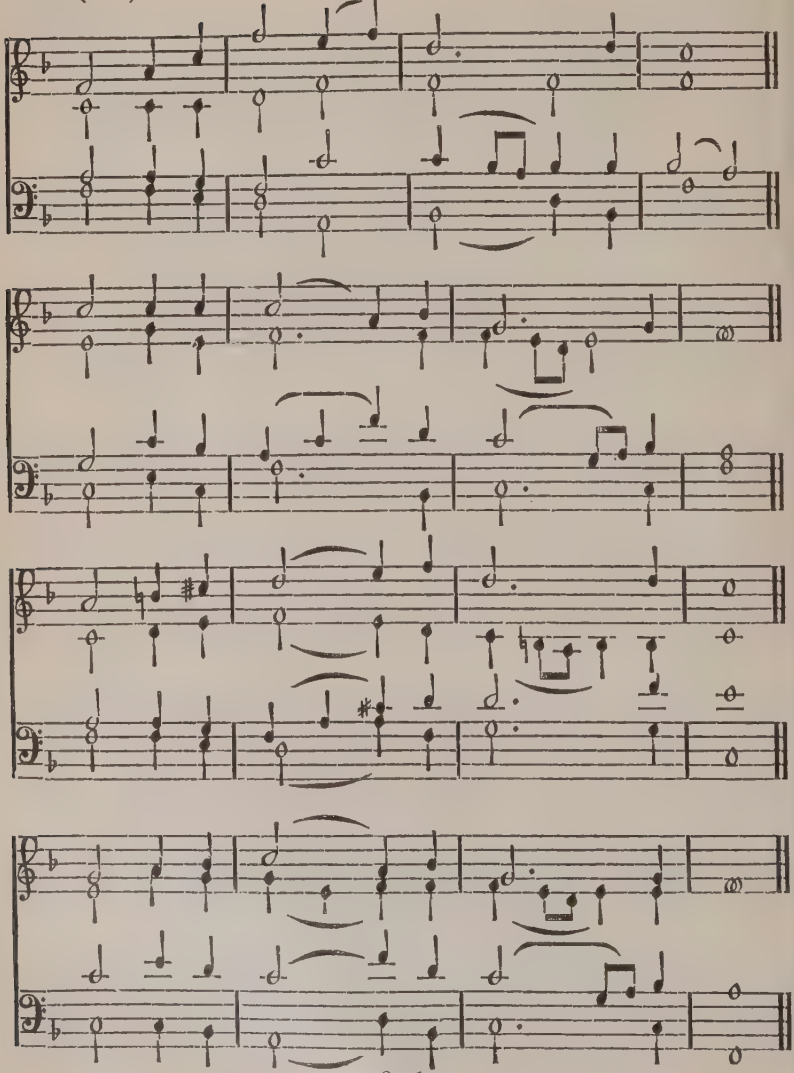
With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

325 (Second Tune)

Anon.

WELLS (L.M.)

From S. S. Wesley's European Psalmist (1872)



325

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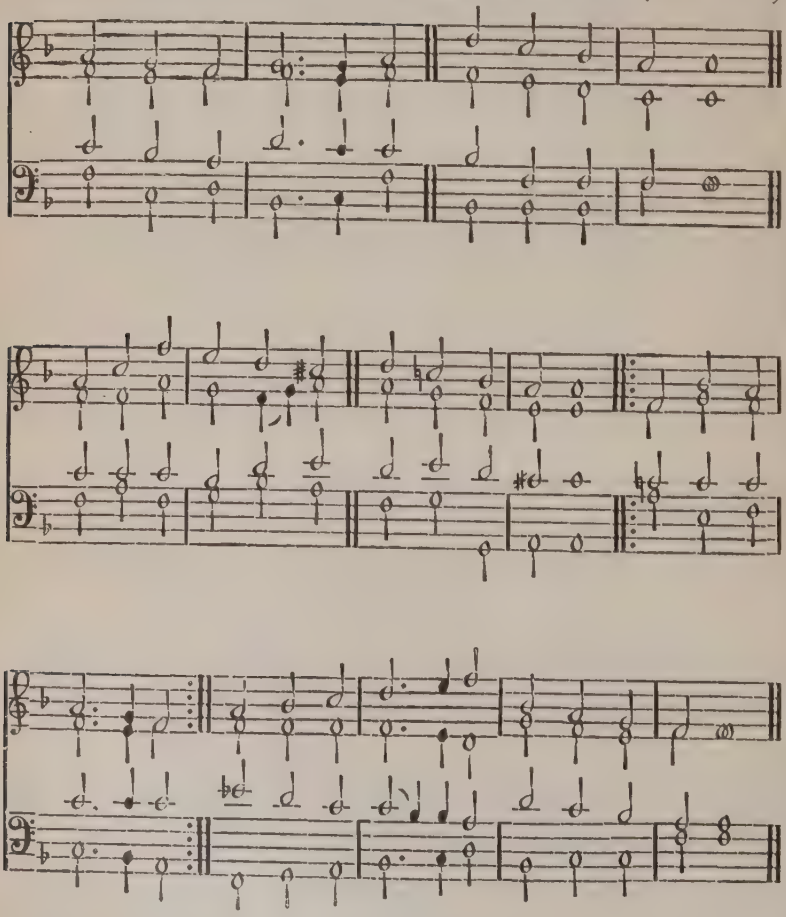
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

326

COMMUNION (65.65.6665) *Samuel Sebastian Wesley* (1810–1876)



326

John Bunyan (1628–1688)

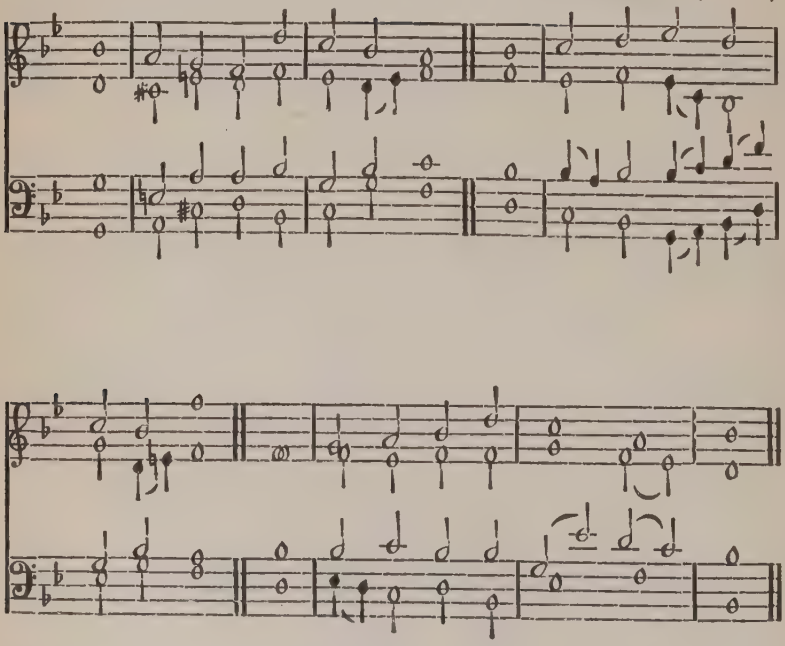
WHO would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There 's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

327

FRAMPTON COTTERELL (888) *Basil Harwood* (1859-)



327

John Newton (1725–1807)

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the Tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield?
Since Jesus is my mighty shield.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my Righteousness.

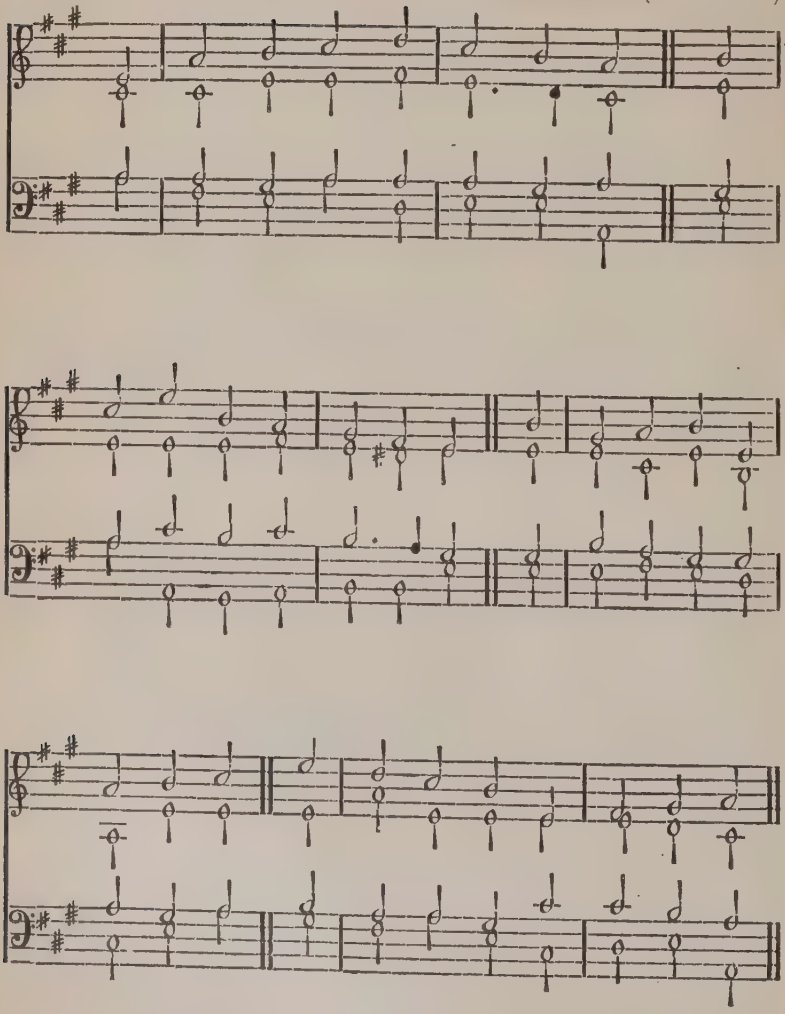
Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine:
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

328

NORFOLK (L.M.)

Samuel Howard (1710–1782)



328

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady (1696) — *Psalm xciii*

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

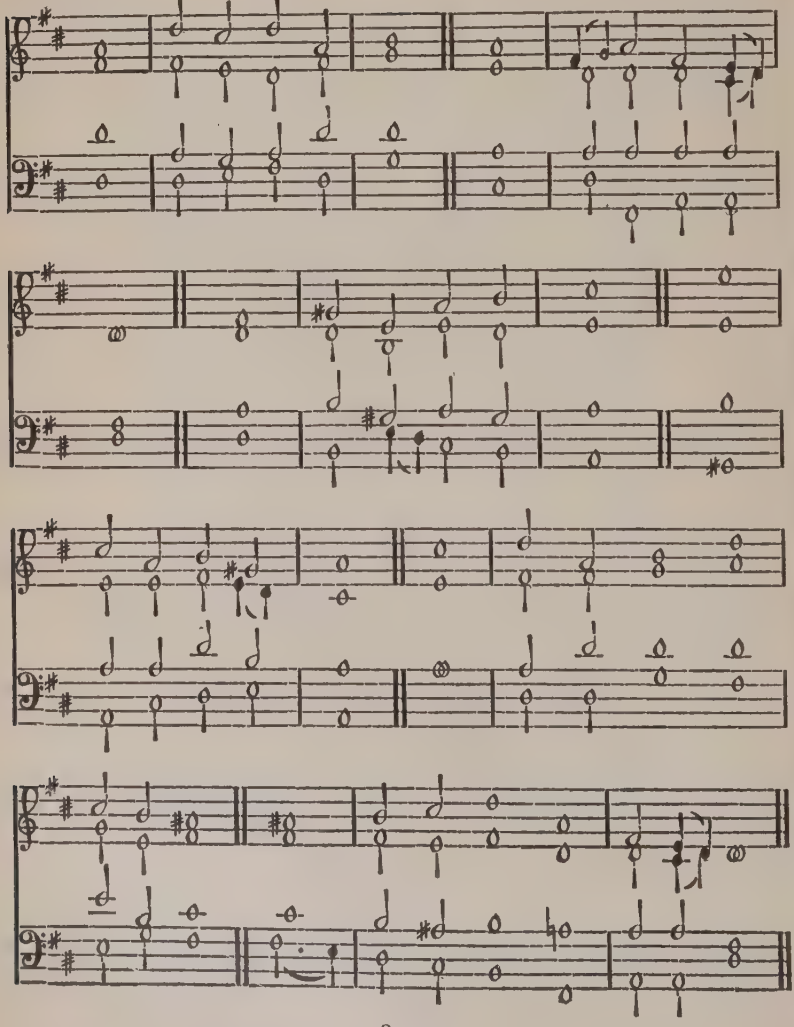
How surely stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they, that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure
Must still in holiness excel.

329

CROFT'S 136TH (66.66.44.44) *William Croft* (1678–1727)



329

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady (1696) *Psalm cxlviii*

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

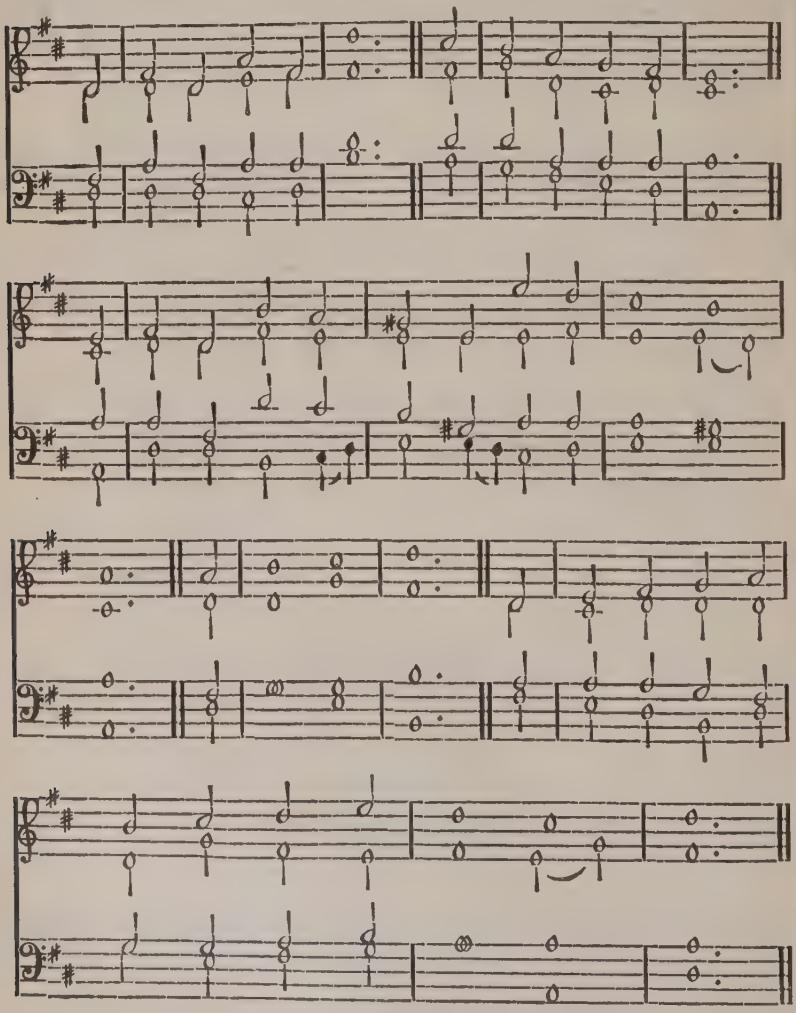
United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise;
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh;
Oh therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

330 (First Tune)

John Darwall (1731–1789)
Harm. by William Henry Monk

Darwall's 148th (66. 66. 44. 44)



330

Richard Baxter (1615–1691)
and Richard Robert Chope

YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in his light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

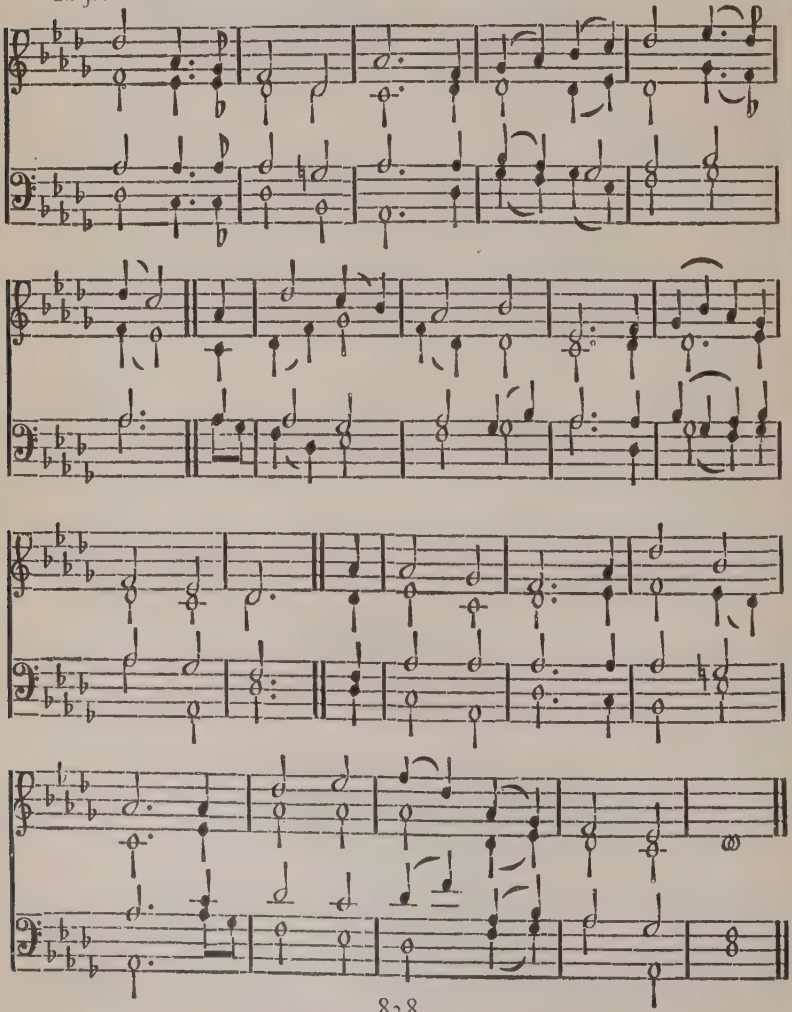
Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what he gives
And praise him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise!

330 (Second Tune)

? Thomas Clark (1775–1859)
in Cheetham's Psalmody edited by
John Houldsworth (1832)

WARSAW (66.66.44.44)
In free time



330

Richard Baxter (1615–1691)
and Richard Robert Chope

YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
For else the theme
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For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
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Who ever lives!

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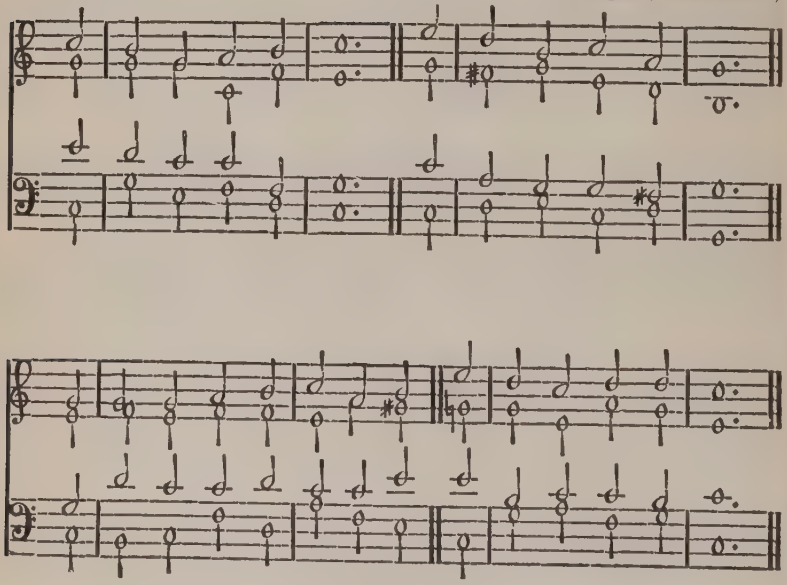
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise!

331 (First Tune)

Melody from 'Katholische Kirchengesang' (Cologne, 1619) adapted and abridged by William Henry Havergal (1793–1870)

Narenza (Ave, Maria klare) (S.M.)



Philip Doddridge (1702–1751)

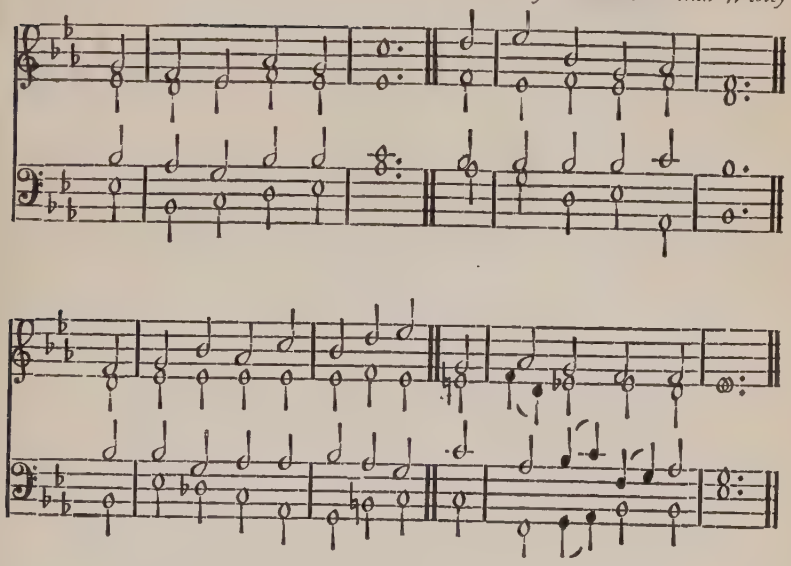
YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

331 (Second Tune)

EGHAM (S.M.)

William Turner (1651–1740)
Harm. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley



Watch; 'tis your Lord's command;
And, while we speak, he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand;
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Book IV

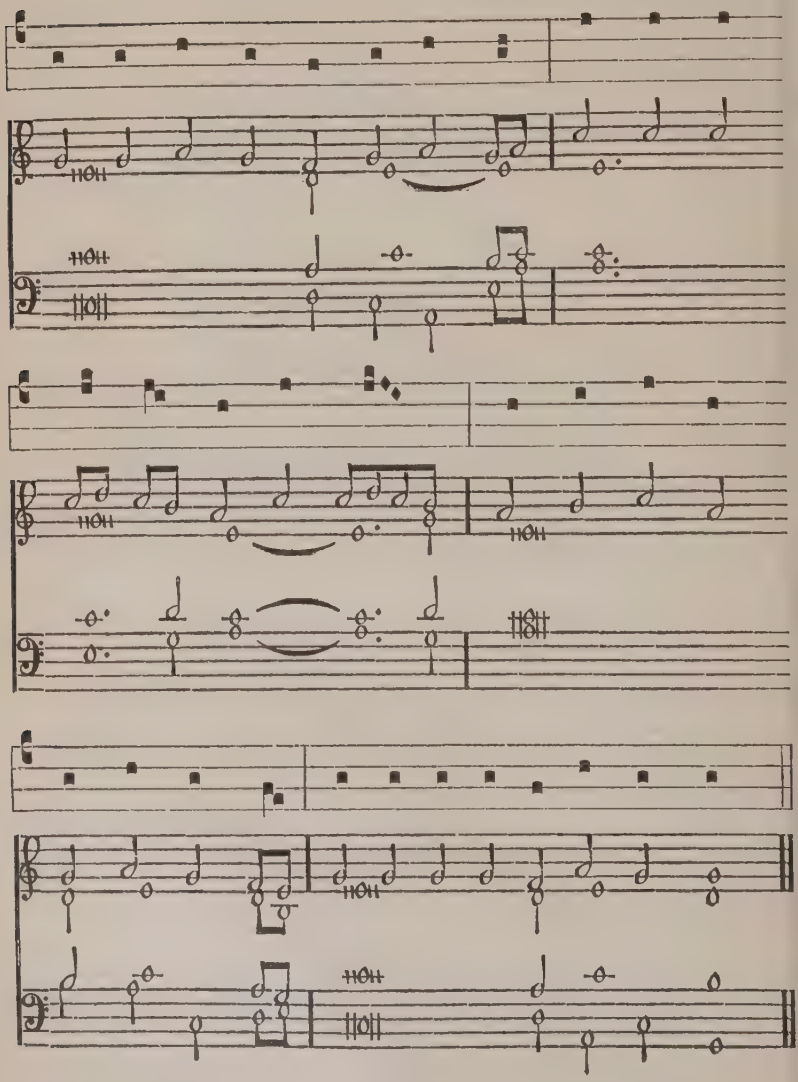
Latin Hymns

Te decet laus, te decet hymnus, tibi gloria Deo patri et filio cum sancto spiritu in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Introd. to Te Deum, Cod. Bodl. Junius 25.

332

Sarum. Mode viii
Set by Basil Harwood



332

St. Ambrose? (340–397)

JAM lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet
Ne litis horror insonet,
Visum fovendo contegat
Ne vanitates hauriat.

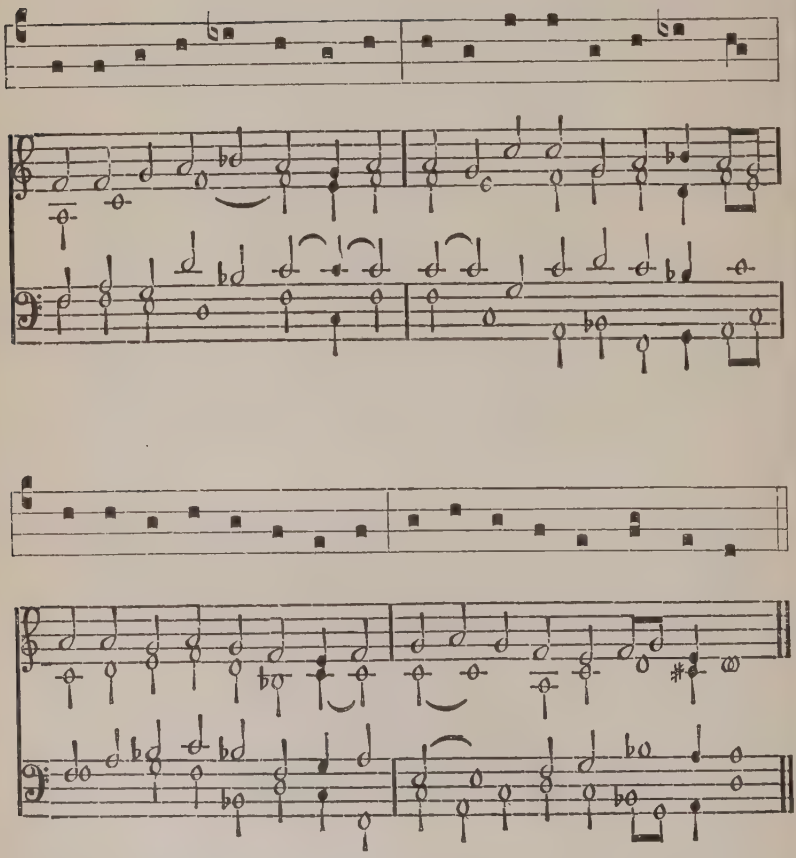
Sint pura cordis intima,
Absistat et vecordia,
Carnis terat superbiam
Potus cibique parcitas.

Ut, cum dies abscesserit
Noctemque sors reduxerit,
Mundi per abstinentiam
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

333

Sarum. Mode i
Set by M. M. Bridges



333

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–c. 413)

ALES diei nuntius
Lucem propinquam praecinit,
Nos excitator mentium
Jam Christus ad vitam vocat.

Auferte, clamat, lectulos
Aegros, soporos, desides:
Castique recti sobrii
Vigilate, jam sum proximus.

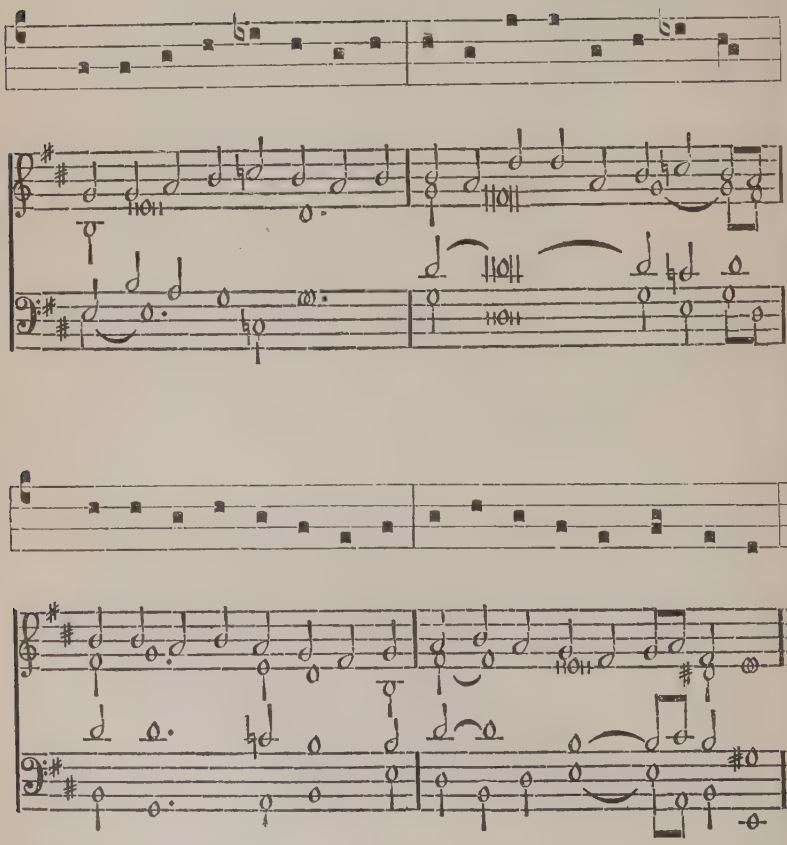
Jesum ciamus vocibus,
Flentes, precantes, sobrii:
Intenta supplicatio
Dormire cor mundum vetat.

Tu Christe somnum disjice,
Tu rumpe noctis vincula:
Tu solve peccatum vetus
Novumque lumen ingere.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

334

Sarum. Mode i
Set by Basil Harwood



334

St. Ambrose (340–397)

SPLENDOR Paternae gloriae,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis et fons luminis,
Dies diem illuminans;

Verusque sol illabere,
Micans nitore perpeti,
Jubarque sancti spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus.

Votis vocemus et patrem,
Patrem perennis gloriae,
Patrem potentis gratiae,
Culpam releget lubricam.

Informet actus strenuos,
Dentem retundat invidi,
Casus secundet asperos,
Donet gerendi gratiam.

Mentem gubernet et regat
Casto fideli corpore,
Fides calore ferveat,
Fraudis venena nesciat.

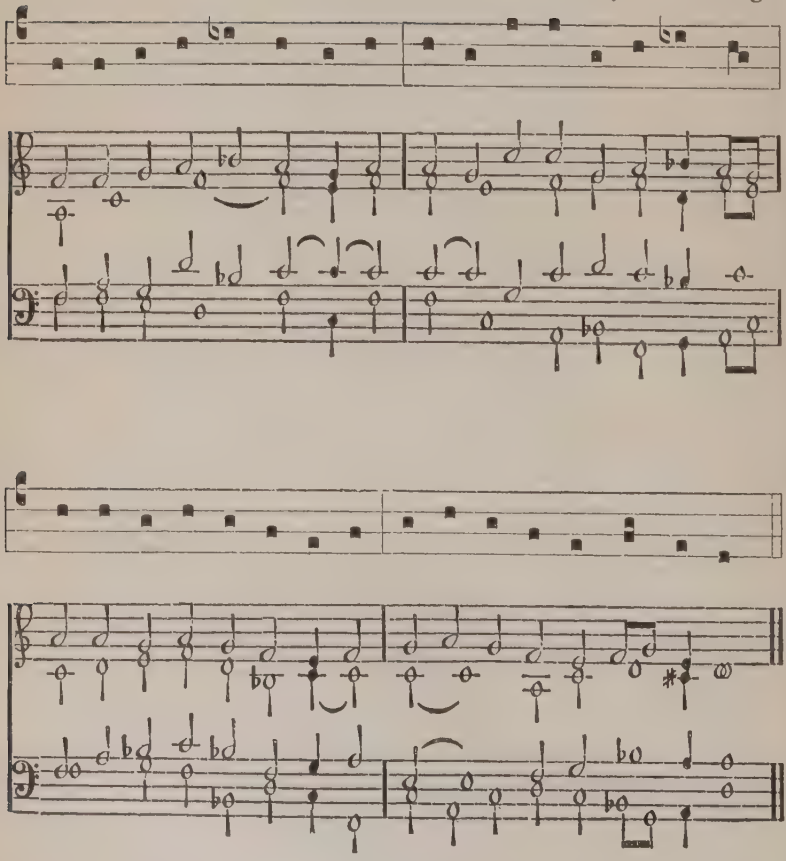
Christusque nobis sit cibus,
Potusque noster sit fides:
Laeti bibamus sobriam
Ebrietatem spiritus.

Laetus dies hic transeat,
Pudor sit ut diluculum,
Fides velut meridies,
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

Aurora cursus provehit,
Aurora totus prodeat,
In Patre totus Filius,
Et totus in Verbo Pater.

335

Sarum. Mode i
Set by M. M. Bridges



335

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–c. 413)

NOX et tenebrae et nubila,
Confusa mundi et turbida,
Lux intrat, albescit polus,
Christus venit, discedite.

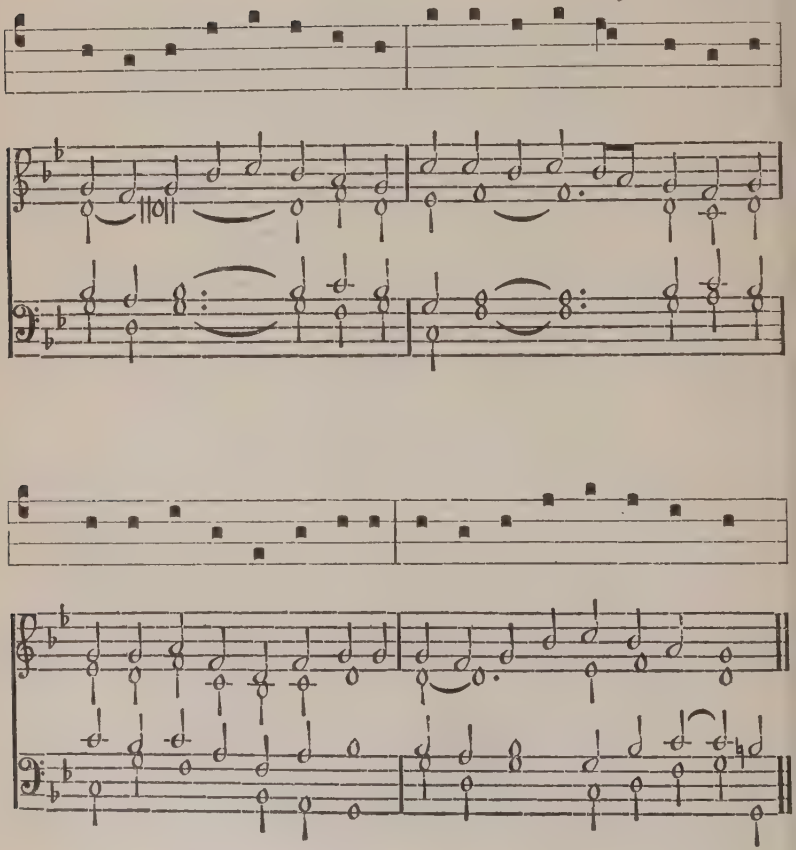
Caligo terrae scinditur,
Percussa solis spiculo,
Rebusque jam color redit
Vultu nitentis sideris.

Te Christe solum novimus,
Te mente pura et simplici
Flendo et canendo quaesumus:
Intende nostris sensibus.

Sunt multa fucis illita
Quae luce purgentur tua,
Tu rex Eoi sideris
Vultu sereno illumina.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

336

Sarum. Mode ii
Set by Basil Harwood

336

St. Ambrose? (340–397)

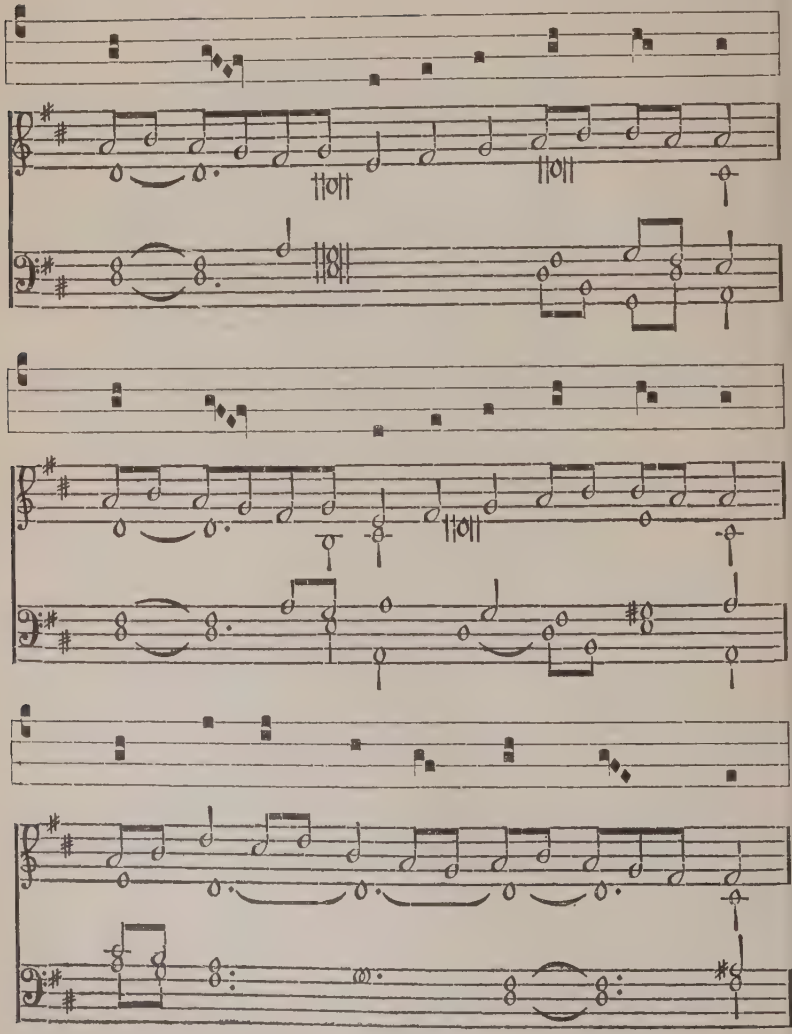
RERUM Deus tenax vigor,
Immotus in te permanens,
Lucis diurnae tempora
Successibus determinans:

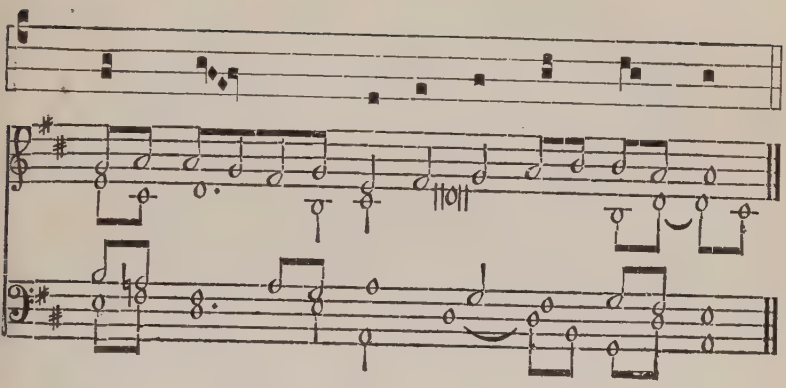
Largire clarum vespere
Quo vita nusquam decidat,
Sed praemium mortis sacrae
Perennis instet gloria.

Praesta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne saeculum.

337

Sarum. Mode viii
Set by Basil Harwood





St. Ambrose (340–397)

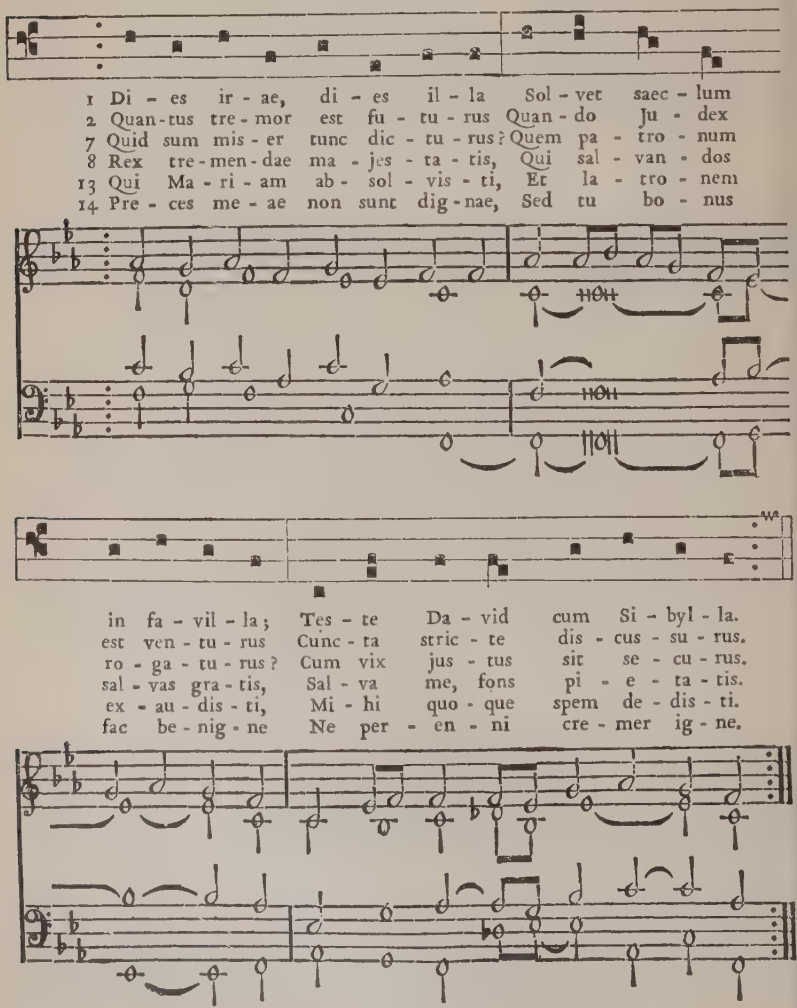
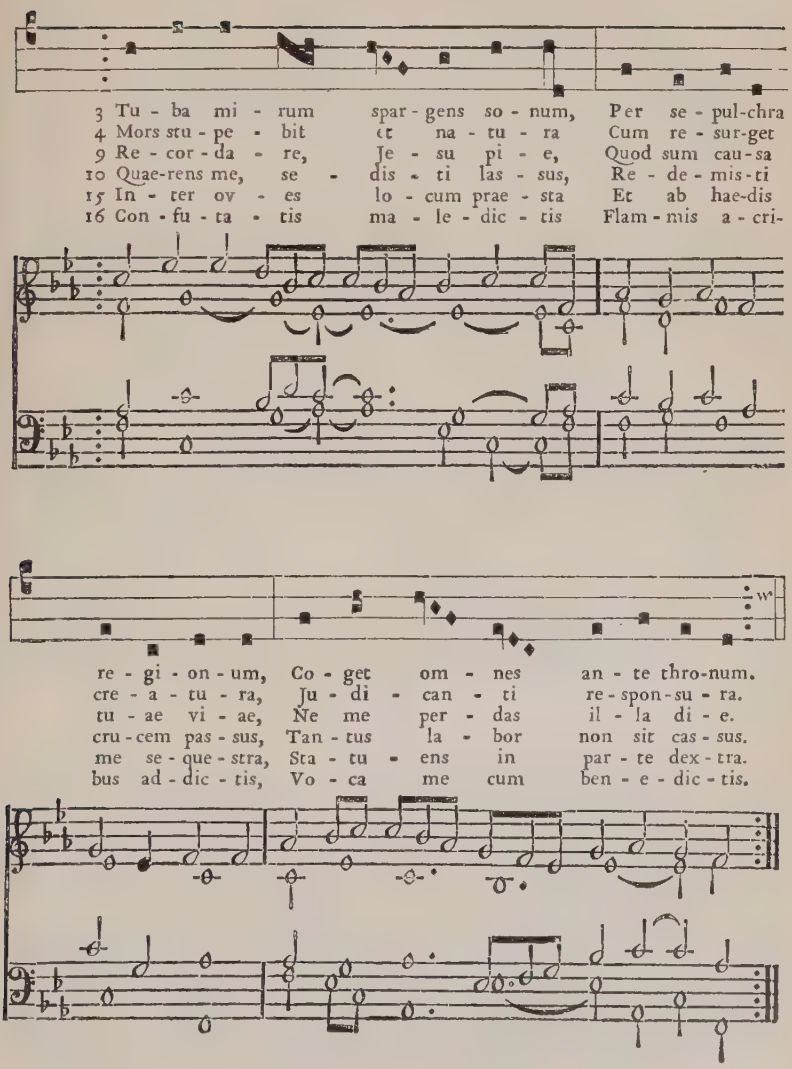
O LUX beata trinitas,
Et principalis unitas,
Jam sol recedit igneus:
Infunde lumen cordibus.

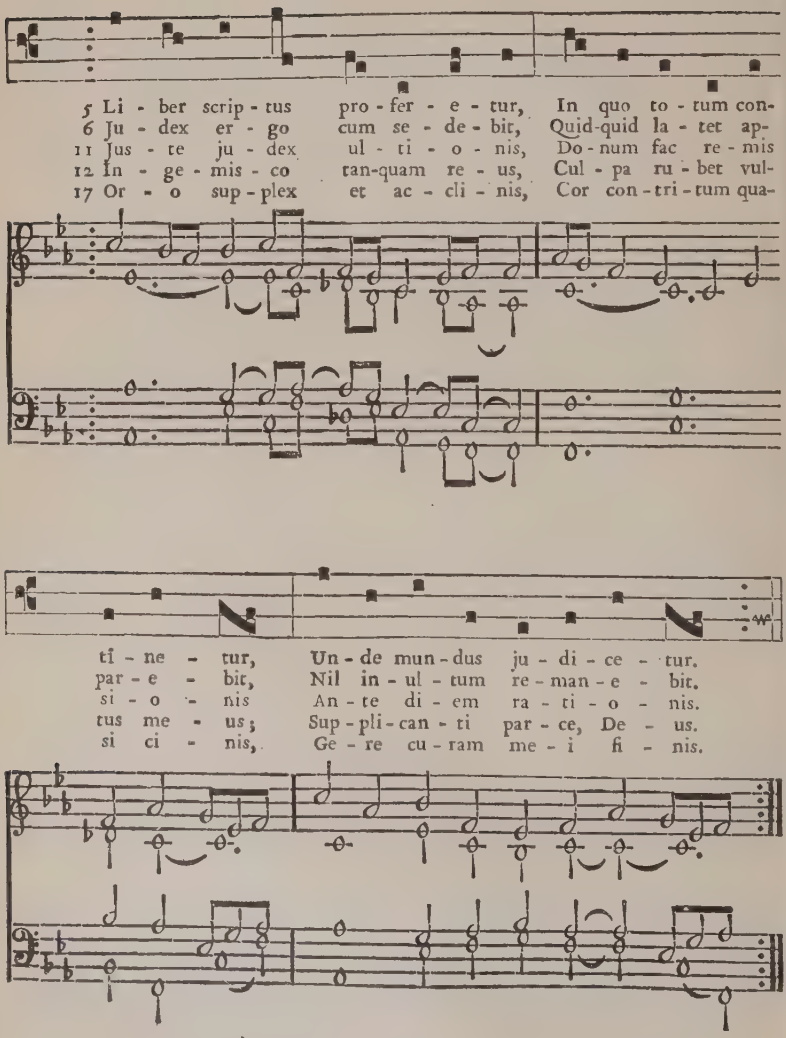
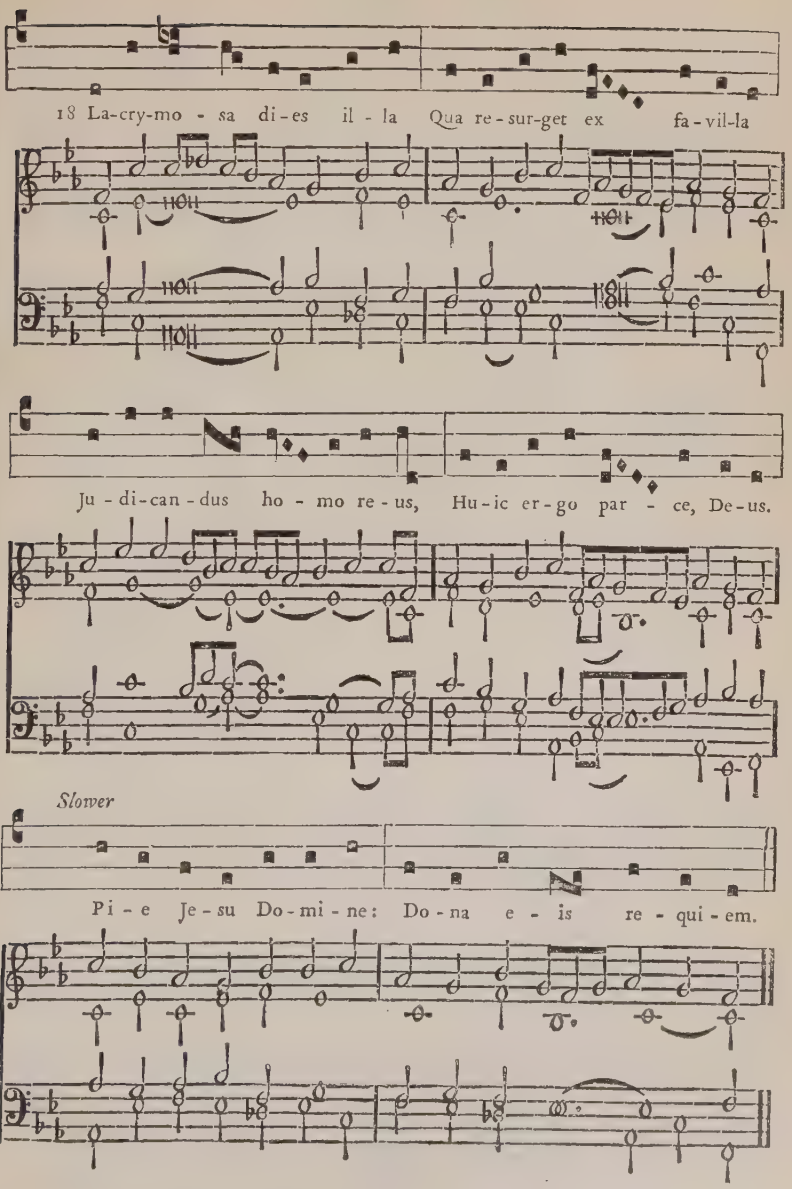
Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecemur vesperi,
Te nostra supplex gloria
Per cuncta laudet saecula.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque solo Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

338

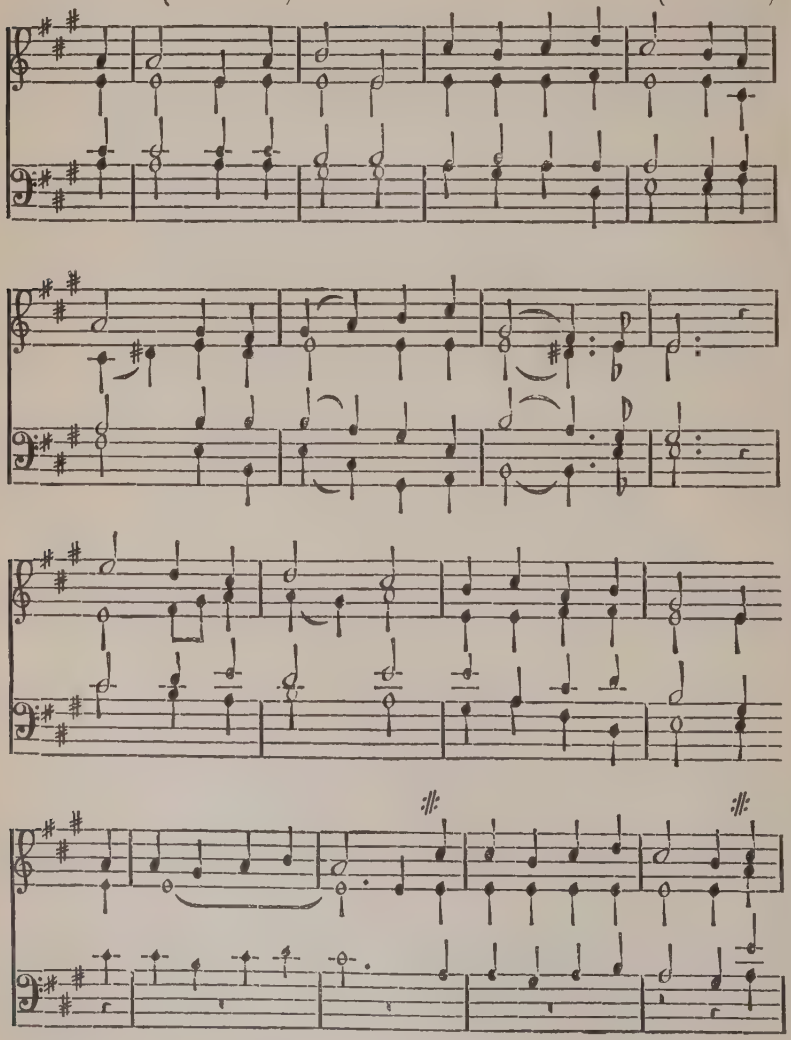
Thomas of Celano (13th cent.) *Solesmes. Modes i and ii*

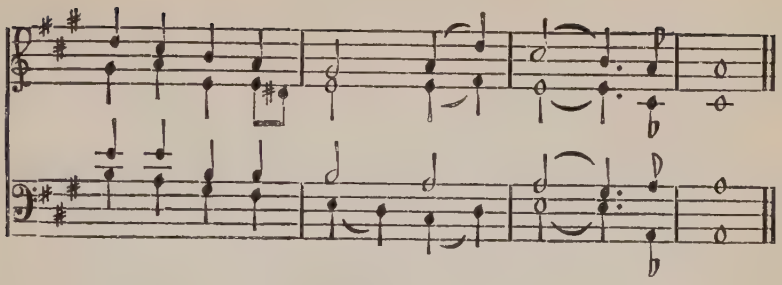
DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA *Set by Basil Harwood*

1 Di - es ir - ae, di - es il - la Sol - vet saec - lum
2 Quan-tus tre - mor est fu - tu - rus Quan - do Ju - dex
7 Quid sum mis - er tunc dic - tu - rus? Quem pa - tro - num
8 Rex tre-men-dae ma - jes - ta - tis, Qui sal - van - dos
13 Qui Ma - ri - am ab - sol - vis - ti, Et la - tro - nem
14 Pre - ces me - ae non sunt dig - nae, Sed tu bo - nus
in fa - vil - la; Tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl - la.
est ven - tu - rus Cunc - ta stric - te dis - cus - su - rus.
ro - ga - tu - rus? Cum vix jus - tus sit se - cu - rus.
sal - vas gra - tis, Sal - va me, fons pi - e - ta - tis.
ex - au - dis - ti, Mi - hi quo - que spem de - dis - ti.
fac be - nig - ne Ne per - en - ni cre - mer ig - ne.

3 Tu - ba mi - rum spar - gens so - num, Per se - pul-chra
4 Mors stu - pe - bit et na - tu - ra Cum re - sur-get
9 Re - cor - da - re, Je - su pi - e, Quod sum cau - sa
10 Quae-rens me, se - dis - ti las - sus, Re - de - mis - ti
15 In - ter ov - es lo - cum prae - sta Et ab hae-dis
16 Con - fu - ta - tis ma - le - dic - tis Flam - mis a - cri-
re - gi - on - um, Co - get om - nes an - te thro-num.
cre - a - tu - ra, Ju - di - can - ti re - spon - su - ra.
tu - ae vi - ae, Ne me per - das il - la di - e.
cru - cem pas - sus, Tan - tus la - bor non sit cas - sus.
me se - que - stra, Sta - tu - ens in par - te dex - tra.
bus ad - dic - tis, Vo - ca me cum ben - e - dic - tis.

338 (*continued*)

5 Li - ber scrip - tus pro - fer - e - tur, In quo to - tum con-
6 Ju - dex er - go cum se - de - bit, Quid-quid la - tet ap-
11 Jus - te ju - dex ul - ti - o - nis, Do - num fac re - mis
12 In - ge - mis - co tan-quam re - us, Cul - pa ru - bet vul-
17 Or - o sup - plex et ac - cli - nis, Cor con - tri - tum qua-
ti - ne - tur, Un - de mun - dus ju - di - ce - tur.
par - e - bit, Nil in - ul - tum re - man - e - bit.
si - o - nis An - te di - em ra - ti - o - nis.
tus me - us; Sup - pli - can - ti par - ce, De - us.
si ci - nis, Ge - re cu - ram me - i fi - nis.

18 La-cry-mo - sa di-es il - la Qua re-sur-get ex fa-vil-la
Ju - di-can - dus ho - mo re - us, Hu-ic er-go par - ce, De-us.
Slower
Pi - e Je-su Do-mi - ne: Do - na e - is re - qui - em.

339

ADESTE FIDELES (IRREGULAR) *Anon.* (?18*th cent.*)





Anon. (*17th cent.?*)

ADESTE, fideles,
Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo;
Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera;
Deum verum,
Genitum non factum:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

En grege relicto,
Humiles ad cunas,
Vocati pastores approperant.
Et nos ovanti
Gradu festinemus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Stella duce, Magi
Christum adorantes,
Aurum, thus, et myrrham, dant munera.
Jesu infanti
Corda praebeamus:
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Aeterni Parentis
Splendorem Aeternum,
Velatum sub carne videbimus,
Deum infantem,
Pannis involutum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Pro nobis egenum
Et foeno cubantem
Piis foveamus amplexibus;
Sic nos amantem
Quis non redamaret?
Venite adoremus Dominum.

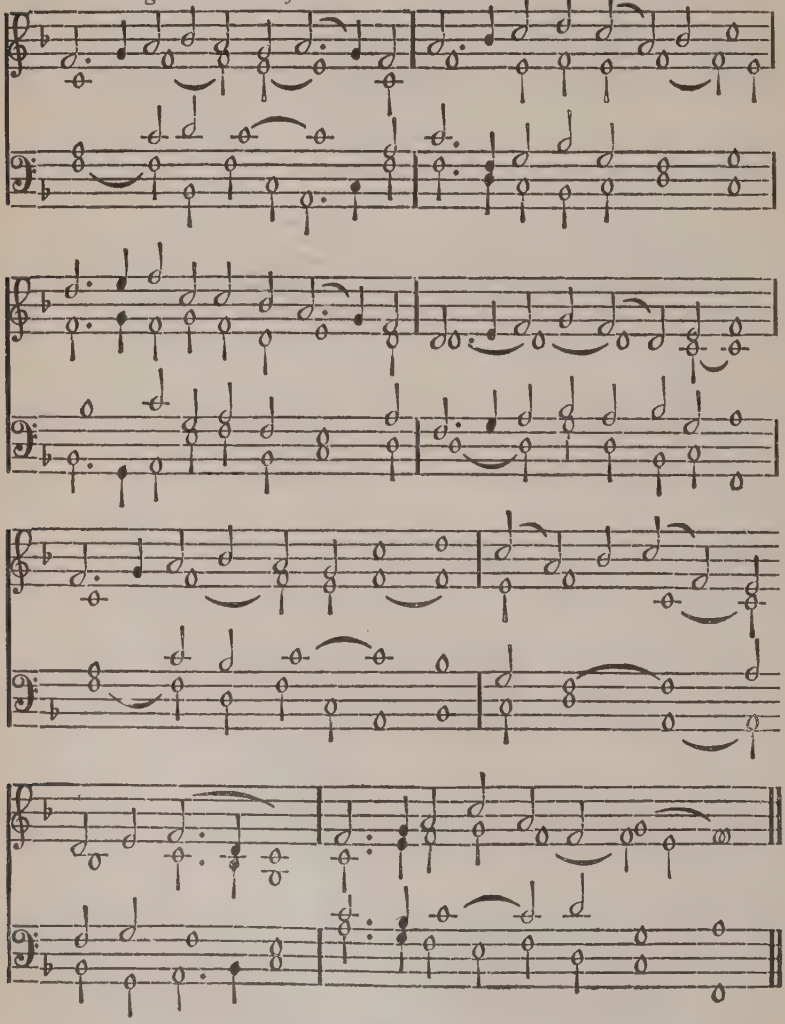
Cantet nunc hymnos,
Chorus Angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula celestium,
Gloria
In excelsis Deo!
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo Qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeterni
Verbum caro factum!
Venite adoremus Dominum.

340

CORDE NATUS (87.87.877)

To be sung in unison in free time

Melody from a 13th cent.
MS. at Wolfenbüttel
Set by Basil Harwood

340

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–c. 413)

CORDE natus ex parentis ante mundi exordium,
Alpha et Ω cognominatus, ipse fons et clausula,
Omnium quae sunt, fuerunt, quaeque post futura sunt
Saeculorum saeculis.

O beatus ortus ille, virgo cum puerpera
Edidit nostram salutem foeta sancto Spiritu,
Et puer redemptor orbis os sacratum protulit
Saeculorum saeculis.

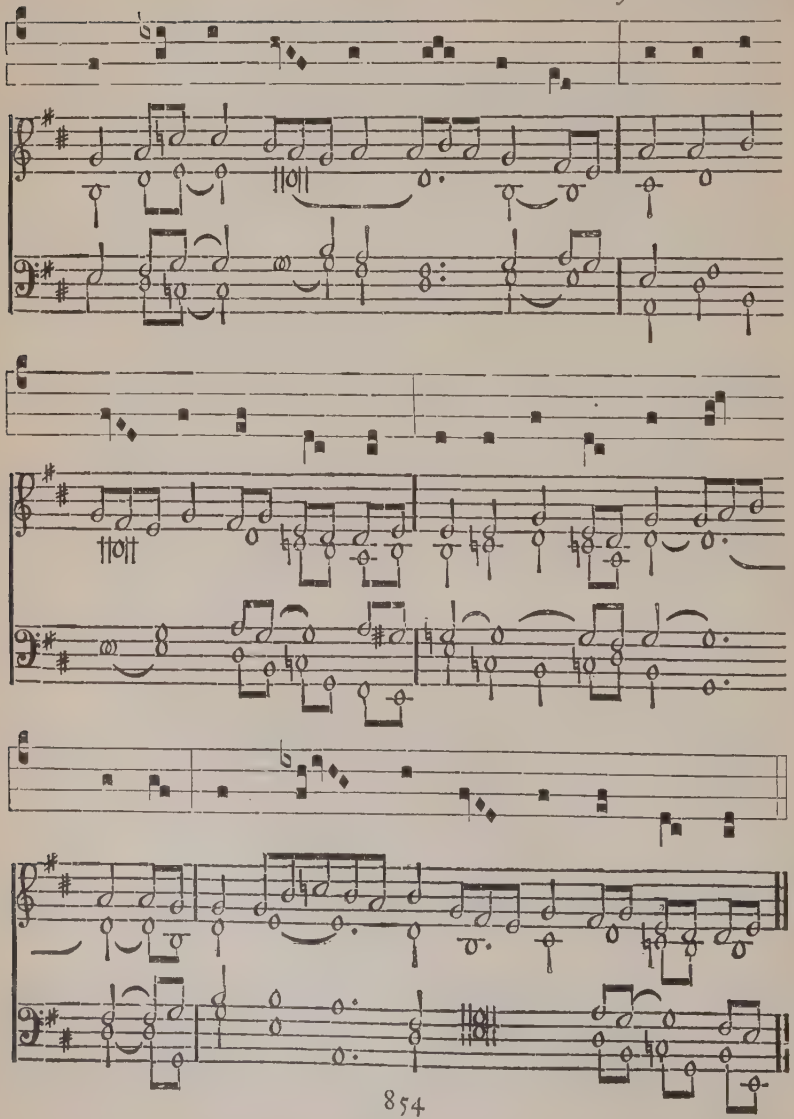
Psallat altitudo caeli, psallant omnes angeli,
Quidquid est virtutis usquam psallat in laudem Dei,
Nulla linguarum silescat, voce et omnis consonet
Saeculorum saeculis.

Ecce, quem vates vetustis concinebant saeculis,
Quem prophetarum fideles paginae spoponderant,
Emicat promissus olim, cuncta collaudent eum
Saeculorum saeculis.

Te senes et te juventus, parvulorum te chorus,
Turba matrum virginumque, simplices puellulae,
Voce concordes pudicis perstrepant concentibus
Saeculorum saeculis.

Tibi, Christe, sit cum Patre hagioque Pneumate
Hymnus, melos, laus perennis, gratiarum actio,
Honor, virtus, victoria, regnum aeternaliter
Saeculorum saeculis.

341

Sarum. Mode i
Set by Basil Harwood

341

Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (c. 530–609)

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

Confixa clavis viscera,
Tendens manus, vestigia,
Redemptionis gratia
Hic immolata est hostia.

Quo vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda, sanguine.

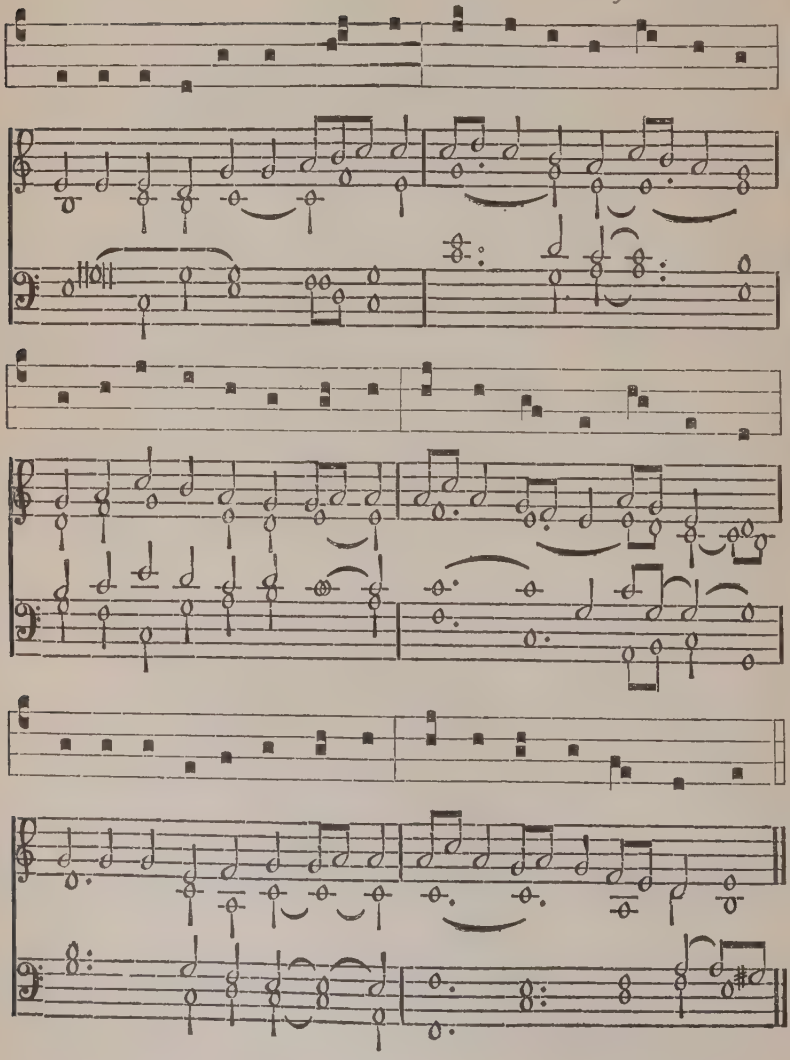
Impleta sunt quae concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicens: in nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata cujus brachiis
Pretium pependit saeculi,
Statera facta corporis
Praedamque tulit Tartaris.

Salve ara, salve victima
De passionis gloria
Qua vita mortem pertulit
Et morte vitam reddidit.

342

Mechlin. *Mode iii*
Set by Basil Harwood

342

Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (c. 530–609)

PANGE lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis,
Et super crucis tropaeo dic triumphum nobilem,
Qualiter redemptor orbis immolatus vicerit.

De parentis protoplasti fraude factor condolens,
Quando pomi noxialis morsu in mortem corruit,
Ipse lignum tunc notavit damna ligni ut solveret.

Hoc opus nostrae salutis ordo depoposcerat,
Multiformis proditoris ars ut artem falleret
Et medelam ferret inde hostis unde laeserat.

Quando venit ergo sacri plenitudo temporis,
Missus est ab arce patris natus orbis conditor
Atque ventre virginali caro factus prodiit.

Vagit infans inter arcta conditus praesepia,
Membra pannis involuta virgo mater alligat,
Et pedes manusque crura stricta cingit fascia.

Lustra sex qui jam peracta, tempus implens corporis,
Se volente, natus ad hoc, passioni deditus
Agnus in cruce levatur immolandus stipite.

Hic acetum, fel, arundo, sputa, clavi, lancea,
Mite corpus perforatur, sanguis unda profluit,
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus, quo lavantur flumine.

Crux fidelis, inter omnes arbor una nobilis,
Nulla talem silva profert fronde, flore, germine:
Dulce lignum dulci clavo dulce pondus sustinens.

Flecte ramos arbor alta, tensa laxa viscera
Et rigor lentescat ille quem dedit nativitas,
Ut superni membra regis miti tendas stipite.

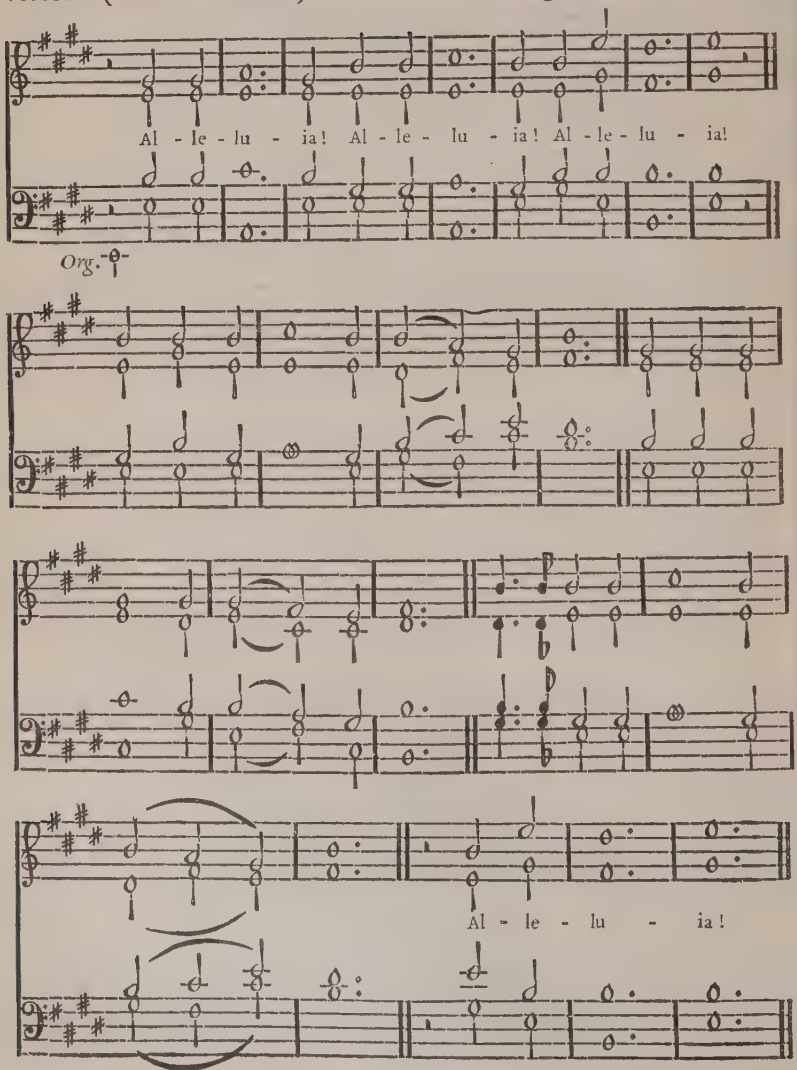
Sola digna tu fuisti ferre pretium saeculi,
Atque portum praeparare nauta mundo naufrago,
Quem sacer cruor perunxit fusus agni corpore.

Gloria et honor Deo usque quo altissimo
Una Patri Filioque, inclito Paraclito,
Cui laus est et potestas per aeterna saecula.

343

VICTORY (888 *and Alleluias*)

Adapted from Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina (*d.* 1594)



343

Anon. (*12th cent.?*)

ALLELUIA, Alleluia!
Finita jam sunt proelia,
Est parta jam victoria!
Gaudeamus, et canamus: Alleluia!

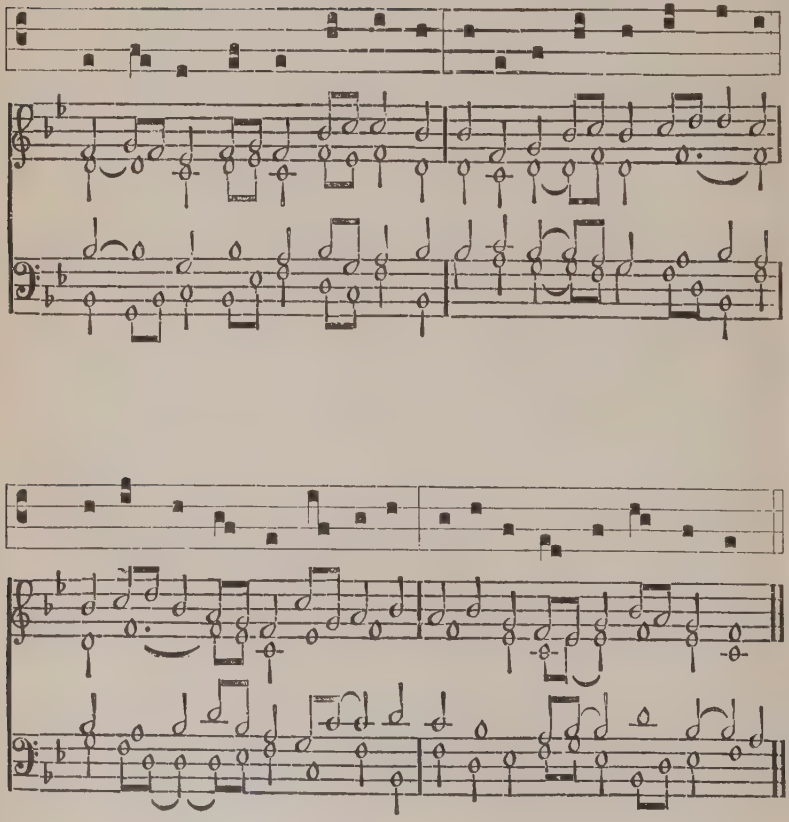
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Post fata mortis barbara
Devicit Jesus Tartara.
Applaudamus, et psallamus: Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Surrexit die tertia
Caelesti clarus gratia.
Insonemus, et cantemus: Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Sunt clausa Stygis ostia,
Et caeli patent atria.
Gaudeamus, et canamus: Alleluia!

Alleluia, Alleluia!
Per tua, Jesu, vulnera
Nos mala morte libera,
Ut vivamus, et canamus: Alleluia!

344

Mechlin. *Mode viii*
Set by Basil Harwood

344

Anon. (*10th cent.?*)

VENI, creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio;

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei Tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

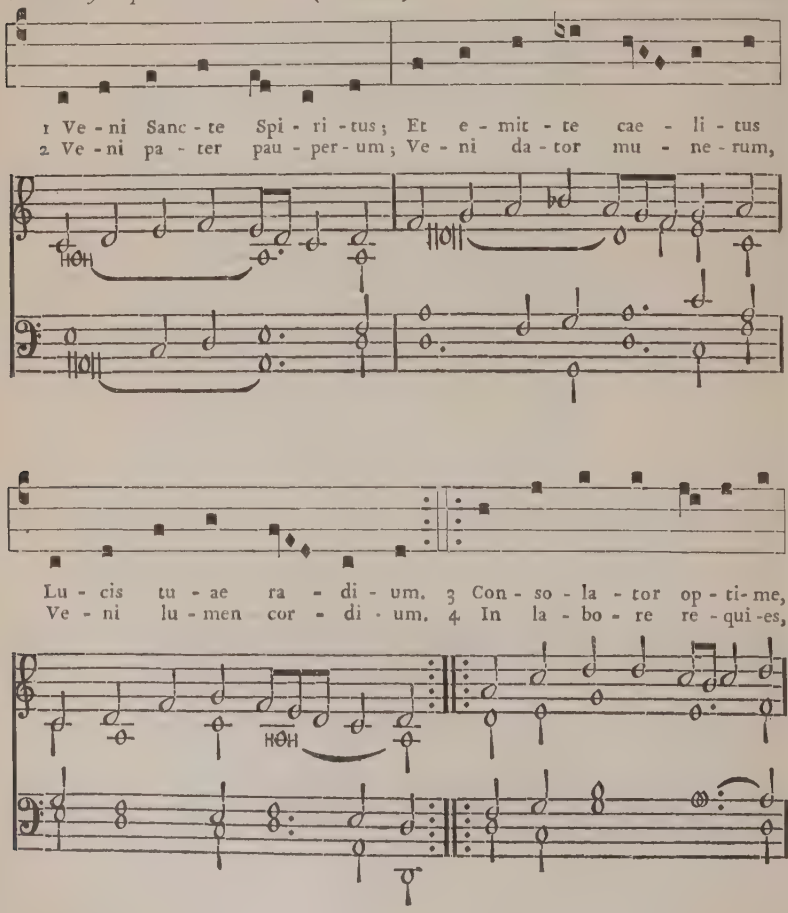
Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

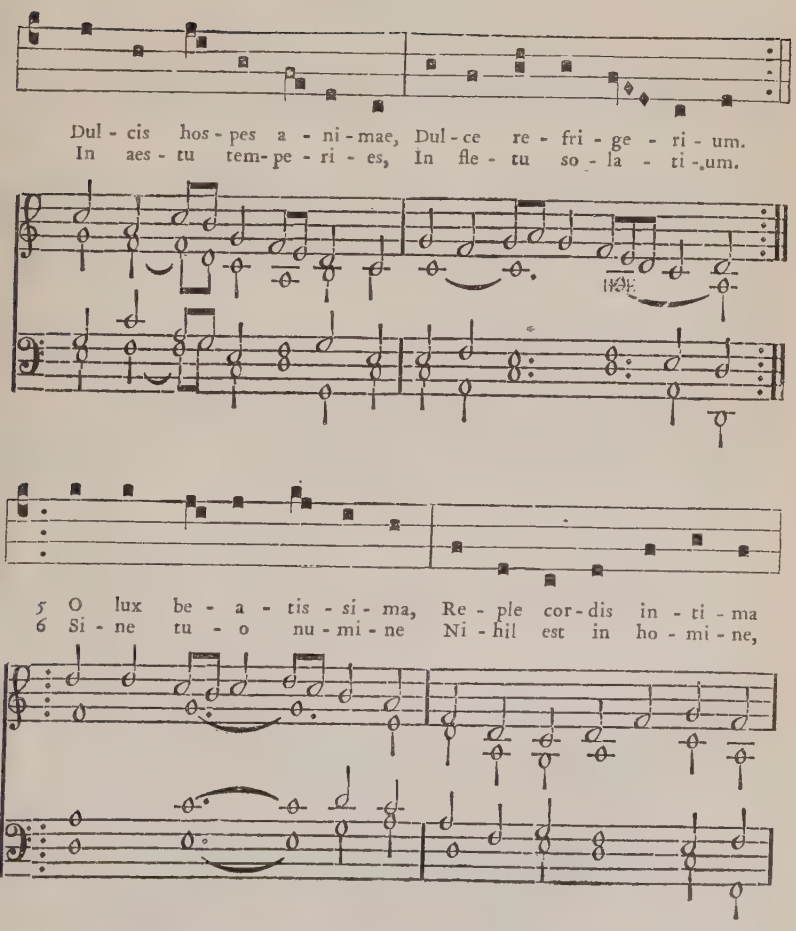
Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic Te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per Te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

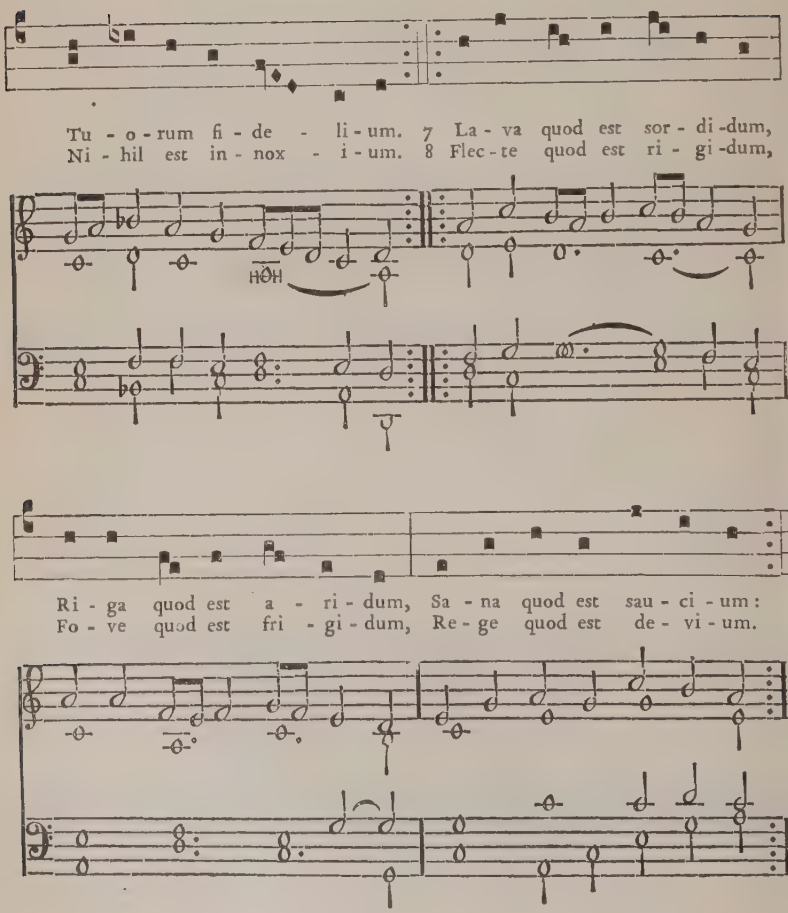
345

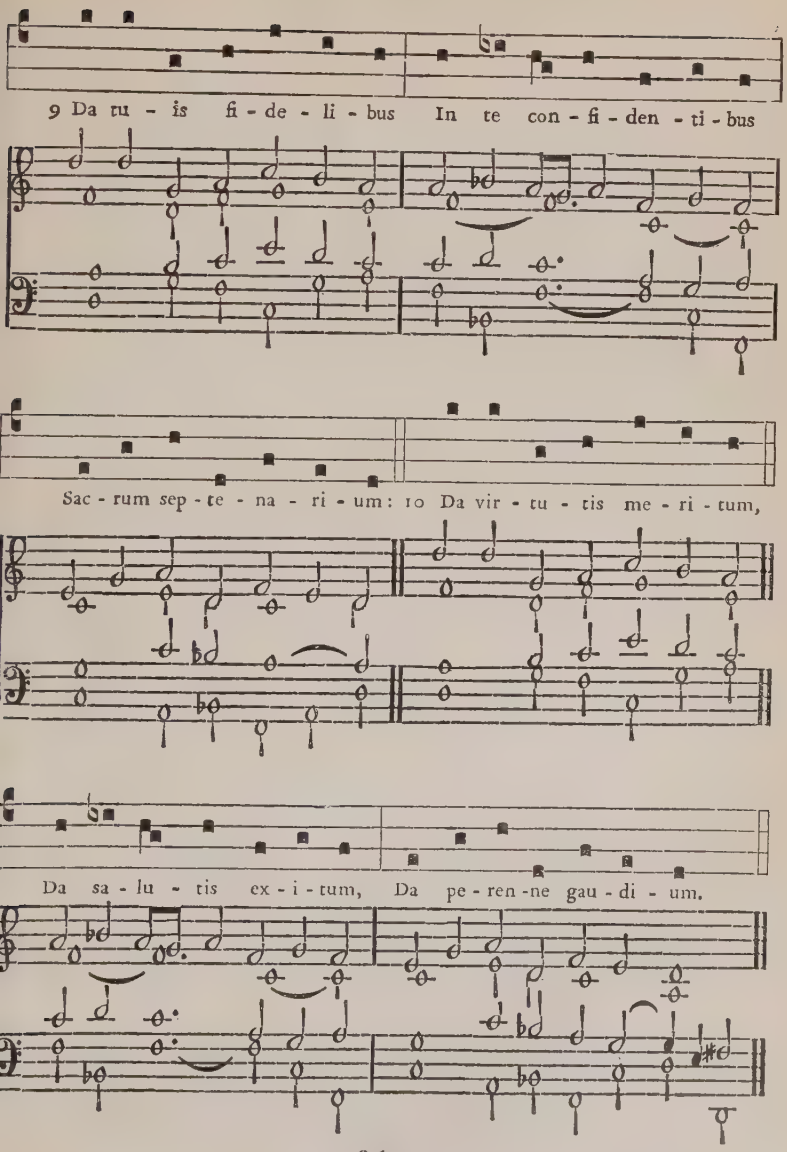
Solesmes. Mode i

Words by Pope Innocent III? (d. 1216) *Set by Basil Harwood*

1 Ve - ni Sanc - te Spi - ri - tus; Et e - mit - te cae - li - tus
2 Ve - ni pa - ter pau - per - um; Ve - ni da - tor mu - ne - rum,
Lu - cis tu - ae ra - di - um. 3 Con - so - la - tor op - ti - me,
Ve - ni lu - men cor - di - um. 4 In la - bo - re re - qui - es,

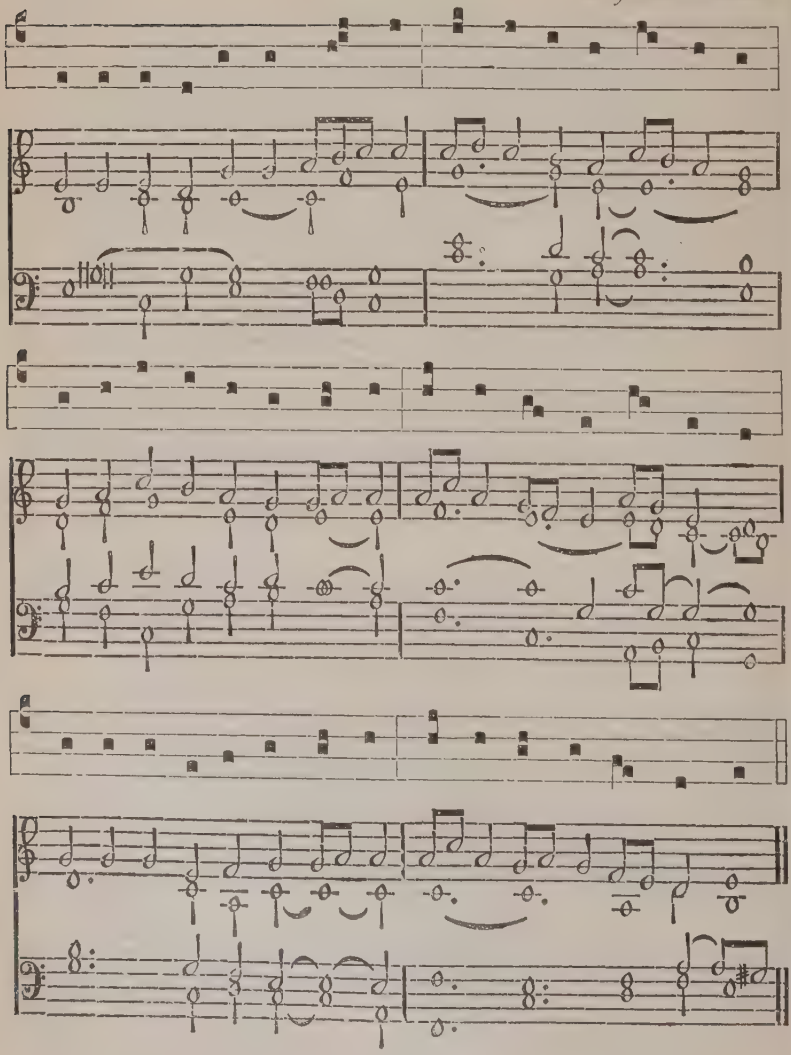

Dul - cis hos - pes a - ni - mae, Dul - ce re - fri - ge - ri - um.
In aes - tu tem - pe - ri - es, In fle - tu so - la - ti - um.
5 O lux be - a - tis - si - ma, Re - ple cor - dis in - ti - ma
6 Si - ne tu - o nu - mi - ne Ni - hil est in ho - mi - ne,

345 (*continued*)


Tu - o - rum fi - de - li - um. 7 La - va quod est sor - di - dum,
Ni - hil est in - nox - i - um. 8 Flec - te quod est ri - gi - dum,
Ri - ga quod est a - ri - dum, Sa - na quod est sau - ci - um:
Fo - ve quod est fri - gi - dum, Re - ge quod est de - vi - um.


9 Da tu - is fi - de - li - bus In te con - fi - den - ti - bus
Sac - rum sep - te - na - ri - um: 10 Da vir - tu - tis me - ri - tum,
Da sa - lu - tis ex - i - tum, Da pe - ren - ne gau - di - um.

346 (First Tune)

Mechlin. *Mode iii*
Set by Basil Harwood

346

St. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274)

PANGE, lingua, gloriosi corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi, quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus ex intacta virgine
Et in mundo conversatus, sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus miro clausit ordine.

In supremae nocte coenae recumbens cum fratribus
Observata lege plene cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbae duodenae se dat suis manibus.

Verbum caro panem verum verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum, et si sensus deficit
Ad firmandum cor sincerum sola fides sufficit.

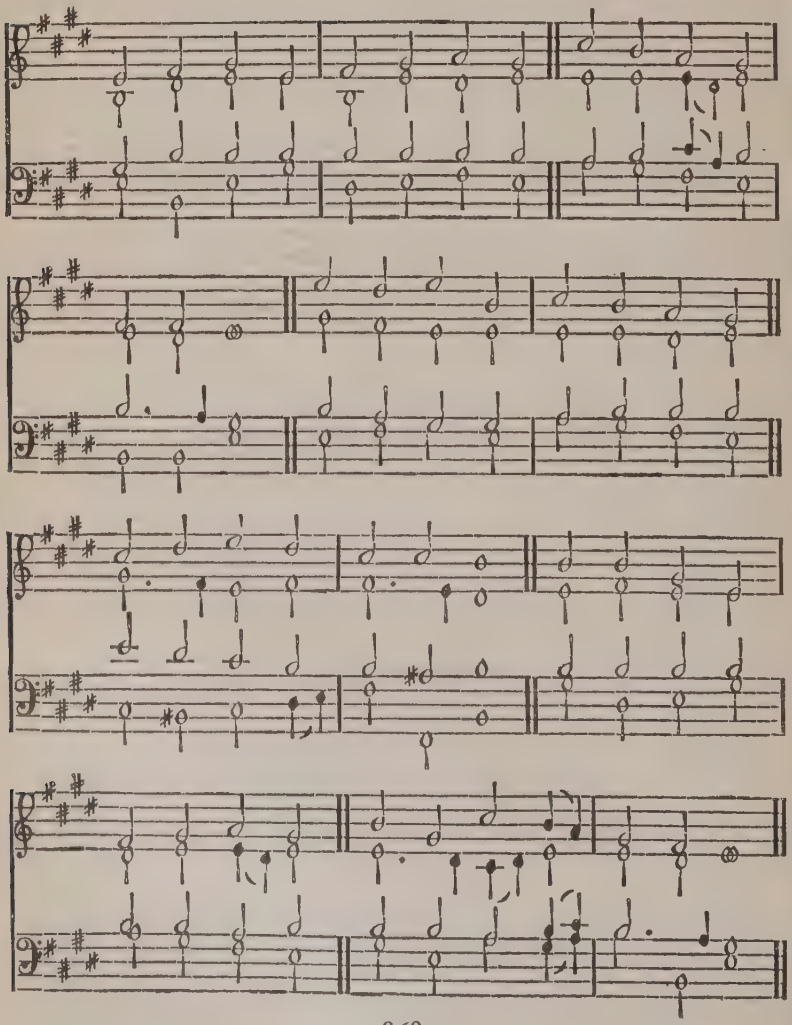
Tantum ergo sacramentum veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementum sensuum defectui.

Genitori Genitoque laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque compar sit laudatio.

346 (Second Tune)

St. Thomas (87.87.87)

From Samuel Webbe's 'Motetts or Antiphons' (1792)



346

St. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274)

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Sanguinisque pretiosi, quem in mundi pretium
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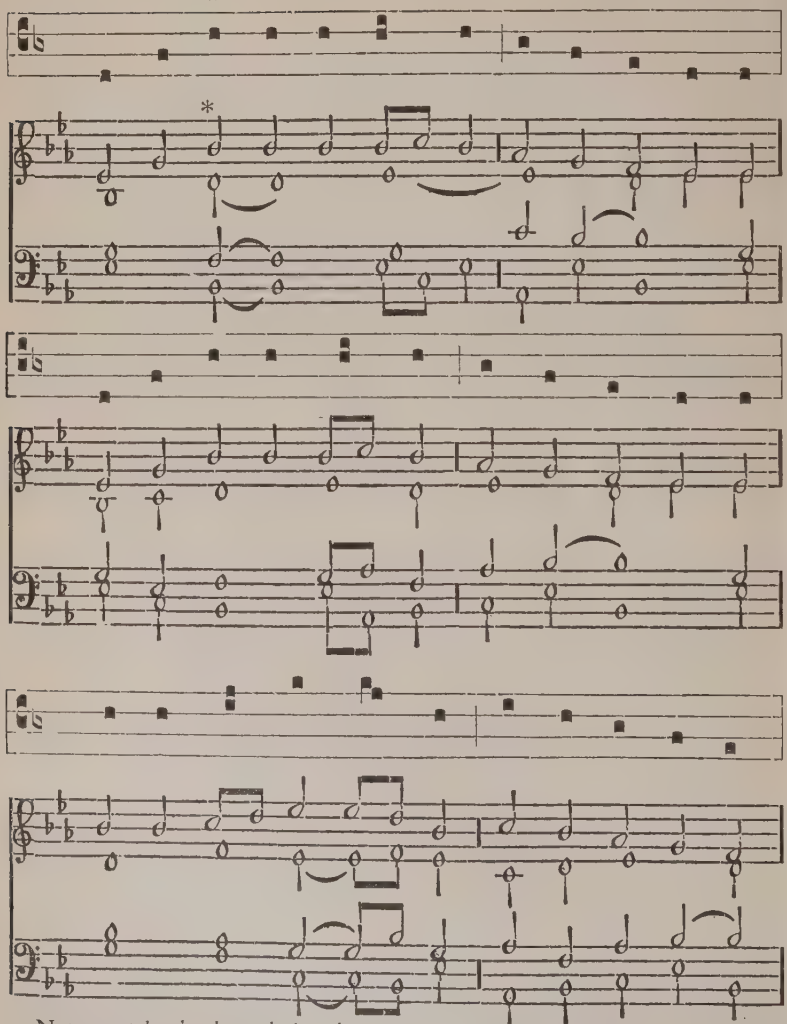
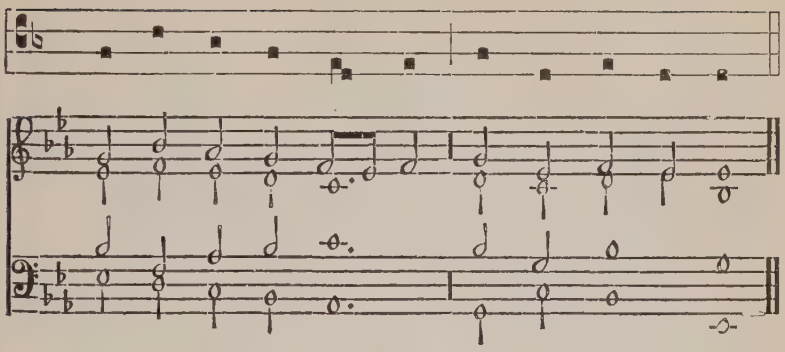
Ad firmandum cor sincerum sola fides sufficit.

Tantum ergo sacramentum veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementum sensuum defectui.

Genitori Genitoque laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque sit et benedictio;
Procedenti ab utroque compar sit laudatio.

347

Solesmes. Mode v
Set by Basil Harwood

NOTE.—*The chord marked with an asterisk should be omitted in every verse except the first.*



St. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274)

ADORO te devote, latens deitas,
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas,
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
Quia te contemplans totum deficit.

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur:
Credo quidquid dixit Dei filius:
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius.

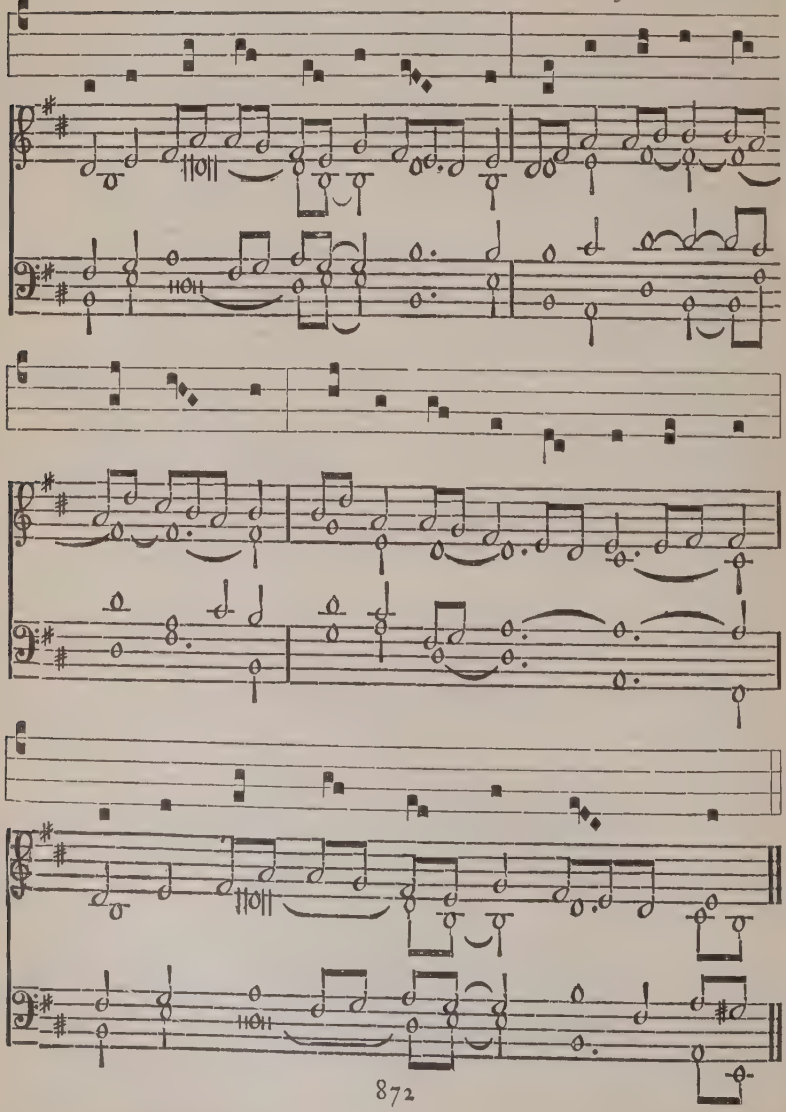
In cruce latebat sola deitas,
At hic latet simul et humanitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens
Peto quod petivit latro poenitens.

Plagas sicut Thomas non intucor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor:
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.

O memoriale mortis domini,
Panis vivus, vitam praestans homini,
Praesta meae menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc adspicio,
Oro, fiat illud quod tam sitio,
Ut te revelata cernens facie
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae.

348

Sarum. Mode i
Set by Basil Harwood

348

St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153)

JESU dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius
Quam Jesus Dei filius.

Jesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus?

Jesu dulcedo cordium,
Fons veri, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium
Et omne desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec littera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Mane nobiscum domine,
Et nos illustra lumine,
Pulsa noctis caligine
Mundum replens dulcedine.

Quando cor nostrum visitas
Tunc lucet ei veritas,
Mundi vilescit vanitas,
Et intus fervet caritas.

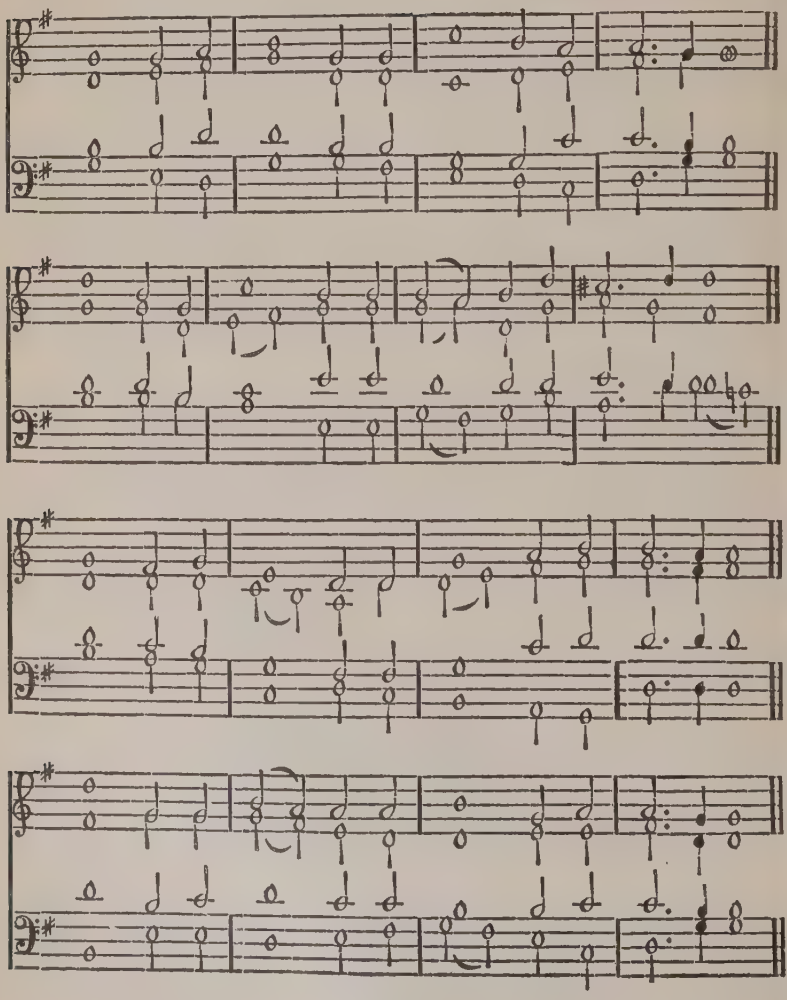
Jesum omnes agnoscite,
Jesum ardenter quaerite,
Amorem ejus poscite,
Quaerendo inardescite.

Qui te gustant esuriunt,
Qui bibunt adhuc sitiunt,
Desiderare nesciunt
Nisi Jesum quem cupiunt.

349

Melody from 'Hymnal Noted', Part II (1856)

O QUANTA QUALIA (12 12. 12 12)



349

Peter Abelard (1079–1142)

O QUANTA qualia sunt illa sabbata,
Quae semper celebrat superna curia,
Quae fessis requies, quae merces fortibus,
Cum erit omnia Deus in omnibus!

Quis rex, quae curia, quale palatium,
Quae pax, quae requies, quod illud gaudium!
Hujus participes exponant gloriae,
Si, quantum sentiunt, possint exprimere.

Vere Jerusalem illic est civitas,
Cujus pax jugis est summa jucunditas,
Ubi non praevenit rem desiderium,
Nec desiderio minus est praemium.

Illic molestiis finitis omnibus
Securi cantica Sion cantabimus,
Et juges gratias de donis gratiae
Beata referet plebs tibi, Domine.

Illic ex sabbato succedit sabbatum,
Perpes laetitia sabbatizantium,
Nec ineffabiles cessabunt jubili,
Quos decantabimus et nos et angeli.

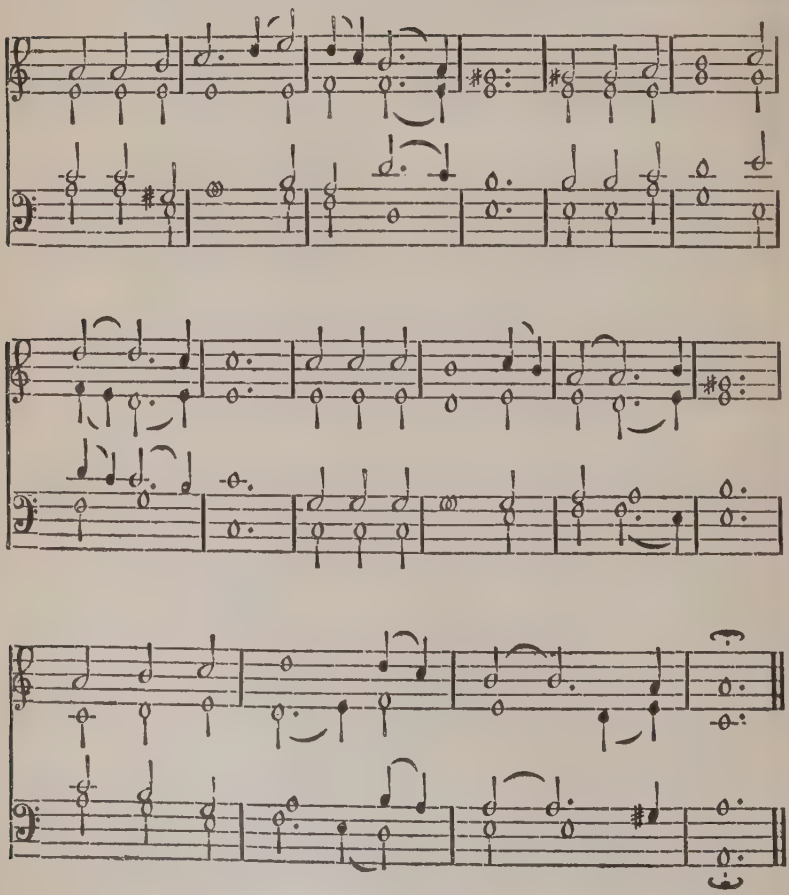
Nostrum est interim mentem erigere
Et totis patriam votis appetere,
Et ad Jerusalem a Babylonia
Post longa regredi tandem exilia.

Perenni Domino perpes sit gloria,
Ex quo sunt, per quem sunt, in quo sunt omnia;
Ex quo sunt, Pater est, per quem sunt, Filius,
In quo sunt Patris et Filii Spiritus.

350

Benjamin Rogers (1614–1698)
From the Composer's autograph MS. in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford

HYMNUS EUCHARISTICUS (L.M.)



350

Thomas Smith (1638–1710)

TE Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur,
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Caelesti mentem gratia.

Te adoramus, O Jesu!
Te, Fili unigenite,
Te, qui non dedignatus es
Subire claustra Virginis.

Actus in Crucem, factus es
Irato Deo Victima:
Per Te, Salvator unice,
Vitae spes nobis rediit.

Tibi, aeterne Spiritus,
Cujus afflatu peperit
Infantem Deum Maria,
Aeternum benedicimus.

Triune Deus hominum,
Salutis Auctor optime,
Immensum hoc mysterium
Ovante lingua canimus.

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179	A safe stronghold our God is still	Luther, trans. Carlyle
53	A virgin unspotted, the prophet foretold	Anon.
10	Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	Lyte
85	Abroad the regal banners fly	Fortunatus, trans. Anon.
339	Adeste, fideles	Anon.
347	Adoro te devote, latens deitas	St. Thomas Aquinas
333	Ales diei nuntius	Prudentius
86	Ah, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended	Hermann, trans. *Yattendon Hymnal*
87	All glory, laud, and honour	Theodulf, trans. Neale
180	All hail the power of Jesus' name	Perronet
54	All my heart this night rejoices	Gerhardt, trans. Winkworth
181	All people that on earth do dwell	Ps. 100. Kethe
134	All praise be to God, whom all things obey	*Yattendon Hymnal*
11	All praise to him who dwells in bliss	C. Wesley
12	All praise to thee, my God, this night	Ken
170	All things bright and beautiful	Alexander
88	All ye who seek a certain cure	Anon., trans. Caswall
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137	And now, O Father, mindful of the love	Bright
13	And now the wants are told that brought	Bright
55	Angels, from the realms of glory	Montgomery
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138	As pants the hart for cooling streams	Ps. 42. Tate and Brady
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185	Be thou our Guardian and our Guide	Williams
186	Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	Cennick
187	Before Jehovah's awful throne	Ps. 100. Watts and J. Wesley
140	'Behold the Lamb!'	M. Bridges
188	Behold, the morning sun	Ps. 19. Watts
16	Behold the sun, that seemed but now	Wither
35	Behold we come, dear Lord, to thee	Austin
77	Bethlehem! of noblest cities	Prudentius, trans. Caswall
189	Bless'd are the pure in heart	Keble
161	Blessed city, heavenly Salem	Anon., trans. Neale
141	Bread of the world, in mercy broken	Heber
301[2]	Brief life is here our portion	Bernard of Cluny, trans. Neale
121	Bright the vision that delighted	Mant
78	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	Heber
90	By Jesus' grave on either hand	Smith
123	Captains of the saintly band	Santeüil, trans. Baker
150[2]	Cheer up, desponding soul	Byrom
190	Children of the heavenly king	Cennick
191	Christ hath a garden walled around	Watts and *Yattendon Hymnal*
104	Christ the Lord is risen again	Weisse, trans. Winkworth
103	Christ the Lord is risen to-day	C. Wesley
3	Christ, whose glory fills the skies	C. Wesley
56	Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	Byrom
142	Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	Watts
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196	Come, O thou Traveller unknown	C. Wesley
117	Come, thou holy Paraclete	? Innocent III, trans. Neale
41	Come, thou long-expected Jesus	C. Wesley
111	Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	Hupton and Neale
105	Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	St. John Damascene, trans. Neale
167	Come, ye thankful people, come	Alford
197	Commit thou all thy griefs	Gerhardt, trans. J. Wesley
340	Corde natus ex parentis ante mundi exordium	Prudentius
118	Creator Spirit, by whose aid	? Innocent III, trans. Dryden
198	Crown him with many crowns	M. Bridges
17	Darkening night the land doth cover	Anon., trans. *Yattendon Hymnal*
42	Day of wrath! oh day of mourning	Thomas of Celano, trans. Irons
338	Dies irae, dies illa	Thomas of Celano
124	Disposer supreme	Santeüil, trans. Williams
171	Do no sinful action	Alexander
144	Draw nigh, and take the body of the Lord	Anon., trans. Neale
199	Eternal beam of light Divine	C. Wesley
169	Eternal Father, strong to save	Whiting
126	Exalted high at God's right hand	Rowland Hill
200	Far from my heavenly home	Ps. 137. Lyte

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
D.C.M.	Old 22nd	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	General	193
C.M.	St. David's	Ravenscroft	General	194
	Ireland	Modern version, *The People's Music Book*		
77. 77	Oundle	Hopkins	Holy Eucharist	143
77. 77 D.	Aberystwyth	J. Parry	General	195
88. 88. 88	David's Harp	R. King	General	196
777 D.	Veni Sancte Spiritus	Webbe the elder	Whitsuntide	117
87. 87	Clevedon	S. S. Wesley	Advent	41
87. 87 D.	Hyfrydol	Prichard		
87. 87. 87	Alleluia dulce carmen	Webbe's *Church Music*	Ascension	111
	Unser Herrscher	Neander		
76. 76 D.	Martyrs	S. S. Wesley	Easter	105
77. 77 D.	St. George	G. J. Elvey	Harvest	167
	Zambesi	Cobb		
S.M.	Southwell	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, Modern version	General	197
87. 87. 877	Corde natus	Wolfenbüttel MS.	Christmas	340
88. 88. 88	New Jersey	Goodwin	Whitsuntide	118
D.S.M.	Diademata	G. J. Elvey	General	198
847. 847	Bourgeois, Ps. 38	Bourgeois	Evening	17
Irregular	Plainsong	Solesmes, Modes i and ii	Advent	42
888 D.	Dies irae	S. S. Wesley		
Irregular	Plainsong	Solesmes, Modes i and ii	Advent	338
55.55.65.65	Hanover	? Croft	Apostles	124
65. 65	Caswall	Filitz	Children	171
10 10. 10 10	Reliance	S. S. Wesley	Holy Eucharist	144
	Refuge			
L.M.	Uffingham	J. Clark	General	199
88. 88. 88	Melita	Dykes	Those at Sea	169
L.M.	Church Triumphant	Elliott	Saints and Martyrs	126
S.M.	Yattendon No. 46	Wooldridge	General	200
	Lyte	Wilkes		

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
201	Fight the good fight with all thy might	Monsell
343	Finita jam sunt proelia	Anon.
202	Firmly I believe and truly	Newman
127	For all the saints who from their labours rest	How
301[3]	For thee, O dear dear country	Bernard of Cluny, trans. Neale
40	For thy mercy and thy grace	Downton
4	Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	C. Wesley
80	Forty days and forty nights	Smyttan
203	From all that dwell below the skies	Ps. 117. Watts
163	From Greenland's icy mountains	Heber
204	From lowest depths of woe	Ps. 130. Tate and Brady
205	From the deeps of grief and fear	Ps. 130. Fletcher
57	From virgin's womb this Christmas day did spring	Kindlemarsh
172	Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	C. Wesley
128	Give me the wings of faith, to rise	Watts
206	Glorious things of thee are spoken	Newton
18	Glory to thee, in light arrayed	Ken
1[2]	Glory to thee, who safe hast kept	Ken
91	Go to dark Gethsemane	Montgomery
207	God be in my head	Anon. (*Sarum Primer*)
58	God from on high hath heard	Coffin, trans. Woodford
112	God is ascended up on high	More
208	God moves in a mysterious way	Cowper
209	God of mercy, God of grace	Ps. 67. Lyte
5	God of the morning, at whose voice	Ps. 19. Watts
19	God, that madest earth and heaven	Heber and Whately
59	Good Christian men, rejoice	Neale
43	Great God, what do I see and hear	Anon., Collyer, and Cotterill
210	Great Shepherd of thy people, hear	Newton
211	Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	W. Williams, trans. P. Williams

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
L.M.	Jena (Breslau) / Pentecost	*Geistliche Gesänge* / Boyd	General	201
888 and Alleluias	Victory	Palestrina	Easter	343
87. 87	Stafford	Störl	General	202
10 10. 10 4	Atonement / Pro omnibus / Sanctis	S. S. Wesley / Barnby	Saints and Martyrs	127
76. 76 D.	Meirionydd	Welsh Hymn Tune	General	301[3]
77. 77	Culbach	Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*	New Year	40
L.M.	Angels	Gibbons	Morning	4
77. 77	Aus der Tiefe (Heinlein) / Halle	*Nürnberger Gesangbuch* / *The Psalmist*	Lent	80
L.M.	Old Hundredth / Wareham	? Bourgeois / Knapp	General	203
76. 76 D.	Gibbons	Sedding	Missions	163
S.M.	St. Giles	*Supplement to New Version*	General	204
77.77.44.44	Nicht so traurig	J. S. Bach	General	205
10 10. 10 10. 10 10	Song 24	Gibbons	Christmas	57
77. 77	Morning	S. S. Wesley	Children	172
C.M.	St. David's	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	Saints and Martyrs	128
87. 87 D.	Austria	Haydn	General	206
L.M.	Usedom	*European Psalmist*	Evening	18
L.M.	Morning Hymn	Barthélémon	Morning	1[2]
77. 77. 77	Gethsemane	W. H. Monk	Passion	91
Irregular	Poplar	Strong	General	207
66. 66	Kingsland / Arran	Boyce / S. S. Wesley	Christmas	58
L.M.	Cannons	Handel	Ascension	112
C.M.	London New	*Scotch Psalter*	General	208
77. 77. 77	Heathlands	Smart	General	209
L.M.	Truro	Burney	Morning	5
84. 84. 8884	Bury / Nutfield	S. S. Wesley / W. H. Monk	Evening	19
66.72.77.85	In dulci jubilo	Old German	Christmas	59
87. 87. 887	Nun freut euch	Luther	Advent	43
C.M.	Baginton	Gooch	General	210
87. 87. 47	Ashburton	S. S. Wesley	General	211

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
113	Hail the day that sees him rise	C. Wesley
44	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	Montgomery
212	Happy are they, they that love God	Coffin, trans. *Yattendon Hymnal*
45	Hark, an awful voice is sounding	Anon., trans. Caswall
60	Hark, how all the welkin rings	C. Wesley
213	Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	Cowper
46	Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	Doddridge
61	Hark! the herald angels sing	C. Wesley, Whitefield, Madan, and others
214	Have mercy, Lord, on me	Ps. 51. Tate and Brady
215	He that is down needs fear no fall	Bunyan
216	Hear what God the Lord hath spoken	Cowper
217	High in the heavens, eternal God	Ps. 36. Watts
62	High let us swell our tuneful notes	Doddridge
122	Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty	Heber
218	How are thy servants blest, O Lord	Addison
164	How beauteous are their feet	Watts
219	How blest is he who ne'er consents	Ps. 1. Tate and Brady
129	How bright these glorious spirits shine!	Watts and others
220	How shall I sing that Majesty	Mason
221	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	Newton
145	I am not worthy, holy Lord	Baker
222	I lift my heart to thee	Ps. 25. Sternhold
63	I sing the birth was born to-night	Jonson
64	In dulci jubilo	Anon., trans. Pearsall
79	In stature grows the heavenly child	Santeüil, trans. Chandler
65	In the bleak midwinter	Rossetti
223	In the hour of my distress	Herrick
332	Jam lucis orto sidere	? St. Ambrose
224[1]	Jerusalem, my happy home	F. B. P.
225	Jerusalem, my happy home	F. B. P. and Montgomery
226	Jerusalem on high	Crossman
162	Jerusalem, that place divine	Anon., trans. Drummond
301[4]	Jerusalem the golden	Bernard of Cluny, trans. Neale

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
77. 77	Harts	Milgrove	Ascension	113
76. 76 D.	Crüger	Crüger	Advent	44
C.M.	Binchester	Croft	General	212
87. 87	Merton	W. H. Monk	Advent	45
77. 77	Ohne Rast (Vienna)	Knecht	Christmas	60
77. 77	Crockernwell St. Bees	Kocher Dykes	General	213
C.M.	Bristol	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	Advent	46
77. 77. 77. 77. 77	Mendelssohn	Mendelssohn - Bartholdy	Christmas	61
S.M.	St. Bride	Howard	General	214
C.M.	King's Norton	J. Clark	General	215
87. 87 D.	Epworth	S. S. Wesley	General	216
L.M.	St. Pancras	Battishill	General	217
C.M.	St. Mark	Croft	Christmas	62
11 12. 12 10	Nicaea	Dykes	Trinity	122
C.M.	Charlton	*European Psalmist*	General	218
S.M.	Aynhoe	Nares	Missions	164
C.M.	Dundee	*Scotch Psalter*	General	219
C.M.	Liverpool Beatitudo	Wainwright Dykes	Saints and Martyrs	129
D.C.M.	Old 137th	Day's *Psalter* Crespin's *Psalter*	General	220
C.M.	St. Peter	Reinagle	General	221
C.M.	Crowle	Green's *Book of Psalm Tunes*	Holy Eucharist	145
S.M.	London Old	Este's *Whole Booke of Psalmes*	General	222
887. 887	Old 113th	German	Christmas	63
Irregular	In dulci jubilo	Old German, harm. J. S. Bach	Christmas	64
C.M.	Tallis' Ordinal	Tallis	Epiphany	79
Irregular	South Shields	Strong	Christmas	65
77. 76	Brixton	S. S. Wesley	General	223
L.M.	Plainsong	Sarum, Mode viii	Morning	332
C.M.	Song 67	Gibbons	General	224[1]
C.M.	Southwell	Irons	General	225
66. 66. 44. 44	Lawes' Ps. 47 Christchurch	H. Lawes Steggall	General	226
88. 88. 88	Wrestling Jacob	S. S. Wesley	Dedication	162
76. 76 D.	Ewing	Ewing	General	301[4]

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Composer)*
348	Jesu dulcis memoria	St. Bernard of Clairvaux
146	Jesu, gentlest Saviour	Faber
227	Jesu! guide our way	Zinzendorf, trans. Russell
228	Jesu, lover of my soul	C. Wesley
173	Jesu, meek and gentle	Prynne
229	Jesu, my strength, my hope	C. Wesley
230	Jesu! the very thought is sweet	St. Bernard of Clairvaux, trans. Neale
231[1]	Jesu, the very thought of thee	St. Bernard of Clairvaux, trans. Caswall
231[2]	Jesu, thy mercies are untold	St. Bernard of Clairvaux, trans. Caswall
106	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	Anon., trans. Anon. and C. Wesley
107	Jesus lives! no longer now	Gellert, trans. Cox
232	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	Watts
233	Jesus! thy boundless love to me	Gerhardt, trans. J. Wesley
234	Jesus, where'er thy people meet	Cowper
235	King of glory, King of peace	Herbert
174	Lamb of God, I look to thee	C. Wesley
175	Lamb of God, my Saviour	Anon.
236	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	Newman
237	Lead me, Almighty Father, Spirit, Son	Stubbs
238	Let all the world in every corner sing	Herbert
239	Let us with a gladsome mind	Ps. 136. Milton
20	Light of gladness, Beam divine	Bright
240	Light's abode, celestial Salem	Anon., trans. Neale
66	Like silver lamps in a distant shrine	Dix
47	Lo, from the desert homes	Coffin, trans. Williams
147	Lo, God is here! let us adore	J. Wesley

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
L.M.	Plainsong	Sarum, Mode i	General	348
65. 65	Providence	S. S. Wesley	Holy Eucharist	146
55. 88. 55	Seelen-Bräutigam (Rochelle) Seelen-Bräutigam	Drese, harm. S. S. Wesley Drese, harm. Bach	General	227
77. 77 D.	Hollingside	Dykes	General	228
65. 65	St. Constantine	W. H. Monk	Children	173
D.S.M.	St. Martin's New	R. Cooke	General	229
L.M.	Plainsong St. Bernard	Sarum, Mode i W. H. Monk	General	230
C.M.	St. Fulbert Metzler's Redhead No. 66	Gauntlett Redhead	General	231[1]
C.M.	St. Fulbert Metzler's Redhead No. 66	Gauntlett Redhead	General	231[3]
77. 77 and Alleluias	Easter Hymn	*Lyra Davidica*	Easter	106
78. 784	St. Albinus	Gauntlett	Easter	107
L.M.	Arundel	Webbe the elder	General	232
88. 88. 88	Song 9	Gibbons	General	233
L.M.	Saxony Caradoc	*European Psalmist* Harwood	General	234
74. 74 D.	Yattendon No. 22	Wooldridge	General	235
77. 77	Ledbury	H. Lawes	Children	174
65. 11 4	Tytherington	Harwood	Children	175
104.104.10 10	Patmos Lux benigna Yattendon No. 11	S. S. Wesley Dykes Wooldridge	General	236
10 10. 10 10. 10 10	Song 1	Gibbons	General	237
104. 66. 66. 10 4	Luckington	Harwood	General	238
77. 77 irregular	Monkland	Wilkes	General	239
77. 77	Song 13	Gibbons	Evening	20
87. 87. 87	Plainsong Regent Square	Sarum, Mode ii H. Smart	General	240
Irregular	The Manger Throne	Steggall	Christmas	66
66.66.44.44	Croft's 136th	Croft	Advent	47
88. 88. 88	Vater unser im Himmelreich	? Luther	Holy Eucharist	147

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Composer)*
48	Lo! he comes with clouds descending	C. Wesley and Cennick
241	Lo, what a glorious sight appears	Watts
81	Lord, in this thy mercy's day	Williams
242	Lord, it belongs not to my care	Baxter
92	Lord Jesu, when we stand afar	How
243	Lord Jesus, think on me	Synesius, trans. Chatfield
21	Lord, now the time returns	Austin
244	Lord of mercy and of might	Heber
245	Lord of the worlds above	Ps. 84. Watts
246	Lord, who shall dwell above with thee	Hickes
67	Love came down at Christmas	Rossetti
148	Love divine, all loves excelling	C. Wesley
247	Love of love, and Light of light	*Yattendon Hymnal*
248	Love of the Father, love of God the Son	Anon., trans. *Yattendon Hymnal*
130	Love, unto thine own who camest	*Yattendon Hymnal*
249	Much in sorrow, oft in woe	White and Fuller-Maitland
149	My God, and is thy table spread	Doddridge
250	My God, how wonderful thou art	Faber
93	My God, my God, why dost thou me forsake	Ps. 22. *Yattendon Hymnal*
251	My God, my King, thy various praise	Ps. 144. Watts
36	My Lord, my Love, was crucified	Mason
252	My soul, praise the Lord	Ps. 104. *Yattendon Hymnal*
253	My soul, repeat his praise	Ps. 103. Watts
254	My soul, there is a country	Vaughan
255	My soul with patience waits	Ps. 130. Tate and Brady
150[1]	My spirit longeth for thee	Byrom
6	New every morning is the love	Keble
256	Now let our cheerful eyes survey	Doddridge
151	Now, my tongue, the mystery telling	Aquinas, trans. Neale, Caswall, and others
257	Now thank we all our God	Rinkart, trans. Winkworth

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
87. 87. 47	Helmsley	English Melody, 18th cent.	Advent	48
C.M.	Castleford	*European Psalmist*	General	241
777	Weston / St. Philip	S. S. Wesley / W. H. Monk	Lent	81
C.M.	Ragleth Hill	Harwood	General	242
L.M.	Playford	Playford	Passion	92
S.M.	Carlisle	Lockhart	General	243
S.M.	Egham	Turner	Evening	21
77. 75	Streatley / Huddersfield	*European Psalmist* / Parratt	General	244
66.66.44.44	Ivybridge / Darwall's 148th	H. Lawes / Darwall	General	245
C.M.	Eatington / Bedford	Croft / Weale	General	246
67. 67	Cumnor	Harwood	Christmas	67
87. 87 / 87. 87 D.	Halton Holgate / Chichester	Boyce / S. Wesley	Holy Eucharist	148
78. 78. 77	Jesus meine Zuversicht	Crüger	General	247
10 10. 10 10	Song 22	Gibbons	General	248
847. 847	Genevan Psalm 61	*Genevan Psalter*	Saints and Martyrs	130
77. 77	Ulm / Innocents	*European Psalmist* / *Parish Choir*	General	249
L.M.	Bromley	J. Clark	Holy Eucharist	149
C.M.	Westminster	Turle	General	250
10 10. 10 5	Genevan Psalm 22	Bourgeois	Passion	93
L.M.	Devonshire	Lampe	General	251
D.C.M.	Dorian Melody	Tallis	Sunday	36
55.55.65.65	Ravenscroft's 104th	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	General	252
S.M.	Camberwell	*European Psalmist*	General	253
76. 76 irreg.	Christus, der ist mein Leben	Vulpius, harm. J. S. Bach	General	254
C.M.	Gratz	Anon. (Ely MS.)	General	255
66. 66	Lisbon	*European Psalmist*	Holy Eucharist	150[1]
L.M.	Melcombe	Webbe the elder	Morning	6
C.M.	Westminster New	Nares	General	256
87. 87. 87	Plainsong / Tantum ergo sacramentum	Mechlin, Mode iii / Chants ordinaires de l'Office Divin	Holy Eucharist	151
67.67.66.66	Nun danket	Crüger	General	257

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
7	Now that the daylight fills the sky	? St. Ambrose, trans. Neale
22	Now the day is over	Baring-Gould
160	Now the labourer's task is o'er	Ellerton
335	Nox et tenebrae et nubila	Prudentius
258	O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent	Ps. 57. Tate and Brady
259	O God, my strength and fortitude	Ps. 18. Sternhold
260	O God of Bethel, by whose hand	Doddridge and Logan
261	O God, of good the unfathomed sea	Scheffler, trans. J. Wesley
262	O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	Ps. 84. Tate and Brady
152	O God, unseen, yet ever near	Osler
231[2]	O Jesu, King most wonderful	St. Bernard of Clairvaux, trans. Caswall
263	O King of kings, before whose throne	J. Quarles and Darling
82	O Lord, turn not away thy face	? Marckant
337	O Lux beata trinitas	St. Ambrose
94	O Prince of Peace, who man wast born	Anon., and *Yattendon Hymnal*
349	O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata	Abelard
95	O sacred head, surrounded	Gerhardt, trans. Baker
264	O Splendour of God's glory bright	St. Ambrose, trans. *Yattendon Hymnal*
23	O Strength and Stay upholding all creation	? St. Ambrose, trans. Ellerton and Hort
265	O thou from whom all goodness flows	Haweis
153	O thou, who camest from above	C. Wesley
68	Of the Father sole begotten	Prudentius, trans. Neale
69	Oh come, all ye faithful	Anon., trans. Oakeley
96	Oh come and mourn with me awhile	Faber

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
L.M.	Plainsong / Jam Lucis	Sarum, Mode viii / Bishop	Morning	7
65. 65 / 65. 65 D.	Eudoxia / Gilboa	Baring-Gould / S. S. Wesley	Evening	22
77. 77. 88	Bedford Chapel / Hazel	Boyce / Harwood	Burial	160
L.M.	Plainsong	Sarum, Mode 1	Morning	335
L.M.	St. Bartholomew	Duncalf	General	258
C.M.	Chichester	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	General	259
C.M. / D.C.M.	Tara / Hope Bowdler	Coombs / Harwood	General	260
888. 888	Bridgewater / Bolton	H. Lawes / S. S. Wesley	General	261
C.M.	St. Stephen	Jones	General	262
D.C.M. / C.M. / C.M.	Old 132nd / Irish / St. Flavian	Este's *Whole Booke of Psalmes* / *Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems* / Mod. vers. of Old 132nd	Holy Eucharist	152
C.M.	St. Fulbert / Metzler's Redhead No. 66	Gauntlett / Redhead	General	231[2]
88. 88. 88	Leicester	Bishop	General	263
C.M. / D.C.M.	St. Mary / The Lamentation	Prys' *Psalter* / Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	Lent	82
L.M.	Plainsong	Sarum, Mode viii	Evening	337
L.M.	Song 5	Gibbons	Passion	94
12 12. 12 12	O quanta qualia	*Hymnal Noted*	General	349
76. 76 D.	O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden	Hassler	Passion	95
L.M.	Plainsong / St. Olave	Sarum, Mode i / Hudson	General	264
11 10. 11 10	L'Omnipotent / Strength and Stay	Bourgeois / Dykes	Evening	23
C.M.	Coventry / Memento mei, Domine	Howard / Turton	General	265
L.M.	Das neugeborne Kindelein	Vulpius	Holy Eucharist	153
87. 87. 877	Corde natus	13th cent. MS.	Christmas	68
rregular	Adeste fideles	Anon.	Christmas	69
.M.	St. Cross	Dykes	Passion	96

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
266	Oh for a closer walk with God	Cowper
267	Oh for a heart to praise my God	C. Wesley
268	Oh for a thousand tongues to sing	C. Wesley
269	Oh help us, Lord; each hour of need	Milman
270	Oh love, how deep, how broad, how high	Anon., trans. Webb
49	Oh quickly come, dread Judge of all	Tuttiet
131	Oh what, if we are Christ's	Baker
271	Oh, what their joy and their glory must be	Abelard, trans. Neale
272	Oh worship the King, all-glorious above	Ps. 104. Kethe and Grant
50	On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	Coffin, trans. Chandler
37	On this day, the first of days	Anon., trans. Baker
176	Once in royal David's city	Alexander
154	Once, only once, and once for all	Bright
119	Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	Auber
24	Our day of praise is done	Ellerton
273	Our God, our help in ages past	Ps. 90. Watts
346	Pange, lingua, gloriosi corporis mysterium	St. Thomas Aquinas
342	Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis	Fortunatus
274	Pleasant are thy courts above	Ps. 84. Lyte
275	Pour down thy spirit, gracious Lord	Newton
159	Pour out thy spirit from on high	Montgomery
276	Praise, my soul, the king of heaven	Lyte
277	Praise the Lord, his glories show	Ps. 150. Lyte
278	Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him	Ps. 148. Anon
279	Praise to the Holiest in the height	Newman
280	Prepared the trumpet's call to greet	Gisborne
281	Put thou thy trust in God	J. Wesley

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
C.M.	Caithness	*Scotch Psalter*	General	266
C.M.	Cheshire	Este's *Whole Booke of Psalmes*	General	267
	Stockton	Wright		
C.M.	Bude	S. S. Wesley	General	268
C.M.	Bedford	Weale	General	269
L.M.	Mach's mit mir, Gott	Schein	General	270
	O amor quam exstaticus	Old French Melody		
88. 88. 88	Veni cito	Dykes	Advent	49
S.M.	Old 134th	Este's *Whole Booke of Psalmes*	Saints and Martyrs	131
	St. Michael	Mod. vers. of Old 134th		
10 10. 10 10	O quanta qualia	*Hymnal Noted*	General	271
	Bampton	*European Psalmist*		
10 10. 11 11	Old 104th	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	General	272
L.M.	Winchester New	? Crasselius	Advent	50
77. 77	Lübeck	Freylinghausen's *Gesangbuch*	Sunday	37
87. 87. 77	Irby	Gauntlett	Children	176
C.M.	Albano	Novello	Holy Eucharist	154
86. 84	St. Cuthbert	Dykes	Whitsuntide	119
S.M.	Kerry	Jowett	Evening	24
C.M.	St. Anne	? Croft	General	273
87. 87. 87	Plainsong	Mechlin, Mode iii	Holy Eucharist	346
	St. Thomas	Webbe's *Motetts*		
87. 87. 87	Plainsong	Mechlin, Mode iii	Passion	342
77. 77 D.	Jesu, der du selbsten wohl	J. S. Bach	General	274
C.M.	Tallis' Ordinal	Tallis	General	275
L.M.	Lawes' Psalm 8	H. Lawes	Ordination	159
	Ludborough	Matthews		
87. 87. 87	St. Thomas	Webbe's *Motetts*	General	276
	Praise my Soul	Goss		
77. 77 D.	Jedburgh	Antes	General	277
87. 87 D.	Austria	Haydn	General	278
C.M.	Richmond	Haweis	General	279
	Gerontius	Dykes		
	Hebdomadal	Strong		
C.M.	Bangor	Tans'ur	General	280
S.M.	Bowden	*European Psalmist*	General	281
	Leipzig	Mendelssohn-Bartholdy		

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
282	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	Newton
224[3]	Quite through the streets, with silver sound	F. B. P.
283	Rejoice, the Lord is King	C. Wesley
336	Rerum Deus tenax vigor	? St. Ambrose
97	Ride on! ride on in majesty	Milman
284	Rise, O my soul, with thy desires to heaven	? Raleigh
285	Rock of ages, cleft for me	Toplady
25	Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise	Ellerton
155	Saviour, and can it be	C.? Wesley
83	Saviour, when in dust to thee	Grant
70	See, amid the winter's snow	Caswall
98	See the destined day arise	Mant
286	Shepherd divine, our wants relieve	J. Wesley and C. Wesley
287	Shine on our souls, eternal God	Doddridge
288	Soldiers of Christ, arise	C. Wesley
289	Soldiers, who are Christ's below	Anon., trans. Clark
290	Sometimes a light surprises	Cowper
334	Splendor Paternae gloriae	St. Ambrose
291	Stand up, and bless the Lord	Montgomery
135	Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	St. Joseph, trans. Neale
26	Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	Keble
38	Sweet is the work, my God, my King	Ps. 92. Watts
27	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	Faber
350	Te Deum Patrem colimus	T. Smith
51	That day of wrath, that dreadful day	Scott

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
77. 77. 77	Cassel	*GnadauerChoralbuch*	General	282
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	Winchester New	? Crasselius		
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77. 77. 77	St. Austin	Cecil	General	285
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10 10. 10 10	Pax Dei	Dykes	Evening	25
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77. 77 D.	Jesu Leiden, Pein und Tod	Vulpius	Lent	83
77. 77 D.	See amid the winter's snow	Goss	Christmas	70
77. 77	Song 13	Gibbons	Passion	98
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		Ibid., harm. Hopkins		
S.M.	St. Ethelwald	W. H. Monk	General	288
77. 77	Orientis partibus	? Pierre de Corbeil	General	289
76. 76 D.	Schwyz	*European Psalmist*	General	290
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10 10. 10 10	Trisagion	H. Smart	Angels	135
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	Hursley	*Katholisches Gesangbuch*		
	Winscott	S. S. Wesley		
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88. 88. 88	St. Matthias	W. H. Monk	Evening	27
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L.M.	'As by the streams of Babylon'	Campion	Advent	51
	Babylon'sStreams	Id., Hullah's vers.		

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
292	The Church's one foundation	Stone
28	The day is past and over	Anon., trans. Neale
29	The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended	Ellerton
30	The day, O Lord, is spent	Neale
125	The eternal gifts of Christ the King	? St. Ambrose, trans. Neale
71	The first nowell the angel did say	Anon.
293	The God of Abraham praise	Anon., trans. Oliver
294	The God of love my Shepherd is	Ps. 23. Herbert
295	The head that once was crowned with thorns	Kelly
296	The heaven of heavens cannot contain	Drennan
156	The King of love my Shepherd is	Ps. 23. Baker
114	The Lord ascendeth up on high	Russell
297	The Lord my pasture shall prepare	Ps. 23. Addison
298	The Lord will happiness divine	Cowper
31	The night is come, like to the day	Browne
72	The race that long in darkness pined	Morison
32	The radiant morn hath passed away	Thring
177	The shepherds had an angel	Rossetti
84	The solemn season calls us now	Anon., trans. Chandler
132	The Son of God goes forth to war	Heber
299	The spacious firmament on high	Addison
108	The strife is o'er, the battle done	Anon., trans. Pott
33	The sun is sinking fast	Anon., trans. Caswall
300	The world can neither give nor take	Mason
301[1]	The world is very evil	Bernard of Cluny, trans. Neale
302	There is a blessèd home	Baker
303	There is a book, who runs may read	Keble
99	There is a green hill far away	Alexander
304	There is a land of pure delight	Watts

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
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76. 76. 88	St. Anatolius	Brown	Evening	28
98. 98	Grace Dieu St. Clement	S. S. Wesley Scholefield	Evening	29
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64. 66	St. Columba	Irons	Evening	33
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76. 76 D.	Pearsall	Pearsall	General	301[1]
66. 66 D.	Annue Christe Hawarden	*Hymnal Noted* S. S. Wesley	General	302
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C.M.	Salisbury	Ravenscroft's *Psalter*	General	304

No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
305	There is a stream, which issues forth	Mason
39	This day the first of days was made	Gregory, trans. *Yattendon Hymnal*
115	Thou art gone up on high	Toke
306	Thou art my Life; if thou but turn away	F. Quarles
307	Thou art the Way: to thee alone	Doane
308	Thou hidden love of God, whose height	Tersteegen, trans. J. Wesley
309	Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	Ps. 139. Tate and Brady
310	Thou, whom chiefest I desire	Toplady
165	Thou, whose almighty word	Marriott
311	Through all the changing scenes of life	Ps. 34. Tate and Brady
34	Through the day thy love hath spared us	Kelly
312	Through the night of doubt and sorrow	Ingemann, trans. Baring-Gould
313	Throw away thy rod	Herbert
166	Thy kingdom come, O God	Hensley
224[2]	Thy Saints are crowned with glory great	F. B. P.
314	To bless thy chosen race	Ps. 67. Tate and Brady
157	To Christ, the Prince of Peace	Anon., trans. Caswall
315	To God the only wise	Watts
9	Up to the throne of God is borne	Wordsworth
316	Up to those bright and gladsome hills	Ps. 121. Vaughan
344	Veni, creator Spiritus	Anon.
345	Veni Sancte Spiritus	? Pope Innocent III
341	Vexilla regis prodeunt	Fortunatus
158	View me, Lord, a work of thine	Campion
317	We love the place, O God	Bullock
168	We plough the fields, and scatter	Claudius, trans. J. M. Campbell
100	We sing the praise of him who died	Kelly
318	What various hindrances we meet	Cowper
319	When all thy mercies, O my God	Addison
320	When at thy footstool, Lord, I bend	Lyte
52	When came in flesh the incarnate Word	Anstice
73	When Christ was born of Mary free	Anon.

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No.	*First line of Hymn*	*Author (or Translator)*
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101	When I survey the wondrous cross	Watts
321	When Israel, by divine command	Newton
74	When Jordan hushed his waters still	T. Campbell
322	When morning gilds the skies	Anon., trans. Caswall and *Yattendon Hymnal*
323	When our heads are bowed with woe	Milman
324	When shall thy love constrain	C. Wesley
325	Where high the heavenly temple stands	Bruce
75	While shepherds watched their flocks by night	Tate
133	Who are these like stars appearing	Schenk, trans. Cox
326	Who would true valour see	Bunyan
327	Why should I fear the darkest hour	Newton
328	With glory clad, with strength arrayed	Ps. 93. Tate and Brady
329	Ye boundless realms of joy	Ps. 148. Tate and Brady
330	Ye holy Angels bright	Baxter and Chope
109	Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord	Doddridge
331	Ye servants of the Lord	Doddridge
110	Ye sons and daughters of the King	Anon., trans. Neale
8	Ye that have spent the silent night	Gascoigne

Metre	*Tune*	*Composer (or Source)*	*Use*	*No.*
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